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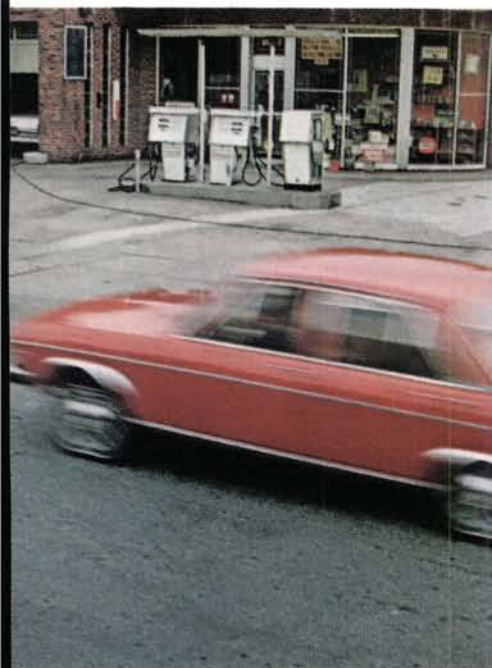


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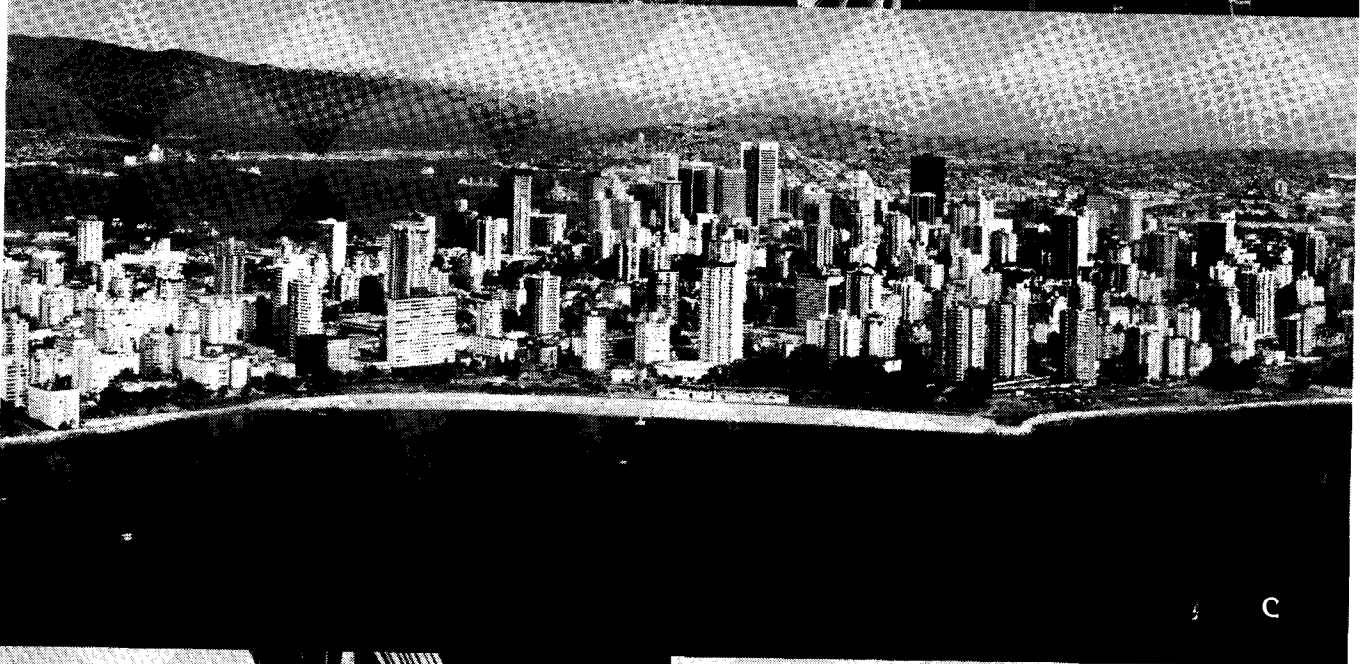
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

What this country needs is not a good five-cent Polaris submarine but a widespread contagion of the qualities attributed to Rafael Sabatini's Scaramouche. He was "born with the gift of laughter and the sense that the world was mad." How else to countenance some of the events of this season?

Item: When a king, president, or lesser potentate travels to the pad of another king or potentate, he carries with him lavish gifts for his host. The custom began long before the Wise Men carried frankincense, gold, and myrrh into Bethlehem, and it has persisted into our time without much change. A passel of Persian carpets from the Shah of Iran to the President of the United States. A bullet-proof Cadillac from the President of the United States to the dictator of the Dominican Republic. The Shalimar diamond from the Caliph of Baghdad to the Queen of England. A string of Arabian steeds from the Aga Khan to the President of Yugoslavia—things like that, lavish, precious, palpable objects, usually chosen to celebrate the resources and the culture of the country whence came the visiting dignitary. So what does the President of the United States carry with him on his triumphal visit to the Middle East? Nuclear-energy plants, of course. Some for Egypt, perhaps some for Israel. "Appropriate safeguards" are to be included in the gift box, but if the renowned scientist Edward Teller is to be believed—and he has not been disputed on this point—there are at least 100,000 persons in the world who have the knowl-

edge and need only some tools and raw materials to put together an arsenal of atomic weapons. If one were prone to overstatement, one might suggest that a nuclear-energy plant could be the deadliest bit of gift-giving since Herod's gift to Salome. But one is not, is one?

Item: India, that imperiled site of history's largest experiment in democracy, explodes its own nuclear bomb. It seems redundant when you consider that the country already owns the world's most explosive weapon, a population growth so uncurbed as to be suicidal. Meanwhile, the United Nations Children's Fund, known as UNICEF, announces that in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, the South Sahara, and other impoverished parts of the world, 400 million to 500 million children will die this year or be forever crippled as a result of malnutrition.

Item: In Rome, before a hastily assembled press conference, Saint Sebastian announces that he will resign his commission if people don't stop shooting arrows into him. He certainly has a point, several in fact. Near exhaustion and, if the pictures can be believed, somewhat emaciated after his strenuous one-man feat of ending the latest plague, he had every reason to expect a different reception on his return. But he should know that such is the fate of martyrs. Almost as tough as being Secretary of State.

Robert Manning

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REPORTS & COMMENT

FRANCE

A few days before the second round of voting in the French presidential elections, Jean Monnet sat talking quietly, with the May sunlight streaming through the windows of the Paris apartment-office at the end of the Avenue Foch where he has dispensed so much wisdom, influence, and history in the last quarter of a century.

It has been a disastrous spring for Monnet's Europe. Edward Heath departed from Number 10 Downing Street on March 4. Georges Pompidou died in Paris on April 2. Willy Brandt quit over the Bonn spy scandal on May 7. All were men with whom Monnet had been on terms of close friendship, intimacy, and influence for years. But in barely two months, all three suddenly disappeared from the seats of power. Economic crisis is hammering every government in Europe, and everything that Monnet has worked for has seemed to be coming apart at the seams. At the age of eighty-four, he pondered the past and the future, carefully and precisely forming his thoughts and phrases, alert and contemplative as always.

The problem, he said, was not that what had been done was unsound or that past policies were turning out to be wrong. The problem was that a generation of leadership was fading rapidly, and a new generation which is taking its place has yet to discover its own goals and give the future its own commitment of ideology and in-

spiration. He felt that quite probably the goals of the new leadership will in fact turn out to be basically the same for Europe as the goals which he had sought in the past, but nevertheless they have to be rediscovered, restated, and re-inspired by new men. The biggest failure of European policy, Monnet went on, had been the failure to bring the peoples of Europe closer together, and this, he thought, would become the new goal and the new ideology of the future. Uniting economies and coordinating political aims and policies were not enough. It was people who mattered, and people must be brought together if Europe was to unite.

He felt certain that Valéry Giscard d'Estaing ought to be elected President of France. He spoke kindly of the Socialist candidate, François Mitterrand, as an honorable and capable man, for whom he had respect. But he said that Mitterrand would be too tied to his Communist supporters to be able to pursue policies which both France and Europe need. The Communists, after all, are certainly not working for the unity of Western Europe. Giscard d'Estaing, on the other hand, he found not only more intellectually qualified for the presidency but, above all, a new leader unencumbered by ideological commitments either on the left or to the Gaullists on his right.

"If Giscard is elected, then I believe that this process of disintegration which we have seen going on in Europe these last months can be stopped. But if he is not elected, then it will continue, and I

cannot forecast what might happen to Europe then," Monnet said.

The outcome of the election was painfully close. Giscard was elected third President of the Fifth Republic and twentieth President of France by a margin of only 470,000 votes out of well over 26 million ballots cast. A shift of a mere 235,000 votes, less than one tenth of one percent of the total, would have completely altered the outcome and the outlook for France and Europe.

Vote for change

It was, of course, an overwhelming vote for change—beginning with the first round of balloting on May 5, which abruptly knocked out Jacques Chaban-Delmas and ended sixteen years of Gaullist domination of French politics. In part this was due to Chaban-Delmas's lackluster performance as a campaigner, and in part to a political squabble over succession which broke out in Gaullist ranks even before Pompidou was in his grave. But above all it was the groundswell for change which reduced Chaban-Delmas's vote to a lowly 14.8 percent on the first round, approximately what the small and ineffectual Centrist coalition had managed to poll against the great Charles de Gaulle himself in the 1966 presidential elections. For all the Gaullists' squabbling over Chaban-Delmas's candidacy, it is doubtful that the party could have produced anyone else who could have done better. But Chaban-Delmas certainly did not enhance his promises of creating a

"new society" in France by relying on the support of Michel Debré and other Gaullists of the right, and then trotting out that fading Promethean, André Malraux, to deliver a television address which even the French found embarrassingly incomprehensible. Malraux somehow wandered off in the middle of his appeal to a discussion of the problems of audio-visual education, not exactly a cause to stir the emotions of the electorate.

When the votes were in after the first round, Giscard with 33 percent appeared to be well placed for an easy runoff victory. Mitterrand as expected was in the lead, but with 43.7 percent he had not done as well as the public-opinion polls had forecast, and he had not hit the target figure of 45 percent, which was regarded as the minimum he needed to carry him on up to a second-round victory. What followed was a hard-fought personal campaign by both men up and down France.

"Communist connection"

Mitterrand, a veteran of thirty years of leftist politics, but something of a political chameleon even by French standards, was certainly the more experienced politician of the two, a better speaker and a better crowd-raiser. But he had the support, and the burden, of the Communists. Obviously he would not have done as well at the polls without the Communists, but it is just as certain that because of the Communists he did not win. In fact, at the end of the first round of voting, an unexpected political twist created doubt as to how victory-minded the Communists really were on Mitterrand's behalf.

On the Monday after Giscard had knocked Chaban-Delmas out of the race, the Ministry of Finance, where Giscard was still Minister after five years in the Pompidou government, received a telephone call from the Soviet Embassy requesting an appointment for Ambassador Stepan Tchervonenko, ostensibly to discuss Franco-Soviet economic relations and trade matters. The next day he talked with Giscard for forty minutes. Obviously Tchervonenko was acting on instructions from Moscow; a Soviet Ambassador



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FRANCE

would be out of his mind to request such a meeting at such a time on his own initiative. But the surprised French Communist Party immediately issued a statement which in effect accused the Soviets of interfering in French internal politics. The Ambassador's initiative, the Communist Party said, "is all the more regrettable in that it has created a pretext for political speculation which represents this as being a display of preference for the right-wing candidate." And it certainly was.

Nevertheless, when the public-opinion polls narrowed in the second round and even showed Mitterrand taking the lead over Giscard, the Communist Party made another move which hurt the prospects for a leftist Popular Front victory. The Party secretary-general, Georges Marchais, blandly declared that the Communists would claim at least six or seven Cabinet seats if Mitterrand won. The Socialist leader, throughout his campaign, had sought to minimize his "Communist connection," acknowledging it in as limited a fashion as he could manage and endeavoring to leave the impression always that it was a matter which he could handle perfectly well. When he was asked about the Communist claim for Cabinet seats, Mitterrand ducked awkwardly, which led Marchais to repeat his demand almost on the eve of the election. The Communists would not insist on any of the major Cabinet posts, such as foreign affairs or defense or interior, Marchais said grandly, but they were supplying at least one third of Mitterrand's votes and they wanted one third of the Cabinet seats. Given the narrowness of the election outcome, it is reasonable to suppose that if the Communists had stayed mute on the subject of power-sharing, Mitterrand might have squeezed through.

But the fact remains that 49.2 percent of the French voters were indeed ready to contemplate having Communists in the government. This was not only a reflection of the collective French demand for change after sixteen years of Gaullist domination. It is also a reflection of the rising political respect-

ability of the Communists all over Western Europe in the new atmosphere of détente which De Gaulle was the first to promote and which President Nixon and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and the departed Chancellor Willy Brandt have all assiduously pursued. Giscard campaigned on a slogan of "change without risk," but when the vote was counted, it turned out that just about half of France was prepared to take very great risks to see things changed.

Short shrift

The Kennedy model remains a fascination for politicians all over the democratic world, and Giscard d'Estaing was an early emulator. He was able to capitalize on and project a lot of the built-in attributes of a Kennedy image—the intellect, the wealth, the healthy, attractive, smiling family, the taste for good living, a little bit of music, a little bit of sport, lithe youthfulness, some sex appeal, and the touch of arrogance. Even the closeness of the winning margin, like Kennedy's in 1960, became part of the picture when Giscard declared on election night: "One could have imagined a larger margin, but what counts in a presidential election is decision and responsibility. You have taken the decision. I will exercise the responsibility."

It was the greatest turnout in French election history—88 percent of the voters. Giscard wisely and candidly told the French that he recognized that the opposition vote reinforced the demand for change; with the formation of his new government, he wasted no time in getting down to real changes as well as the image of change. He gave short shrift to the defeated Gaullists. It would have been fatuous to promise change and then simply shuffle the old Gaullist faces around the Cabinet table. He has cut their number in the Cabinet to only five out of sixteen posts, and more important, the five he has chosen have no political weight or influence whatsoever in the Gaullist Party, with the possible exception of the Prime Minister, forty-one-year-old Jacques Chirac. But Chirac was at the center of opposition to Chaban-Delmas among the Gaullists, and his rela-

tions with the party's old guard are cool to say the least. Still, the Gaullists do hold 181 seats in the National Assembly, and the ultra-Gaullists, nursing wounded pride and loss of power, could be pretty troublesome for Giscard.

Giscard has reinforced his parliamentary strength by including in the Cabinet Centrist leader Jean Lecanuet (his party is a remnant of the Christian Democrats). This should ensure Giscard of another thirty or so Assembly votes in the event of future difficulties with the Gaullist right. But the government is predominantly a Cabinet of technocrats. Apart from Chirac and Giscard's own faithful deputy in the Independent Republican Party leadership, Michel Poniatowski, who is now Minister of the Interior, there is not a single Cabinet minister of any political importance. Eight of the new ministers have graduated either from the Ecole Nationale d'Administration (ENA) or the prestigious Ecole Polytechnique. Foreign Minister Jean Sauvagnargues is a fifty-nine-year-old career ambassador who was abruptly plucked out of the French Embassy in Bonn. It is not a very colorful Cabinet nor much of a political Cabinet, but it is certainly a Cabinet of highly trained men. Giscard fully intends to supply the color and the political impact himself.

In fact, given the extreme complexity of problems which governments everywhere will be called upon to resolve in the months and years ahead, there is a great deal to be said for installing strong technocratic administration at the top. For France, the impact of the energy crisis is especially acute, and French inflation is galloping at an astronomical rate, 18 percent per annum, the highest in the Common Market. Along with this, there are the intricacies of working out common economic and political policies with the rest of Europe, and all of this requires a very high degree of expertise to arrive at sound national policies and decisions. The French, moreover, put more emphasis on the schooling, training, and selection of an elite corps of civil service administrators and financial experts than any other country in the world. Giscard himself is a product of the system—a graduate of ENA like many of his ministers and an in-

specteur des finances, one of that superior corps of monetary and fiscal experts who run the French treasury and much else in France. The real question now is whether he will show the vital political qualities of dynamic leadership and imagination to infuse his technocratic administration with both life and popular success.

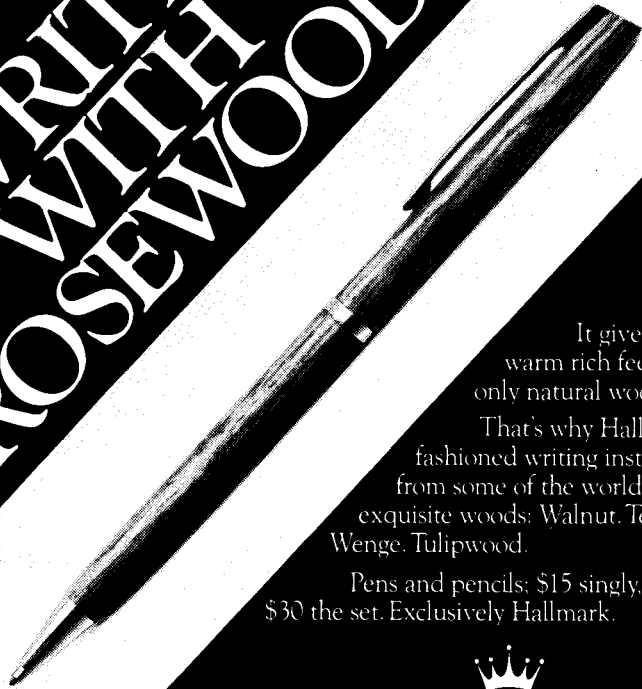
"Independence"

The De Gaulle era is now truly over. It always had a kind of "*son et lumière*" quality about it, even when the production was at its height. What are the realities which are left for France? The General himself always said that he would never have a successor, evidently intending or expecting that his era would stand out in French history with chaos on one side and mediocrity on the other. Still, the Fifth Republic has already lasted four years longer than the Fourth Republic did, and strong, stable government is a major Gaullist heritage. True, the constitution—written to the specifications of the powerful, autocratic De Gaulle—might not have stood the strain of a Popular Front government, but that has not happened—at least not yet.

In addition, French politicians of all shades—Giscard d'Estaing and François Mitterrand included—rally and salute that magic Gaullist word "independence." It is a simple fact of political life in France that General de Gaulle succeeded in reactivating the force and idealism of independence to a point where mundane acts of common-sense cooperation can instantly be elevated into matters of high principle. To cooperate with another government can be interpreted as a sacrifice of independence. Hence, France examines every invitation or overture from any direction in this fundamental light. Its active and intelligent civil service is geared to fight and frustrate or to accommodate, depending on how the President of France determines French interests and independence. It will be no different under Giscard d'Estaing.

He knows the principle and the technique well. He was Finance Minister from 1962 to 1965 when De Gaulle was railing constantly (and with much to be said for his

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attitude) against the profligate American balance-of-payments deficit and against American take-over bids for European industry. But in his last five years as Finance Minister under Pompidou, he got on extremely well with former U. S. Treasury Secretary George Shultz. Giscard knows that it is perfectly possible for France to have an independent policy—a Gaullist policy if it needs the label—but still accommodate itself to the views and interests of others. Giscard, according to a close associate who has known and worked with him for years, is genuinely anxious and determined to place Franco-American relations on a more equitable, even-handed, cooperative basis. But, his associate added emphatically, affairs between France and the United States will not go well if Washington now presses Giscard to reverse the Gaullist past or work in opposition to the Gaullist bloc.

The French have always preferred to cooperate in the corridors and the back rooms and in the secret exchanges of diplomatic cables rather than in public. They are wary of signing declarations and announcing their commitments. They like their cooperation to be *ad hoc*. They do not like to be tied to organizations or agreements which might work some future hindrance on their independence of action. De Gaulle hardened this approach, but it is a fundamental French tradition going back to Richelieu.

This is a national diplomatic style which is almost completely at odds with Henry Kissinger's approach to foreign policy and politics. Kissinger likes dynamic words and declarations along with structures in which everybody has a well-defined place in a well-organized order; hence Kissinger's clashes with French Foreign Minister Michel Jobert over the new Atlantic Charter idea and the ill-starred Washington energy conference. Giscard d'Estaing's new Foreign Minister has none of Jobert's ready waspish wit, but he will be no less tough in resisting involvements or commitments which Giscard judges to be counter to French interests and independence.

The simple hope at the Quai d'Orsay is that Washington in the person of Kissinger will now opt for a period of quiet in relations with

Europe in general, and not thrust out ideas or challenges which France will feel bound to resist. In any case, there are infinitely more pressing problems within Europe itself. Before the end of his first week in office, Giscard met with Helmut Schmidt in Paris to begin that pragmatic examination of what to do about Europe which Monnet had hoped for.

With all his public exposure for more than a decade, Giscard remains curiously unknown. He was elected on a record of competence and ability which he has certainly shown. But competence alone is not enough in running a government of technocrats. He will have to show leadership as well. The tests will not be long in coming.

—DON COOK

THE "TODAY" SHOW

Outside 30 Rockefeller Plaza on a May morning, the sun has begun to melt spring pools on the surface of the world's most famous outdoor rink. An apparently demented old woman in an extremely brief pseudo-Navaho skating outfit stamps out a war dance at center ice. Tourists gape at her; they don't smile or wince. That would deny the glamour of being right here in the storied center, the beautiful, triumphally man-made, million-times-photographed symbol to every schoolchild of New York, New York. The image prevails. The varicose non-squaw is Sonja Henie in the eye of her beholders. She glides off to the Stork Club on a moonbeam of imagination.

Inside 30 Rock, as NBC headquarters is known in the television pages of *Variety*, they are also riding moonbeams, real ones that shimmer with the latest image from Manhattan in 66.2 million American homes. That is the total number of households currently equipped with television screens. No single image or program ever appears simultaneously on every set in the United States, of course, but the power to broadcast the message of your choice in even 10 or 5 percent of the available living rooms is immense, potentially dangerous, and

rarely used. For the most part, the power of network television is squandered in mindless combinations of entertainment and advertisement. But every weekday morning for two hours, NBC exploits its usually dormant power in a serious way.

The *Today* show is the only daily program on network television that devotes itself primarily to the discussion of public affairs, ideas, and the arts. More than that, it is popular and profitable. It is a habit with a comfortable majority of the total morning audience: during any average minute, more than 5 million people are watching. The figure would certainly be higher if it were possible to count the thousands of travelers who tune in on *Today* in their hotel rooms before starting out on their first appointment or excursion. But even without these mobile viewers, the *Today* audience would be unique because of its size and its appetite for ideas and information. As a result, the show can have its pick of unpaid guests, politicians and intellectuals eager for national exposure. They have almost no other effective television forum to turn to.

Senators, congressmen, and bureaucrats strain for the privilege of being interviewed at 7:30 A.M. There is barely a writer who would not gladly trade sleep and breakfast for the chance to plug his book in a chat with Barbara Walters. (Eight minutes may seem a short space in which to discuss a book that took a year or more to write, but publishers would have to pay \$91,200 to hit *Today's* 218 stations with ads running that length of time.) Other shows have bigger audiences and higher advertising rates, but *Today* is a news show, relatively cheap to run, and it takes in some \$10 million in annual profits, the biggest net for any NBC daytime show.

The other networks are understandably jealous of *Today's* success, and they are beginning to fight for their own piece of the morning. CBS hired Sally Quinn from the *Washington Post* to help Hughes Rudd anchor the *CBS Morning News* last fall. Miss Quinn was publicized to excess by the network before she ever went on the air. Once installed on the program, she was an obvious target for negative re-

views; she looked plainly ill at ease, and she returned to the *Post* after a few months during which her show's ratings did not noticeably rise.

Meanwhile, ABC has announced plans for its own *Today* show to go on the air starting in January of 1975. *A.M. America*, as it will be called, will run from 7 to 9 (the *CBS Morning News* takes up only the first hour of *Today's* slot), but it will be competing with an institution on NBC.

"No one will watch"

Ironically, few people expected anything but failure for a two-hour news program in 1952, when Sylvester L. ("Pat") Weaver, Jr., then the head of the network, foisted *Today* on his dubious colleagues. Richard A. R. Pinkham, the show's first executive producer, now chairman of the executive committee at Ted Bates, the advertising agency, recalls: "People said, '7 A.M. No one will watch.' And no one did, during that first year. The show cost about \$2 million, and it barely got renewed for the first thirteen weeks of 1953. Then one morning, a production assistant who was a sort of gopher for us showed me a man with a chimp in the casting room. I said, 'Sure, put him on tomorrow.' The assistant said, 'No. Every day.' And we did. We put J. Fred Muggs on every day. That monkey saved the show."

Children discovered Muggs and got in the habit of turning on the set in the morning. Then their parents began to notice *Today*. They quickly saw that it had more than a chimp to offer. And they started tuning in every morning for news and a glimpse of the day's newsmakers. Pinkham also credits the show's success to two other, non-simian causes. The actress Estelle Parsons developed a following as the *Today* weathergirl. And Dave Garroway, the first host, did commercials on the show. This was a major factor in attracting sponsors and continues to be even now, although *Today* operates exclusively under the aegis of NBC News, which ordinarily does not allow its news personnel to sully their objectivity by acting in commercials. *Today* is the exception to this rule because of its special history. It was



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"TODAY" SHOW

originally produced by the programming side of NBC, where on-the-air performers do commercials as a matter of course. As a result, by the time *Today* was taken over by the News division of the network, a tradition had been established. If you bought commercial time on the *Today* show, you got Garroway thrown in as part of the deal. Traditions die hard.

When John ("Jack") Chancellor (now the anchorman for NBC's evening news) replaced Garroway in the early sixties, he refused to do ads. Sponsors were so conditioned to the Garroway system that they began deserting the show. Indeed, the NBC board of directors is reliably said to have come within a vote or two of canceling *Today* at the time. As a result, Barbara Walters now promotes Alpo. So did the late Frank McGee. And so, almost certainly, will McGee's successor as host (unchosen at this writing), although the word is that the producers want a "hard news type."

Whether or not *Today* still needs this kind of boost with sponsors is a question for people in the television business. They are paid to wrestle with such metaphysical questions as the value of the show's controversial star, Barbara Walters. Is it an advantage to use her, when immediately after the commercial she may embarrass a distinguished guest—and a large portion of her staid audience (59 percent are fifty or older)—with a tough or rude question? Does it help to sell toothpaste for dentures if the woman doing the commercial turns around the next minute and asks Mamie Eisenhower, as Walters recently did, whether there is any truth to the rumor that she is a heavy drinker? Apparently sponsors think so. Despite the large amount of hate mail she provokes, Walters is considered to be very helpful both for sponsors' products and for *Today's* ratings. "She's the woman you love to hate," explained a *Today* executive. Other television professionals argue that *Today* would be even more successful without Walters.

The debate is academic; the crucial question for people not working in television or holding stock in

NBC's parent company, RCA, is not what makes the *Today* show financially successful (and therefore powerful), but how that power is used. In other words, what standards inform the selection of segments for the show? This matters to everyone, even people without television sets, because no other format, visual or written, demonstrably exposes as many Americans in a serious way to politicians, writers, artists, and intellectuals for as many hours a week.

The responsibility for virtually all of *Today's* programming rests with Stuart Schulberg, the show's executive producer for the past five years. By his own claim—and independent checking supports him—Schulberg makes all the final programming decisions for *Today*. More than that, he and a small staff generate the ideas (and the scripts) for the segments eventually presented on the air. Scripts, it is true, allow Walters and company plenty of leeway for ad-libbing and improvisation (Walters especially has a habit of injecting unscripted, often barbed questions into interviews). But the essential choices of subject matter and format for about 95 percent of the segments emanate from Schulberg in consultation with his production staff. There are exceptions. The performing staff make occasional suggestions for segments, and Gene Shalit, in particular, develops much of the material for his Critic's Corner. (Shalit is a relative newcomer to *Today*. He previously appeared as a critic on NBC local news in New York.) Still, it is Schulberg who is the man to convince if you want to get your book or your cause or your candidacy scheduled on the *Today* show.

"I'm a sort of benevolent dictator," he says, chain-smoking and pacing back and forth in an office so underdecorated that a goldfish tank is its only noticeable frill. Small and affable, fifty-two, low-keyed, Schulberg is not the man you would cast as a media baron. But, then, he escaped from a childhood in one of Hollywood's major power brokerages (his father ran Paramount) into a career in documentary film-making that led to David Brinkley's *Journal* with NBC News in Washington. His brother Budd wrote *What Makes Sammy*

Run?, among other works. Stuart Schulberg understands the difference between power and its trappings too well to need a Barcelona chair or his name on the door.

Power means sitting down with his "books coordinator" once a month to pick the fifteen authors (more or less) who will get the priceless *Today* interview treatment over the next four weeks. It means saying no to twenty-four out of twenty-five politicians who propose themselves for interviews. Power also means constantly weighing a variety of considerations in order to produce something known as "good television."

I am not talking here about the four normally almost identical straight news wrap-ups read each morning by Frank Blair. These headline bulletins (as well as the two or three film features ordered up from NBC news bureaus every week) are put together with essentially the same standards of news judgment applied on other television news programs. Schulberg's special problems, and his special power, grow out of the daily process of programming interview and feature segments. They are the heart of the show, and because of their impact, the principles behind their selection are of substantial public import.

Airing views

The place to deduce those principles is in Schulberg's office. The door is open all day to a succession of staffers who check in with their executive producer, informally and at scheduled meetings, to discuss upcoming segments they want to have him approve. Schulberg's subordinates have already filtered out and abandoned hundreds of ideas before they see him. An experienced staffer will be able, in some cases, to assemble a list of segments or news assignments that will survive Schulberg's scrutiny unchanged. But this does not mean that Schulberg has ceded any power to the assistant. Rather, the assistant has anticipated what Schulberg wants. By working together on the show for a period of time, they have come to agree tacitly on what will work in the *Today* format. There is no one way to define this quality. Different

general principles, however, seem to apply to each of the different areas the show covers.

No particular mystery surrounds the regular interviews with politicians in Washington. Schulberg and his Washington proconsul, Bill Monroe, invite newsmaking members of Congress and the Cabinet so that their appearances coincide with or immediately anticipate important events. For example, the morning that Democrats in the House of Representatives voted on a plan to reform internal organization of the House, two congressmen from opposing camps debated (or, in this case, obfuscated) their views. The aim of this segment was to expand on a possibly important event not widely covered elsewhere and to give both sides a hearing in conformity with television's "fairness principle." Sometimes, when the news moves with particular speed, Schulberg will throw out the day's script at the last minute in order to follow a breaking story. When Senator J. William Fulbright lost the Democratic primary in Arkansas last spring, Schulberg decided, at 11:30 P.M. after the polls had closed and the results of the election were clear, to interview the senator the following morning. Fulbright was contacted in Arkansas and appeared at dawn in the studios of KARK, the NBC affiliate in Little Rock, to discuss his defeat on a specially arranged hookup with the *Today* studios in New York.

Today does not, however, invariably wait for events to throw a politician in its path. The show sends letters to Administration officials inviting them to appear on the air at their convenience. Such a letter sat unanswered for six months on the desk of Clarence M. Kelley, Director of the FBI. Finally, he agreed to an interview. Vice President Ford waited only a month and timed his acceptance to coincide with one of the crescendos in Watergate news in May. Ford at first refused to be interviewed for longer than thirty minutes. The show's managers cajoled him into a full hour. It was a far cry from Richard Pinkham's time, when even lowly senators rarely deigned to get up early for an outing on *Today*.

Ford was "answered" the next day by Edmund Muskie, but the fact remains that *Today* allows Ad-

ministration bigwigs to time their own exposure for (presumably) maximum personal advantage. For authors, actors, and musicians, the road to 30 Rock is not so wide open.

Book talk

Every author is, implicitly, in competition with the authors of the 3000-odd other books published the same month. Beyond that, he must be able to talk fluently. And it helps him enormously if his book is newsy and does not duplicate subject matter recently covered on the show.

Obviously, there is no way for Betsy Osha, *Today's* books coordinator, to read or even scan all books published in America. Before she compiles a list of some one hundred recommendations for Schulberg each month, she routinely calls the publicity departments of forty major publishers and keeps tabs on the output of smaller and academic firms by reading advance trade reviews in *Publishers Weekly* and the Virginia Kirkus survey. Then she meets with Schulberg, who normally assigns three or four segments a week to books.

In that monthly meeting, novels are rarely selected unless the author has something beyond his plot and prose style to talk about. Peter Benchley (*Jaws*) was ideal. "He had three things going for him," Osha explains, "sharks, three generations of writers in his family, and his phenomenal sales story."

Nonfiction writers don't have to be so interesting themselves, but they usually must offer *Today* fresh grist for its information mill or a good visual angle. After reading Osha's summary of a history of the relations between Christians and Jews, Schulberg said: "Nobody's more sympathetic to the poor Jews than a poor Jew like me. But that's the ninth book on Jews we've had recently."

Schulberg also has his mass audience of provincial viewers constantly in mind, which means that a book on the cell by a leading cancer researcher is rejected as "too complicated" and a journalistic novel about the black recording industry is dismissed as "too specialized for our audience."

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"TODAY" SHOW

The May books meeting runs for well over an hour, mostly in silence. Osha, new at the job, says almost nothing from her seat at the corner of Schulberg's desk. He, in yellow shirt sleeves, tie loose, wearily scans her list of synopses and recommendations: "Boy, Betsy. Is this all just for the rest of May? Eight pages?"

A minute or so later, Schulberg looks up again from the list to comment on *Democracy and its Discontents* by Daniel Boorstin. "We had Boorstin on about a year ago. Boy, he writes a lot of books. What's it about? How success spoils American life? We've done that several times."

A voice on a loudspeaker breaks in to announce the latest bulletin from the House Judiciary Committee's impeachment hearings. The news is minor; Schulberg returns to the list: "A novel written by two people. That's very rare. I don't know how they do a serious novel that way. Hemingway's granddaughter is one of them. . . . You say *PW* is sure it's going to be a best seller? . . . I'll tell you, I'd normally not take it. Don't you think it's cheap to take it just because she's Hemingway's granddaughter?"

A staffer ambles in to suggest an interview with Evel Knievel, the daredevil motorcyclist. Schulberg says: "Let's stay away from him. He's an ABC product. We've got enough plugging problems with our own network."

Back to the list. A wedding guide gets pushed ahead to June and scheduled for the second hour of the show, when more women are watching. A reporter's account of a year on the women's tennis tour interests Schulberg when he learns it isn't a puff job for the sport. Each time he picks a book, he swivels around to a large calendar on a ledge behind him and writes in the title. The available slots are eventually filled, mostly with books that connect with the news or with social issues.

The show is on the lookout for controversial books. Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward were on the show for a full hour to discuss their guaranteed best seller on how they

broke the Watergate story for the *Washington Post*. (Although they are competitors from a rival news organization, Bernstein and Woodward's controversial value is so high that they were interviewed on the show twice before their book appeared.) Controversial books that threaten to provoke heated public reaction are often presented as part of a debate between the author and another expert who takes "the other side." *Today* also has its own house experts who are paid to lead panels in their fields or to represent a special point of view. These include Lewis Young of *Business Week*; Brian O'Doherty, the art critic; Roger Caras, the naturalist; and George Will of the *National Review*.

Cultural menu

Regardless of how a book is finally presented on the air, however, it seems to sell better after the *Today* exposure. That, at any rate, is the nearly unanimous view of the publishing industry. "*Today* is probably the single most important show for an author to do," says Richard Barber, director of publicity at Viking Press. He points to the size and literacy of the audience, the news format, and particularly the "way they treat the writer" as the basic causes behind the impact of a *Today* appearance. "An author gets a short but courteous moment of his own on *Today*. He doesn't have to compete with Don Rickles or James Coco."

Barber and other publishing publicists do not, however, seem to have any scientific sales figures at hand to prove that there is any direct relationship between a *Today* slot and bookstore sales. What they know for sure is that an appearance on *Today* makes a good impression on book wholesalers and on producers of local television shows. It starts the ball rolling. Publicity breeds publicity.

William Feingold of Grosset & Dunlap attests to this: "After Herb Greene and Carolyn Jones were on with *The Diary of a Food Addict*, in one week, Raymar, the Los Angeles wholesaler, moved over twelve hundred books. Other shows called up, mentioning *Today*, and booked them."

Today does much less, and is

much less effective, in promoting other areas of culture, according to leading music and theater publicists. When Schulberg dropped Judith Crist's regular series of drama reviews, the League of New York Theaters and Producers canceled her pair of first-night tickets in retaliation. (*Today* received then, and still does, other complimentary theater tickets.) Schulberg defended *Today's* theater coverage in a letter to the League, in which he listed ten theater segments he had produced between October 29, 1973, and February 26, 1974, an average of less than one a week.

"What the hell," shrugs Schulberg, "we lost a pair of tickets. Anyway, we're now replacing reviews of shows that weren't worth network attention with more interviews and film. We're not just talking anymore."

The change, in effect, means that *Today* is putting more actual theater on the air than it once did. In other words, it is treating theater more as entertainment than as news. This makes for more visual and entertaining television than Judith Crist's "talking head" every other week, but the new policy brings with it other limitations. Unlike all other guests on the show, entertainers have to be paid. According to Marian Eiskamp, *Today's* talent coordinator, her budget will not permit much more than \$1500 for a single segment, which, because of union wage scales, prevents her from bringing on large casts except for an occasional "splurge."

Also, and crucially, a morning television show has certain unavoidable problems in broadcasting the contemporary theater. Nevertheless, she does work at ways to represent some meritorious but gamy plays on the air through interviews.

Movies are a much easier area for *Today*. Like the show, they are national events. They can be represented efficiently with film excerpts. And Gene Shalit reviews them regularly, if briefly. Music is another story altogether.

Herbert Breslin, a prominent publicity agent for classical musicians, complains: "They use music for relief. They're not really interested in music. I wish that they would try to make music controversial."

For his part, Stuart Schulberg said to Marian Eiskamp at one of

their regular planning sessions: "Let's do another string quartet. It's so pretty in the morning." That does not, however, sum up Schulberg's attitude toward classical music. In fact, he is justifiably proud of his record in bringing a varied cultural menu to communities that will see a string quartet or a pianist perform only on the *Today* show.

"Not for New York"

This concern for small towns is not a sentimental preoccupation. Schulberg is acutely aware that his show attracts its greatest proportion of listeners outside New York and the other major cities. It does only about half as well in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles as it does in the nation as a whole. According to the latest available rating breakdowns for local markets from the American Research Bureau, if *Today's* average national audience is defined as 100, *Today* attracts listeners in New York at only 54 percent of that rate. In Washington, D.C., a middle-sized city, where politics is the major industry, it achieves a respectable but unspectacular 97. But in Oklahoma City, the figure is 192 percent, double the show's average audience, while in Laurel-Hattiesburg, Mississippi, the effectivity rises to 343 percent, or more than triple the national average. This big city-small town opposition occurs partly because there is serious competition for *Today* in the bigger markets. Nevertheless, the skew toward smaller population centers definitely affects the pitch and aim of Schulberg's programming.

"We don't produce programs for New York City. That's for sure," he says. In fact, he has recently increased the number of news features from the NBC bureaus to "give the show more of a regional feeling." In addition, and perhaps more important, these filmed reports are a relatively inexpensive way to make the show more visual.

Schulberg hopes to add visual excitement with a roving camera unit attached directly to the show in New York. But he will still be stuck with the imposed blandness of the fairness doctrine, short time segments, and a performing staff who seldom go beyond intellectually superficial questioning. Barbara Wal-

ters' celebrated tough thrusts are more often directed below the belt than they are to the head. She was able to get Lady Bird Johnson to discuss LBJ's philandering, but in a recent segment intended to explore a new program for reorganizing volunteer blood donation on a national scale, Walters instinctively veered away from the script and led the interview into a basic discussion of hemophilia. In the end, however, she may very well have improvised a more compelling segment than the planned excursus into the labyrinthine National Blood Policy.

Television, for better or worse, is probably not the ideal medium for the explication of complex ideas. It is too easy for viewers to turn the dial or turn away. Talk is nonvisual, and time pressure is almost always extreme, especially on a news show such as *Today*.

"The time crunch drives you mad," Schulberg says. "I've turned down subjects because I knew we couldn't handle them within the limits of the program. Shockley [William Shockley, the Nobel Prize-winner who has taken to preaching

that blacks are inherently less intelligent and less teachable than whites because of their genetic makeup] was available, but every question would have opened up others. Our format is too superficial for things like that." Could it also be that Schulberg was worried that Shockley was too explosive? After all, major universities had canceled his speaking engagements, fearing riots.

Still, *Today* normally thrives on controversy, and Stuart Schulberg professes it as his major goal. He says: "I want to shake people free from frozen attitudes, to open them up." The goal is worthy, the man is serious, but the show is not usually as galvanic or profound as he would like. And yet, on most days in most places on most screens, *Today* is the only nongame in town.

—RAYMOND A. SOKOLOV

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

Don Cook reports from Europe for the *Los Angeles Times*.

Raymond A. Sokolov, a reporter based in New York, edited the recently published *Great Recipes from the New York Times*.



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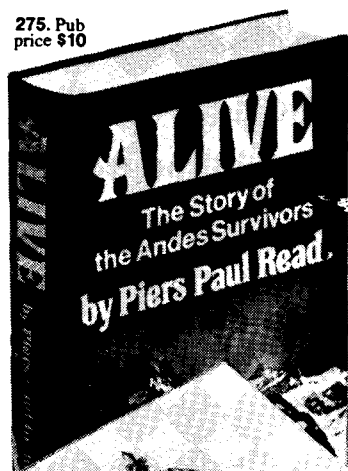
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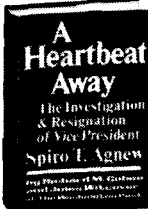


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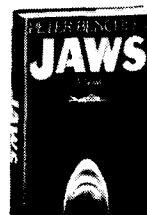


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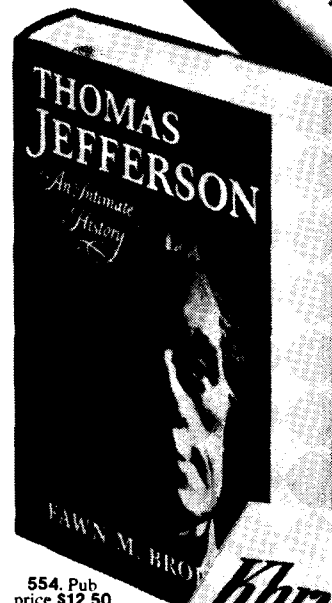
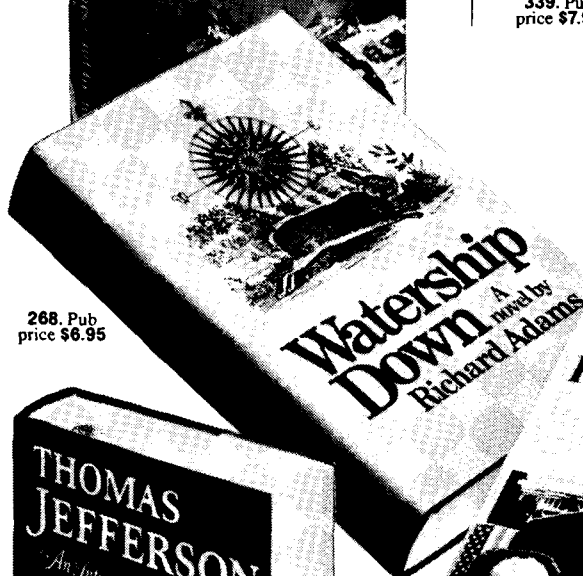
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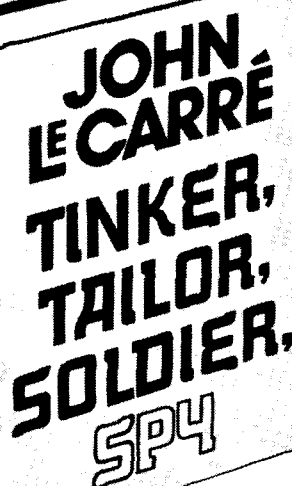
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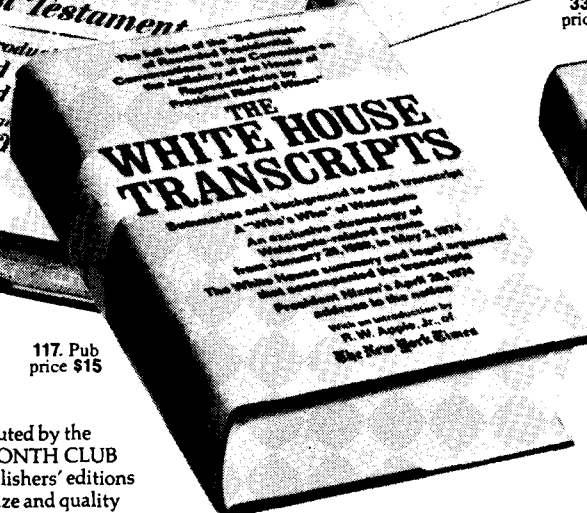
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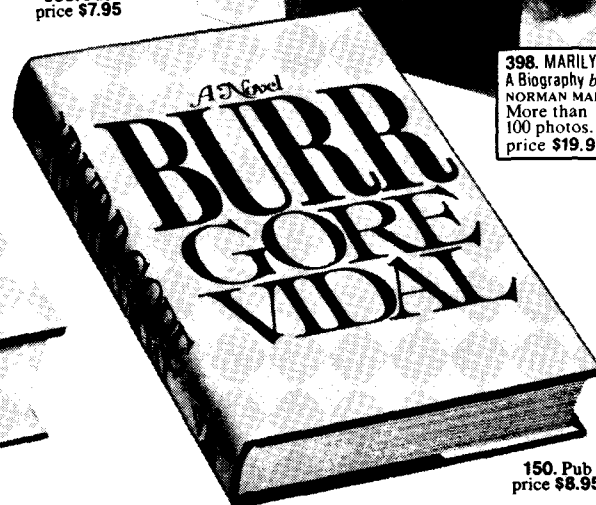
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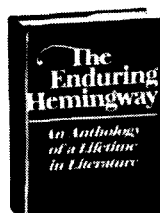
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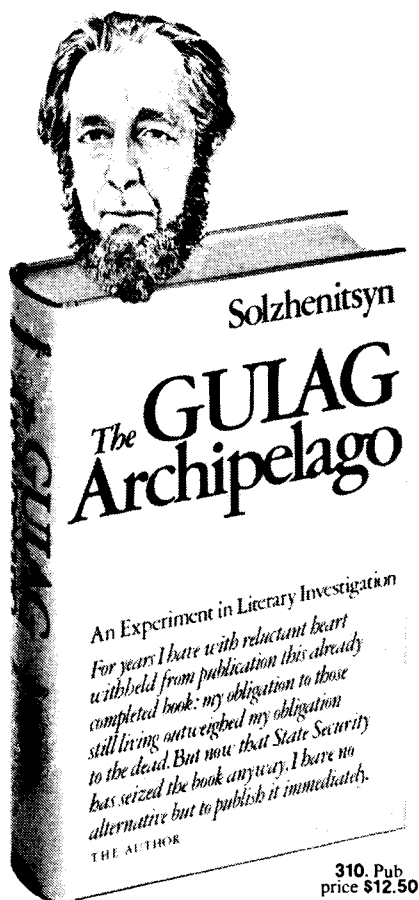
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Innocent Bystander



Last Tango in London

by L. E. Sissman

One of the most profoundly and perversely tormenting questions of our time is how seriously to take change. All of our institutions are being challenged and threatened to some degree by this century's accelerated rate of change and the alterations it brings in personal and political behavior. Are these, however radical they appear at the moment of detonation, merely short-lived phenomena, to be regimented later by the overriding power of immutable human nature? Or are they here to stay—and to reshape our thought and our world into something unrecognizably new, for better or for worse? There is no answer yet, though I'd hazard a guess that you can't go home again, and that we are a transitional clutch of generations bridging—and often falling into—the widening gap between the safe, pat past and the wild, eerie future.

Consider the close shaves our country and its Constitution have had on their trek into the present. In just twenty years, our stability and our hegemony over half the world have been assaulted by a steady series of crises without and within.

Our whole history since 1954 or so has been a succession of confrontations between meliorism and extreme reactions: McCarthyism, the assassination of John Kennedy, the mess in Vietnam, the rise (and fall) of the radical left, the commission and exposure of the purulent Nixon maneuvers, the first grave failure of the American economy in forty-five years. All of these events are emblematic of our institutional

inability to keep pace with the rate of change, of our national unwillingness to face the fact that we are something less than the Lochinvarian state that came out of the West, with the Great White Fleet as escort and the strains of Sousa marches as accompaniment, to lead the world to peace and reason at the beginning of this century, and that we will be less still in the very immediate future.

And, in truth, we have not been that severely jolted yet. Last winter's shortages and this summer's inflation may indeed be the handwriting on the wall, but the probably countless victims of these early warnings have been swept into corners far from the limelight, and we rock evenly through another summer, bitching, to be sure, a bit, but essentially unshaken in our faith in happy endings. As long as so many of us—the ones that *show* in our society—can still afford a fancy car, a dinner out, a mock-opulent vacation (the best of the opulence being in the copywriter's metaphors), we calm each other with the hypnotic iteration of our appointed and expected rounds. The dance will continue for some short time.

But what of a country that has already used up its nine lives and stands on the very brink of the pit, with the sulfurous flames spiring up from below? Early this summer, I visited England—for the third time in less than a decade—with this question in my head. If there is a sick man of Europe right now, it has to be Great Britain. With commendable sang-froid for a British aristocrat, Churchill mortgaged his country's power and money for the help to win the war; ever since V-E Day, in May, 1945, Britain has repaid the debt in varying currencies. Austerity, loss of empire, loss of guaranteed overseas markets, loss of the will and wherewithal to rebuild an antiquated plant, loss of a class-based tradition of craftsmanship, loss of the last imperial whimper, and the loony gamble at Suez in 1956.

Then the teetering, eighteen-year slack-wire walk across the endless abyss of crises of confidence, balance-of-payment deficits, strikes and disgruntlements leading to low (and poor) productivity, devaluation, inflation (now worse than our own),

changes of weak, tentative, overwhelmed governments, the morass of Ulster, and most recently the tragicomic denouement of the three-day week, enacted in the long, brumal winter darkness with the candlelit shopkeepers posturing like old heroes of the Blitz.

I came. I saw what, in the first real, grateful warmth since the hurried and hardly conclusive election, was the new face of Britain. And my jaw dropped. The arrival at Heathrow, from a late Pan Am 747 whose highest nocturnal obeisance to American culture was the showing of an awful movie called *Super Cops*, was as ever. Long, stiff-faced glides down rubber-smelling, mile-long moving sidewalks. A little tighter airport security than before. The customary coach ride down the decreasingly dreary M4 into London. But then, two startling items of news, one official, one otherwise. Just after our departure from the airport, a bomb had been set off in one of the parking garages, damaging fifty cars but fortunately no people. A mild reminder, presumably, of the IRA. Second, the incredible pullulation of Central London on an ordinary Sunday.

Technically speaking, London seemed less crowded with cars, tourists, and Londoners than in June, 1971. It was easier to get around; a cab ride from Mayfair to South Kensington was not an hour-long traffic jam. But the people on the streets, in the bars and restaurants, in the shops on weekdays, seemed markedly more ebullient, almost frenziedly so. The dowdy semistupor of the early sixties, presumably an extension of postwar drabness, had vanished in a mass reclamation of life and, one expects, folly. The long-subdued British laughed and joked as loudly as Americans; for once I felt I came from the older, wiser nation. The theaters were as giggly and cackly as Broadway matinees once were; the Haymarket at midnight was as crowded with promenading couples as Fifth Avenue used to be; in Piccadilly, kids of all nations, including large bands of presumably provincial Britons, seemed prepared to slouch away the

L. E. Sissman is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*.



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BYSTANDER

night in aimless banter, without a place to go or a desire to go there. And everywhere, always, under the streetlights and the sun, there were the costly cars—fleets of Rolls, platoons of BMWs, gaggles of Mercedes, not infrequent Ferraris and Lamborghinis—wheeling and swooping on their forays into funland. For London was, if only for a season, funland again (assuming it had ever been): a gaudy amusement park, a wide-open town operated for the sole benefit of its presumably affluent walkers- and riders-out. Even the old customs were, surprisingly, paid deference to: leaving the Café Royal one night, we found a be-flagged Daimler at the door and a mixed crowd of Londoners, all ages, waiting for the presumed nobleman to appear. A police sergeant cheerfully told us that it was Prince Richard of Gloucester we were waiting for; we caught a cab and left the onlookers—as cheerful as a Hollywood-premiere mob of old—still standing at the door.

Since we were staying at an American hotel under the terms of our tour—it was one of those alumni-group deals, surprisingly well run and a good value—the contrast between Americans and Englishmen was even more apparent. Our fellow nationals lounged around the hotel in their doubleknits, talking quietly and reading a strange selection of London papers, ranging from the *News of the World* to the *Telegraph*; to get some real old-fashioned noise and vigor, we had to march out the front door and into one of the surrounding streets, where the tempo immediately picked up. Too much, in fact, at times; walking up Oxford Street on the Saturday before a bank holiday, we were literally in fear of being trampled by the enormous shopping crowds, and slunk back down into the calmer (more American?) reaches of Mayfair.

But all of this primaveral—or vernal—hubbub and hustle had a counterpoise. At the heart of the babbling city there was still repose. We first struck this when we asked for a cab to the Soane Museum, and neither doorman nor driver knew where it was, something that surely could not have happened in

London ten years ago. The Soane itself—which we had never visited—gave us our first breathtaking change of pace. It is, if you haven't been there yet, a sober townhouse turned into a Regency architect's eccentrically beautiful vision of the world. Each room is designed as a pierced stabile, with discontinuous ceilings, skylights, and mirrors trapping small pieces of outside sky and inner courts and turning them into a hint of a world beginning to be perceived. The eye is tricked, duped, and delighted wherever it turns.

On the inner walls hangs Soane's collection—bits of classic sculpture (including one enormous bit, the sarcophagus of the Egyptian ruler Seti I), bagatelles, gewgaws, trifles, bibelots, and artifacts of every age, and some uncommon paintings of Soane's period; in one small gallery, seemingly no bigger than an ordinary American dining room, the walls fold out to display braces of Hogarths back to back, including the justly celebrated *Rake's Progress*. Everywhere through the house the virtues and values of the old England held firm; a Sir John somebody, in Norfolk jacket, strode through leading a group of lecturees and looking daggers at us interlopers; the green-serged guards rocked diffidently on their squeaky shoes, answering questions in a Cockney of Edwardian purity; only in the basement—the kitchen and servants' hall—did one custodian inject a discreet hint of the present by commenting on the similarity of the room to that in *Upstairs, Downstairs*; the place was as much a museum of English decorum as of artifacts and architecture.

This backwater quaintness was echoed, curiously, in a few other places in London—all of which, by no coincidence, were largely shunned both by tourists and by Londoners. We were completely alone—at the height of a busy weekday, with the Inns of Court in full cry about their legal business—in the medieval Temple Church, where the effigies of Crusaders were burned and broken by the great incendiary raid of May 10, 1941, and where the silence was as total and Hardyish as in a Wessex parish. We were almost alone, again, in the splendid Queen's House at Green-

wich; and in the adjoining Maritime Museum the loudest sound was the amplified, four-beat click of John Harrison's marvelous eighteenth-century marine chronometers, shaped more like a galley with a single set of oars than an ordinary timepiece. Again, no tourists; only the custodians and an occasional young Englishman, presumably of student status; outside, the park and gardens swept emptily away.

All England, or all that we saw this time, seemed either full or empty. People who wanted to make the scene, who wanted to swing, presumably, to the beat of whatever costly novelty constitutes swinging in England these days, were *on* the scene in a vast, strident, conspicuously-consuming concourse. But the old places, with such obvious exceptions as Westminster Abbey, the inevitable nexus of a thousand coach tours, were lorn of visitors, imported or domestic. Churchill's grave, in run-down Bladon churchyard (notable for its astonishing number of World War I dead in such a tiny parish; we *still* don't realize how much heart that war must have taken out of England), was unvisited, except by our small party; the Cambridge colleges, even with the backs in full summer green and the punters poling up the Cam, were silent and museumlike, a three-dimensional postcard purchased as part of the price of our tour. We were glad of the homely voice of the American professor on sabbatical who conducted us around, and of the undergraduate chatter in Churchill College, where we lunched (for 27 New Pence, a remarkable bargain in inflated England); these human noises brought us back to life, as the splendors of King's Chapel and Wren's Trinity Library (even with those heartbreaking, hair-delicate Grinling Gibbons carvings) could not.

But the overwhelming impression of England, in this first summer after the worst winter since the war, was one of jubilant noise and probably pointless celebration, of the militant denial of the presence of great change. When the aging (already!), dirty 747 had deposited us back home, we marveled at the silence and the order of our country—for the first time that I remember.

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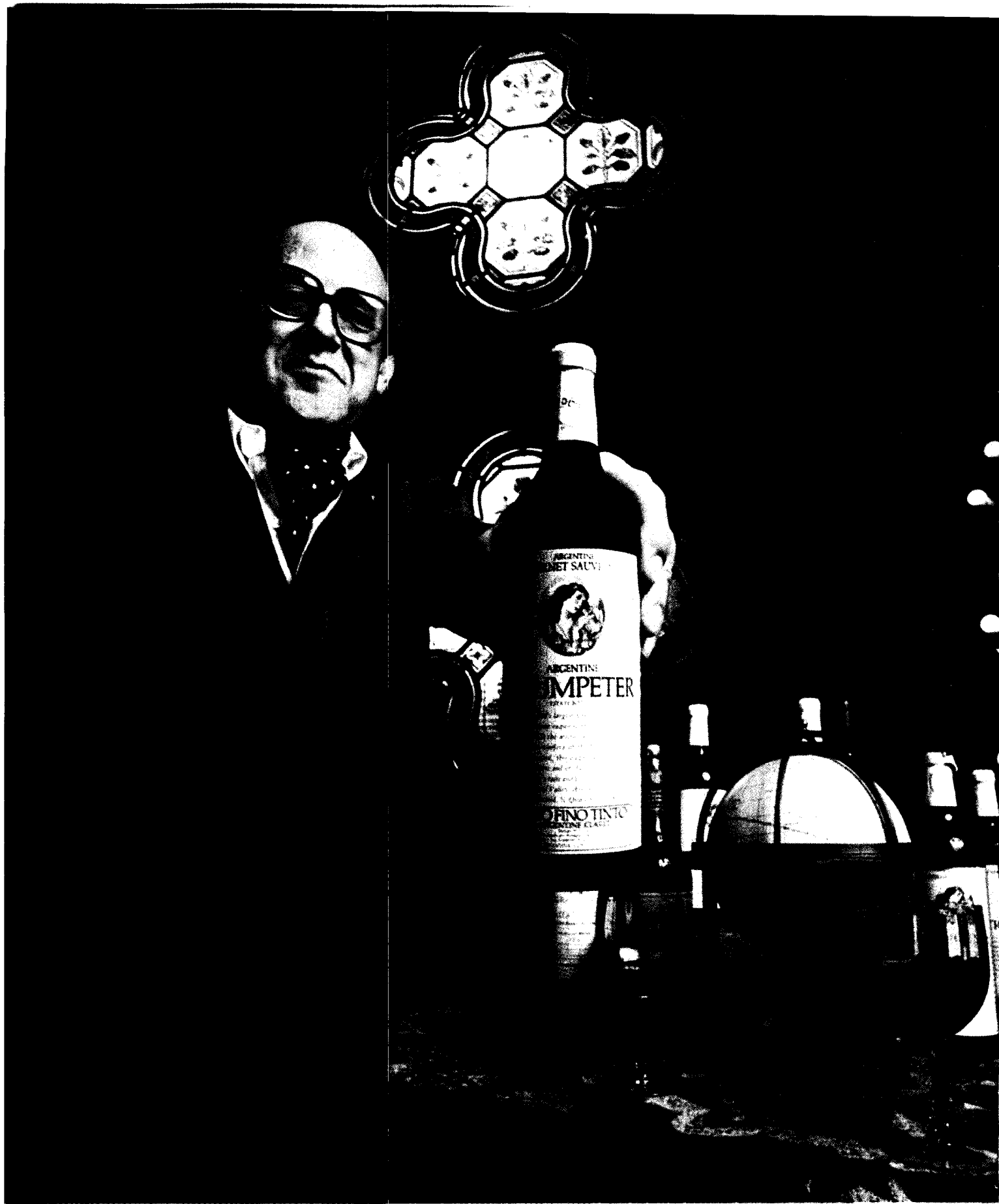
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Michael Dacres Dixon, Wine Importer. Scottish and Newcastle Importers, San Anselmo, California.

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THE MAIL

EAGLE SOUNDS

SIR: I thought Leslie Norris' recent poem "Eagle and Hummingbird" (May *Atlantic*) was very good and quite descriptive, except for the "hooked voice of the eagle."

The American Eagle has a hooked beak, but not a hooked voice. The Golden Eagle has a voice that is seldom heard: a yelping bark, a harsh *keea*; whereas the Bald Eagle has a squealing, creaking cackle, such as *kleek-kik-ik-ik-ik*, or a deep *kak-kak-kak*.

Perhaps in England where Mr. Norris lives there are eagles with hooked voices.

JOHN E. MITCHELL
Sacramento, Calif.

Leslie Norris replies:

The poem attempts to create a whole world from its "united elements," so that the unifying principle is "my singing line," at once the line of the poem and my fishing line. Similarly I had hoped to make the two birds symbolic of the spoon I was using as a lure, the "spinning breast" of the hummingbird its brilliant underwater mirror, and the sharp voice of the fishing eagle its hook.

ROCK CLIMBING

SIR: I was distressed—as any mountain climber worthy of the name would be—to see John Skow's "Second Man on a String" in your June issue. The exploit chronicled by Mr. Skow and his mercifully unsurnamed cronies Mike and Felix at Seneca Rocks ought to have earned him banishment from the climbing area, or at least universal contempt: climbing a long-established free route with direct aid and pounding

pitons where none are needed. Nor is this quibbling. The whole slant of the article is antiquated, pompous, misinformed; Mr. Skow simply does not represent climbing today.

DAVID ROBERTS
Amherst, Mass.

John Skow replies:

Mr. Roberts' letter is typical of the theological factionalism that clots so much of climbing literature. As I suggested in my article, there is much to say both for and against the use of pitons. Roberts' school of thought is just that, a school of thought, and not the One True Church. A less extreme policy is to use chock nuts where they are safe, and pitons where they are necessary. This is the policy we followed. It is true that the climb I described is a "long-established free route." It is also a long-established direct-aid route. As a free climb it is much harder, as I noted, but unless some misrepresentation is involved, there is nothing shameful in using direct aid.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: Claire Sterling ("The Making of the Sub-Saharan Wasteland," May *Atlantic*) makes her point convincingly, that man has contributed in large measure to the current tragedy of the Sahel. She is surely correct to identify water-management projects and the lack of rangeland policies as major contributing factors in the current disaster. Correcting these errors will not be easy, for the problems of the region are varied and interrelated, and unless the total social and ecological context is accounted for, any project designed to help is likely to be a failure.

The MIT Sahel-Sudan Project, which Ms. Sterling dismissed as a needless, exotic computer study, is in fact an endeavor designed to provide an understanding of the region in all its economic, technological, and cultural complexities. The Project's team is charged with developing a framework in which proposals and projects for the region can be evaluated. It is directed toward long-term solutions which, we hope, might enable these countries to break out of the constraints that have impeded their progress and prevented their entering the modern world. It is not a computer project, although computer simulation can sometimes deal with complex variables, the interrelations and implications of which are not intuitively evident.

We hope the MIT Project will help us to avoid some of the errors of past aid and enable us to optimize relief and development efforts in the future.

JOHN B. STANBURY, M.D.
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: In the June issue, Benjamin DeMott, in his informative and funny "Anatomy of a National Book Award," writes that "in 1973 the fiction jury ignored Jack Matthews' *Charisma Campaigns*," which is true, but he adds that Matthews is "an under-valued Kansan," which he is not.

Although he spent a year as writer in residence at Wichita State, Jack Matthews is a native Ohioan as well as a professor of English at Ohio University, and we in Athens claim him as our own.

KERRY AHEARN
Athens, Ohio

SIR: I hesitate to criticize Octavio Paz's sensitive article "In Praise of Hands" (May *Atlantic*), but I must, in good conscience, take him to task for his less than thoughtful rebuke of industrial design.

Conscientious industrial designers would not consider their inherently compromised effort as competition to handicrafts. Massmade objects and handmade objects are fundamentally different. The better aspect of industrial design is to make mass-produced "tools" that are safe, comfortable, and efficient for use by human beings.

I, for one, as an industrial designer, hold no illusions about the shortcomings of my profession. I would, however, ask Mr. Paz to understand that it is not industrial design he is attacking but the very core of technology itself.

NIELS DIFFRIENT
New York City

SIR: In claiming that New York lacks a real Mexican restaurant, Calvin Trillin has obviously missed the Xochtl restaurant in mid-Manhattan ("Any Decent Barbecues in this Town?" April *Atlantic*).

To say New York doesn't have something means you haven't looked hard enough.

JAMES PAULSEL
Seoul, Korea

SIR: The piece on Raoul Berger, the gifted violinist and modest impeachment scholar ("The Impeachment Man" by Garry Wills in the May issue), caught two sides of this remarkable man. However, it failed to reveal a third side which is equally remarkable.

I know from personal experience that when he was in the Criminal Division of the Department of Justice, he demonstrated exceptional courage and dedication to the enforcement of the criminal laws.

Congressman E. Eugene Cox, in the early forties, was one of the most powerful men in Congress. He was the dominant figure on the powerful House Rules Committee, and one of the most active leaders of the House's Southern opposition to President Roosevelt's New Deal legislation. He also chaired a special congressional committee to investigate the Federal Communications Commission and its chairman,

James Lawrence Fly, whom Cox described as "the most dangerous man in Washington."

While I was at the FCC we discovered that Congressman Cox had been paid \$2500 for helping to secure a radio license for one of his constituents in Albany, Georgia. Section 203, Title 18, of the United States Criminal Code makes it a crime for a congressman to receive compensation for any service he performs in connection with a proceeding before a federal agency. A notation on the check, the minutes of the corporate licensee of the station, and letters between Cox and the company's stockholders made it explicitly clear that the \$2500 was in payment for the services that he had performed before the FCC. We forwarded all of this documentary information to the Department of Justice for its consideration.

When these documents arrived at the Department, they were referred to Mr. Berger, who held no fancy title or prestigious position. He was just one of those hundreds of dedicated and anonymous lawyers who worked for the government during the New Deal days. I met with him subsequently on several occasions to discuss the matter and give him additional information. In the course of those conversations, we discussed the question whether the Department could, or should—would it be politic?—institute criminal proceedings. Such action would further intensify the antagonism of the congressional Southern bloc toward the New Deal—which, at that time, was gaining more and more strength in Congress—and undoubtedly would cause still further difficulties for the President.

On April 29, 1942, Berger wrote an eleven-page memorandum to the Acting Chief of the Trial Section of the Criminal Division, which discussed all of the facts and the pertinent laws, and then, in a simple and straightforward manner, concluded that "all of the elements of a crime within the definition of Section 203 are present."

On the same day, Wendell Berge, the Chief of the Criminal Division, wrote a memorandum to Attorney General Biddle which concluded: "The case is quite complete now; we are prepared for, and I recommend, immediate presentation to

the grand jury in Washington in order to round it out."

A few weeks later, at the close of a Cabinet meeting, President Roosevelt, who had found out about the memorandum, told Biddle, in a jocular mood, that it was his understanding that the Attorney General had a hot potato on his desk and didn't know what to do with it. Biddle, I am told, was flabbergasted that the President should have this information and tried to avoid a direct reply. The President then, in a very matter-of-fact way, said that if a law had been violated, it should be brought to the attention of a grand jury, even though grave political consequences could be involved.

The matter lay dormant until September 27, 1943, when the *Washington Post* published a front-page, two-column, 1200-word "Public Letter to Speaker Rayburn" by Eugene Meyer, its publisher. In it, Meyer argued that Congressman Cox should be indicted since what had occurred "goes to the very roots of public confidence in the House of Representatives." Four days later, Congressman Cox, with tears rolling down his cheeks, resigned as chairman of the committee which was investigating the FCC.

Even though Cox was never indicted, it was a turning point in history. One of the most important anti-New Deal congressional figures had not only lost his power, but those forces which he represented had lost one of their chief and most important spokesmen.

The nation was then, and is now, indebted to Raoul Berger—that modest and unassuming violinist and impeachment scholar—who had the courage to do what was right and honorable.

MARCUS COHN
Washington, D.C.

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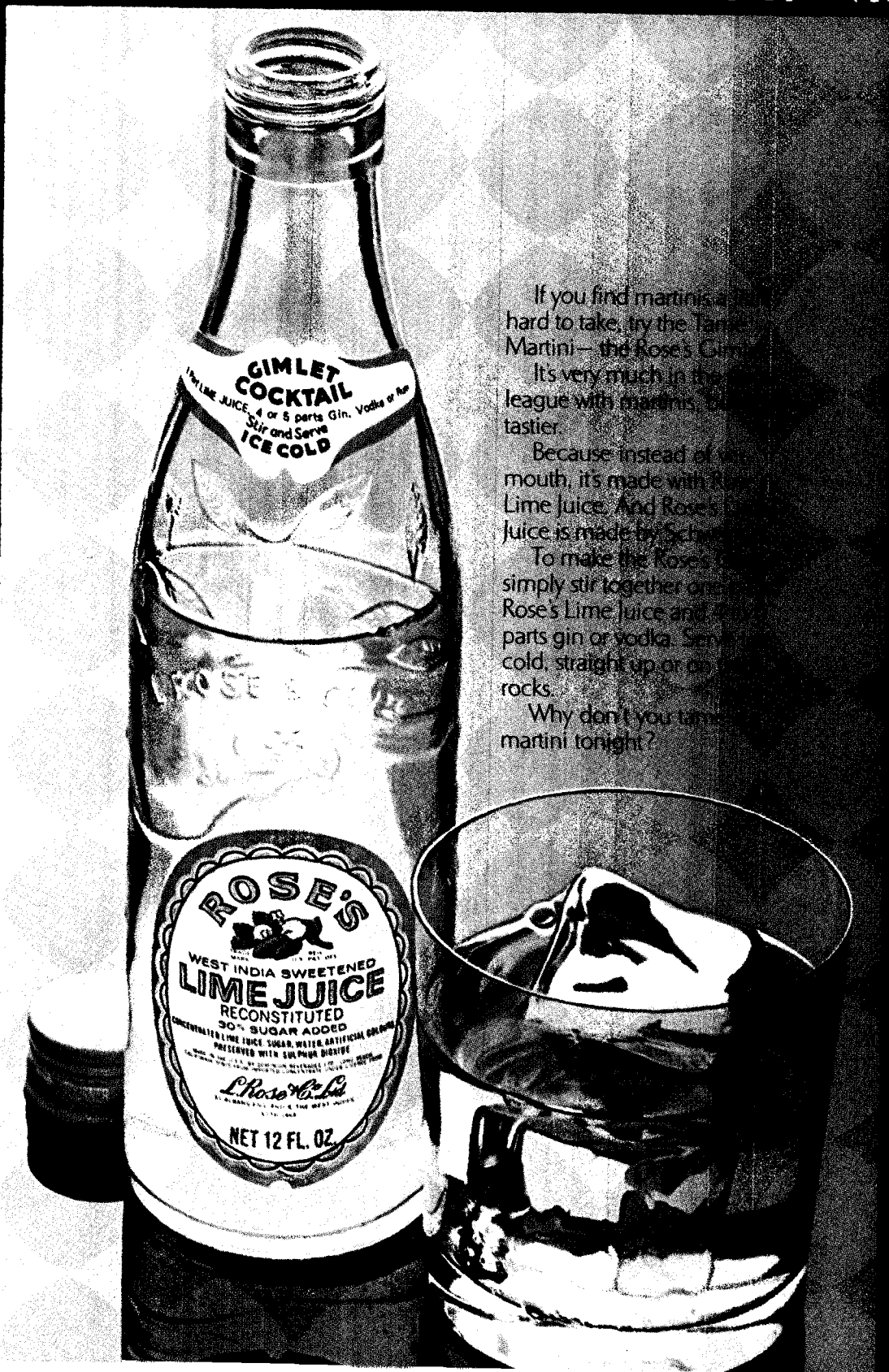
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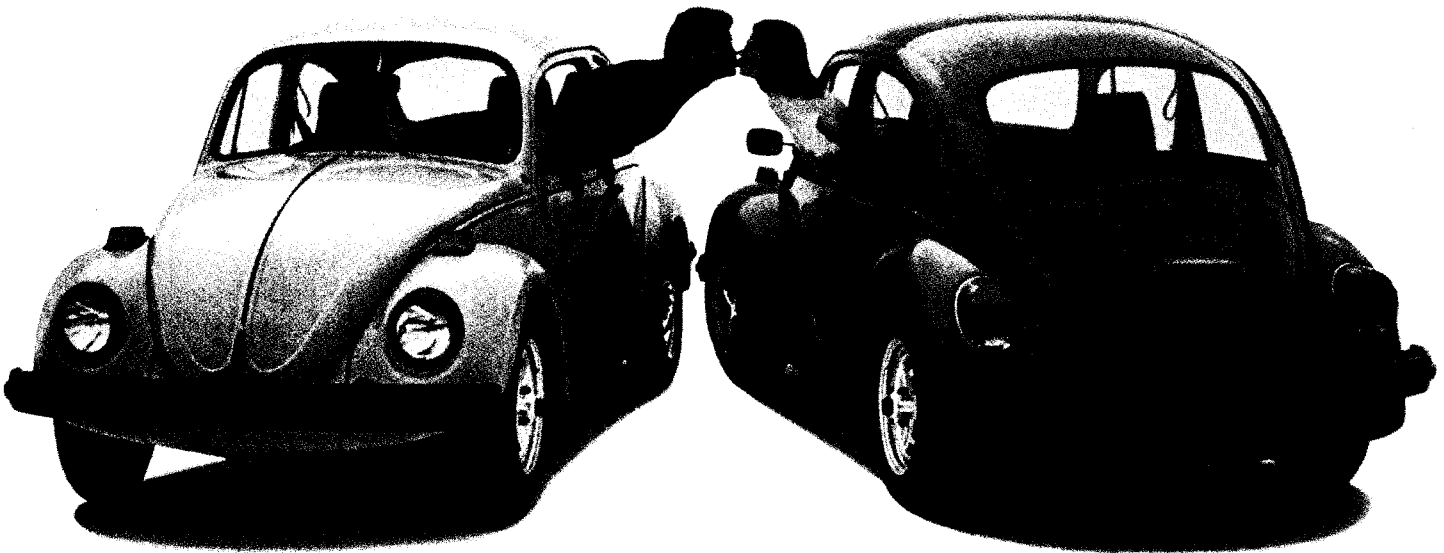
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JERRY FORD: THE EISENHOWER OF THE SEVENTIES?

by Rowland Evans, Jr., and Robert D. Novak

Don't be fooled by all those patronizing remarks about the Vice President's intelligence, say two veteran Washington reporters. Inside that oxhide resides a fox.

If Richard Nixon had deliberately sought his antithesis to replace the disgraced Spiro T. Agnew as Vice President, he would have turned to Gerald Rudolph Ford. Ford is open, candid, blissfully self-confident, and dangerously guileless. The President is secretive, perpetually threatened, and dangerously insecure.

But the President had no desire to make his antithesis Vice President for the final three years of his presidency; he had a positive determination *not* to pick Jerry Ford, Minority Leader of the House of Representatives. Nixon's first, and last, choice was John B. Connally of Texas, whose mesmerizing presence had long before captured Nixon's deepest admiration. Connally possessed those qualities Nixon wished most for himself.

That Nixon overrode his desire and wound up with Ford instead of Connally can be traced in no small part to Melvin R. Laird, the consummate Republican politician who has played a vital off-stage role in Ford's career in the past and may well again in the future. After resigning as Secre-

tary of Defense at the end of Nixon's first term, Laird was induced back into service as White House domestic-policy chief when the Watergate scandal exploded in the spring of 1973. The arrangement was doomed from the start. Nixon disliked Laird's uncongenial advice, distrusted his intentions, and never sought his counsel. For his part, Laird seldom pressed himself on the President, and before long, he was ready to leave.

But the vice presidential succession was another matter. Laird had never liked the idea of Connally carpetbagging his way into the Republican Party. Laird and Ford had been close colleagues since House days, occasionally friendly rivals but usually allies. So, on Wednesday, October 10, Laird entered the Oval Office to press his views on the President this one time.

Connally, Laird told the President, simply would not do. He had come too recently into the Republican fold; whatever his qualifications, he would never be confirmed by Congress. Democrats feared his ability and scorned him as an apostate. Republicans were not about to turn over to an acolyte the fortunes of the Grand Old Party for the next decade. Having warned Nixon for more than an hour that he had damn well better consider his party and not just himself, Laird then guaranteed that the Democratic Congress would confirm Ford as Vice President "within two weeks."

When Laird finished his tough talk and left the Oval Office, he was followed by the two Democratic leaders, Senator Mike Mansfield and Speaker Carl Albert. They echoed Laird, though in more respectful tones. Connally, they warned, presented a problem; Ford presented none. He was universally respected and liked, and the Democratic Congress would be far more tractable with him than with any other Republican. Regretfully, the President set aside the choice of his heart and went to the choice of his head. On October 12 he nominated Ford.

Laird's prediction of congressional confirmation within two weeks was the least significant of many October miscalculations regarding the new Vice President. Eight days after Ford's nomination, the Saturday Night Massacre set off the impeachment crisis. Congress, faced with confirming not merely a Vice President but a putative President, investigated Ford with such thoroughness that he was not approved until December 6.

A more serious miscalculation explains the reason why Ford was so popular with Mansfield, Albert, and the other Democrats: they simply could not perceive him as a presidential threat for 1976. But the deepest miscalculation was Richard Nixon's. If he could not have John Connally, the President decided, he preferred Ford as a ruggedly partisan good soldier who would never dare step out of line and would unquestioningly obey Oval Office orders. The President should have known better.

Nixon had been given a bitter taste of Ford's independence just that summer, at the height of the clandestine White House effort to persuade Agnew to pack his bags and go home to Baltimore. That effort, in which Nixon played the leading role without showing his hand, was failing. The President then called Ford. Informed by a key White House aide that Agnew had been "confiding his troubles" to Ford, Nixon quietly beseeched Ford to go to the Vice President and tell him his resignation was imperative.

Ford refused. He told the White House he could never exploit Agnew's trust in an underhanded way. Ford must have been aware that Agnew was finished. Accordingly, his refusal to take dictation from the President was a portent: even though the vice presidency might come to him (as Laird had

predicted to Ford in mid-August), Ford refused to honor a White House request that was in his own interest.

There is no doubt that Ford wanted to become Vice President. Shortly before Agnew's resignation on October 10, former Representative John Byrnes of Wisconsin, a longtime Republican power in the House and a close ally of Ford's and Laird's, suggested to Ford: "Let's push Mel for Vice President." Ford, typically forthright, said no, he couldn't do that. "I'm interested in that job for myself," he told Byrnes.

The other major Nixon miscalculation about Ford—that good old Jerry would never threaten Mr. Nixon's leadership of the Republican Party or question his anti-impeachment strategy—had deeper roots. At sixty, Ford simply was not considered among the front rank of Republicans. That he had become the Republican leader of the House and kept the job for a decade was due to support from important friends in the House and the natural course of events rather than his own appetite for leadership. Through twenty-five years in the House, Ford had been noted for steadfast loyalty.

During his early years in the House, Ford was an undeviating supporter of Eisenhower Administration programs, domestic and foreign. Since that put him in opposition to conservative Republicans from Michigan and elsewhere in the Midwest on some questions (particularly foreign aid), Ford was perceived not so much as a conservative as an Eisenhower "Modern Republican." Becoming ranking Republican member of the Army Panel on the House Defense Appropriations Subcommittee in the late 1950s, Ford faithfully swallowed the Eisenhower Administration's doctrine of massive nuclear deterrence and opposed rebellious Army officer corps attempts at infantry modernization. He was particularly critical of Army modernization doctrines preached by General Maxwell Taylor, a favorite of the Kennedys'.

Ford's rise to prominence in the House stemmed from his membership in the Chowder and Marching Society, an influential club of young, conservative, and ambitious Republican congressmen chafing under unimaginative Old Guard leadership. Byrnes, Ford's good friend and golfing buddy, was once thought the most likely of the new group to succeed, and in fact, was the first to reach leadership status as chairman of the House

Rowland Evans, Jr., and Robert D. Novak write the nationally syndicated political column "Inside Report." Their most recent book is *Nixon in the White House: The Frustration of Power*.

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Republican Policy Committee. But in January, 1963, the frustrated younger Republicans wanted to test their strength with a surprise move to oust an aging, rural congressman from Iowa named Charles Hoeven as chairman of the Republican Conference. Ford, liked by all and hated by none, was tapped to beat Hoeven. He won.

Having tasted blood, the Chowder and Marching Society Republicans went after far bigger game following the Republican election debacle in 1964: Minority Leader Charles Halleck. The coup against Halleck was openly engineered by Robert Griffin of Michigan, Charles Goodell of New York, and Glenard Lipscomb of California. But the real architect was Laird. Characteristically, Laird never publicly announced his support for Ford, and indeed, chose to run for Ford's vacated conference chairmanship so that he could join the leadership no matter how the close struggle between Ford and Halleck ended. Ford himself played little part in planning the palace revolution against Halleck. He wanted to become leader, of course, but he never would have considered organizing the revolt.

From the day of his election on January 5, 1965, some of Ford's supporters feared he would end up as little more than a briefcase carrier for Mel Laird. When Robert Hartmann, a tough, conservative Washington correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times*, suddenly showed up on Ford's staff, he was regarded by many as a Laird agent. In truth, the tireless Laird did eclipse Ford as dominant Republican in the House, managing to acquire a large technical staff to perform the duties of what previously had been an honorific post. When Ford and Laird were joint hosts for private lunches with newsmen at the Capitol in 1965, Laird was never bashful about correcting or contradicting his Minority Leader.

Not until Laird went to the Pentagon in 1969 did Ford emerge as undisputed House Republican leader. But by then there were complaints in the Republican cloakrooms, by the newest generation of Republican congressmen, that Ford was representing the Nixon position to them instead of carrying their case to the White House. Before Watergate suspended all else, there were even whispers that perhaps ten years was a long time for one man to lead House Republicans.

His record, then, was less than brilliant. Nor did the Nixon White House view Ford as a heavy-weight to be feared. The sharp tongue of Lyndon B. Johnson had done its work on Ford's reputation. When Ford exasperated President Johnson with a nonstop attack on big-spending Great

Society programs, Johnson replied that Ford's trouble was that he had played football once too often without a helmet. Hence the Washington cliché: Jerry sure is a nice guy—just no brains.

Lyndon Johnson's crack intrigued Yale Law School Professor Eugene Rostow, who (as he later told Ford) "violated your constitutional rights of privacy" and took a peek at Ford's record, Yale Law School Class of 1941. Included among the 125 members of that class were Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart, Sargent Shriver, Representative Peter Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, and former Governor Ray Shafer of Pennsylvania. About 100 in the class had been undergraduate Phi Beta Kappa's, yet Ford (who did not make Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Michigan) finished in the top one third: "Mostly B's, with a scattering of A's," Rostow reminded Ford when they happened to share the platform this year at the University of South Carolina Law School. "He's not dumb," Rostow told us. "He got high grades and he coached the freshman football team on the side."

Ford's ponderous way with words, his inability to turn a nice phrase, and the slow pace with which he receives and tries to answer questions cloak a respectable intellect. But they led the White House to expect a Vice President at least as docile as Spiro Agnew.

In the newsspeak still prevailing at the White House, one senior aide puts it this way: "Jerry is on board sometimes but not all the time. He's still a [Capitol] Hill type who thinks like they do on the Hill in terms of compromise. We'd like to see him on board *all* the time, like Agnew was—like *we* all are."

In translation, that means Nixon is anything but pleased with the independent thinking Ford puts on display from time to time to question the Nixon anti-impeachment strategy. While avoiding the extremes—outright disloyalty to the President on the one hand; becoming the President's number-one public defender on the other—Ford infuriated the men around the Oval Office by insisting that the President sooner or later must give the House impeachment inquiry everything it needs.

Ford's footwork has not been perfect by any standard. Nixon-haters deride him for having proclaimed Mr. Nixon's "innocence" without having heard the White House tapes. Hard-core Nixonites have called him an ingrate for daring to question Nixon's right to withhold whatever documents he wants under the guise of executive privilege.

In response to pressure from one side or the other, Ford often has traveled an erratic course, as

Put simply, Jerry Ford is not a hater and Richard Nixon is. A Ford "enemies list" is inconceivable.

on May 17 when he chastised the President for not giving the House what it wanted but then, after a hastily scheduled hour in the President's Executive Office Building hideaway, emerged to chastise the House committee for not fully exploring all evidence in hand before demanding new tapes and documents.

Erratic, perhaps, but, as the late Stewart Alsop commented last spring, "as shrewd and clever as any man on a tightrope could be." Despite ups and downs, tos and fros, Ford has managed to publicize private disagreements with Nixon's strategy (which run far deeper than he publicly admits) without plunging the dagger into the President's back.

Almost any member of Congress picked as Vice President—and most particularly the Republican leader in the House—would rebel over an impeachment defense built on dubious grounds of executive privilege. "Jerry can't sit still on that one," says a top Republican in the House. "The doctrine of executive privilege in a presidential impeachment case violates the most fundamental powers of the Congress. Ford is a creature of Congress."

That may well have been in the back of Nixon's mind when he tried to wiggle out of naming Ford over Mel Laird's angry remonstrance last October 10. It is inconceivable that Connally would not have become Nixon's total advocate today, no matter what his impeachment strategy. Connally is a *presidential* man, but Ford is a *congressional* man, now at the halfway house of the vice presidency but far too freshly removed from long service in the House to accept Richard Nixon's doctrine of executive privilege as a defense against impeachment.

Yet, even if Ford's entire career had been outside Congress, his instincts about presidential power would have posed inevitable conflict with Nixon. Ford is a genuine conservative who until now has shared traditional Midwestern Republican suspicion of executive power. His suspicion of personal political power is starkly at variance with the three power-minded Presidents who followed Ford's own political hero, Dwight D. Eisenhower, to the White House. He has no desire to stretch still further or even maintain the present far boundaries of executive power successively established by John F. Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, and Richard Nixon. Nor does he seem to share their instinctive fascination for politics and politicians.

That is evident in Ford's response when asked

his opinion of past Presidents. His favorite is Eisenhower, but he cannot articulate the precise reason aside from saying he liked Eisenhower's personality and his style. Eisenhower was "a people's President" because "he liked people," he told us. What else? Well, very little. How about FDR? "I have mixed emotions about him," Ford replied gravely. "He handled the office very politically." Jack Kennedy? "I don't think he was in office long enough to really tell." Truman? "I had a lot of admiration for Harry Truman. Truman was direct and I felt more attached to that." Anybody else? Well, he admired President Nixon on foreign affairs, Teddy Roosevelt as an activist, Lincoln because he saved the Union.

One old friend of Ford's replied in his defense that the Vice President won't speak kindly of FDR for fear of alienating Republicans. The friend recalls Ford telling him that when Roosevelt died, he wept in sorrow in his U.S. Navy lieutenant commander's uniform. But the real reason Ford has so little to say about FDR or any other President is his lack of interest in the sources and uses of presidential power. The proof lies in his quick selection of Eisenhower as his favorite President—Eisenhower, the only President in forty years who actually ran the federal government in a comfortable power-sharing relationship with Congress; who often rested above the political battle; who was—in sharp contrast with President Nixon and the late President Johnson—direct and candid with the American people.

Ford is now reaching hard conclusions over Nixonian abuses of power. The beginning was on March 30, with Ford's famous Chicago speech attacking the "arrogant, elite guard of political adolescents" who ran the Committee for the Re-election of the President (CREEP). Although Ford carefully ignored the formative and controlling roles of the Nixon White House at CREEP, his message was clear. He was indicting not only CREEP's "political adolescents" but also the White House majordomos, from H. R. Haldeman and Charles Colson on down. The Chicago speech showed only the surface of Ford's disillusionment. He intended to follow it with a second speech attacking the abuse of power inside the White House itself, again carefully exempting Nixon except by implication. Although he took the route of discretion and postponed the second speech indefinitely, Ford's private outrage over the excesses of the Nixon presidency is real.

When Ford received us in his office across West Executive Avenue from the White House, we asked

whether he felt the vast extension of power had endangered the presidency as an institution. Ford went to his desk and picked up a copy of *The Twilight of the Presidency* by George Reedy, Lyndon Johnson's onetime press secretary, given to him the week before by reporter Marjorie Hunter of the *New York Times*. In a gloomy pre-Watergate view of presidential decline, Reedy indicts the remoteness of the kingly presidency in the last third of the twentieth century.

Yes, Ford said, no doubt about it—and he wasn't singling out Richard Nixon. What has happened, Ford said, is that "Presidents develop this aura of infallibility. They all sort of operate the same way"—even Eisenhower. "Anybody that's hired over there ought to read this book," because what it describes is "avoidable."

How avoidable?

"Well, by [the President's] day-to-day operations, and particularly through his staff . . . I'm simply saying that I think Presidents and their staffs have to have a somewhat different attitude to the Congress and to the job. . . . Some staffs get carried away just by the fact that they occupy an office over there, whether the President wants them to operate that way or not."

Then, ever aware of his own political vulnerability to the Nixon hard core, Ford quickly added: "But President Nixon couldn't watch every day-to-day move of a John Dean; probably wishes he had."

Ford's fundamental disagreement with the President over the nature of the presidency stems not from differences on issues. Ford is fully as conservative as Nixon on most issues and even more conservative on a great many others. He has been considerably more cautious about civil rights legislation than Nixon and is now passionately opposed to forced school busing; seems more worried than Nixon about the unstoppable rise in federal domestic spending; and rigidly opposes federal operating subsidies for mass transit. Whereas Nixon has been fascinated by nonconservative innovations such as Family Assistance payments and revenue sharing, Ford tends to distrust them. But he is not cast in iron. Although a hard-line Cold Warrior and strong national defense advocate for twenty-five years, Ford readily accepted Nixon's decision to open the door to Communist China and his pursuit of détente with the Soviet Union. Whether such acceptance was dictated by flexibility or party regularity remains to be seen.

But there are profound differences between Ford and Nixon quite unrelated to issues. Ford does not share Nixon's intense and ineradicable suspicions and hatreds toward his "enemies": the Eastern Establishment, Ivy League intellectuals, liberal Republicans, and most intensely of all, the media. Unlike Nixon, he would not arrive in the White House determined to amass its awesome power to pay off in kind all those who had impeded his progress to the Oval Office. Put simply, Jerry Ford is not a hater and Richard Nixon is. A Ford "enemies list" is inconceivable.

While Nixon as President plotted total war against the media, Ford prides himself on maintaining cordial relations with correspondents ideologically to his left—relations that are cordial because of Ford's genuine candor and honesty. When the pro-Nixon South was enraged by the military court-martial conviction of Lieutenant William L. Calley, Jr., in 1971, Nixon placed a sly nighttime telephone call from San Clemente to Ford on Capitol Hill asking whether he would make some discreet soundings of congressional opinion on possible clemency—a blatant distortion of the President's quasijudicial reviewing authority in the case. Tipped off to the telephone call, we telephoned Ford to check it out for accuracy. He paused, swallowed hard, and then admitted it. A Nixon White House aide could deny it without a second thought.

In contrast to the White House guerrilla war to make life as difficult as possible for the media, Ford woos newsmen. When three reporters turned up unexpectedly at Andrews Air Force Base for Ford's golf-and-politics trip to Hawaii, thanks to sloppy staff work by the Vice President's staff, Ford determined who would get seats on the overcrowded plane with a Solomonic decision inconceivable in the Nixon White House. He bumped Chief of Staff Bob Hartmann, Mrs. Hartmann, and Mrs. Paul Miltich, the wife of Ford's press secretary, who had planned a Hawaii vacation with her husband to celebrate their thirtieth wedding anniversary.

When applied to liberal Republicans, this contrast between Nixon and Ford resolves itself into wholly different attitudes about the nature of the Republican Party. In Richard Nixon's Hades, the hottest spot of all is reserved for liberal Republicans. Nixon has genuinely wanted a realigned party structure, with the Republican Party purified along conservative lines. Ford has taken the older, more traditional view that in a two-party system, the Republicans can achieve dominant status only

as a broad-based party covering the full ideological spectrum.

While most House Republicans viewed the switch in parties by Representative Donald Riegle of Michigan in 1973 as good riddance, Ford attempted unsuccessfully to convince him to stay Republican. In 1970, Nixon and Agnew collaborated in branding then-Senator Charles Goodell of New York as a liberal heretic, and in engineering his defeat. But Goodell remained at least nominally a Republican and a friend of Jerry Ford's. When Goodell opened his new Washington law firm this year with a well-publicized reception, the Vice President arrived to greet his old friend. They talk on the telephone frequently, and Goodell presumably would be resurrected from the political dead for a role in any Ford Administration.

The most dramatic illustration of Ford's ecumenical Republicanism came this year when he ignored the wishes of conservative California Republican Party leaders and publicly embraced—indeed, virtually endorsed—maverick liberal Representative Paul ("Pete") McCloskey, Jr. McCloskey seemed destined for sure defeat in the Republican primary until the Vice President's California visit, so Ford is given full credit for his narrow victory on June 4. Ford acted out of friendship for McCloskey, out of his pragmatic realization that McCloskey's Stanford University district would probably go Democratic if his friend was not renominated, but also out of a deeper determination that the party is doomed without the McCloskeys on its left wing. No act in Ford's early vice presidency stirred so much hostility from the Republican right. *Human Events*, the right-wing weekly, stormed in fury, some old colleagues in the House Republican cloakroom anxious to see McCloskey gone clucked disapprovingly, and Clarke Reed, the influential Republican State Chairman of Mississippi, was outraged.

Ford feels none of the paranoia that pervades Nixon's White House—the feeling of being constantly under siege by hostile forces—and so would see no reason for plotting against enemies. One cannot imagine even a pale version of Nixon's political intrigues in a Ford White House. By nature about as conspiratorial as an assembly line worker in Chevrolet's Fisher body plant in Grand Rapids, Ford employs nobody in his office remotely akin to Bob Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, or Chuck Colson. On the contrary, Ford's men are roundly criticized by his cronies on Capitol Hill as

unimaginative, insouciant, and too clerkish to challenge him. That is the way Ford wants it, and that is the way he had it for a quarter of a century on Capitol Hill. Ford also tends to be a soft touch as a boss, rather benign, orthodox, and gentle.

These same easy qualities account for Ford's healthy, normal family of three boys (aged twenty-four, twenty-two, and eighteen) and pretty, seventeen-year-old daughter, Susan. His good-looking wife, Betty, had a teen-age career as a dancer in Martha Graham's company. Her first marriage ended in divorce. She has suffered from a variety of minor physical and nervous ailments, including a painful pinched nerve in her neck, which seems improved since Ford moved into the vice presidency. Betty Ford suffered also from an often critical disease affecting wives of busy politicians: the never-see husband, want-to-go-home syndrome.

It was Betty's influence that persuaded Ford to announce that 1974 would be his last campaign for the House. The plan: return to Grand Rapids and enter the practice of law, or, more likely, join a big, rich industrial concern and make some money—but not in Washington.

Despite Betty's occasional indisposition, the family has stayed close and warm, remarkably free of the generational divisions and culture shocks that have wrecked so many contemporary families. The Fords like a couple of cold martinis before dinner, dine simply with children who happen to be home or with old pals like Mel Laird or Johnny Byrnes and their wives—strictly Grand Rapids, with Betty pushing her husband to go to their Episcopal Church (Emmanuel On The Hill) more often than he has time for.

Ford's nonpolitical life, in short, has been routine, uneventful, and comfortable—characteristics he takes to the office with him. Thus, on October 12 when Mr. Nixon offered him the vice presidency, one of Ford's first acts was to inform Hartmann, his rumpled, chain-smoking chief aide (long since absolved of being a Laird agent), that he would retain his title of chief of staff in the vice presidential office. As a former newspaperman, Hartmann knows he is not the man to run a burgeoning vice presidential staff. His political judgment is shrewd, but his ability to manage the daily routine of a Vice President traveling 76,000 miles to twenty-nine states in his first six months in office is questionable. With Hartmann concentrating on political strategy and speeches, management was taken over by William Seidman, a family friend and business executive from Grand Rapids, who worshiped Jerry Ford as captain of the Uni-

Ford might try to run the vast federal government like some friendly country store.

versity of Michigan football team (when Seidman was quarterback at East Grand Rapids High). Seidman, unsuccessful candidate for Auditor-General of Michigan in 1962 and later a top staff aide to Governor George Romney, is learning his new job on the job, and some of Ford's Hill cronies don't think he is learning fast enough.

The third of the big three around the Vice President is Philip Buchen, Ford's boyhood friend, his law partner in a short-lived firm which they established between graduation from law school and World War II, and still his best friend. Buchen was first imported on a rush order in October to help Ford through the grueling confirmation hearings. He stayed to handle the top staff job in President Nixon's Cabinet-level commission on privacy, headed by Ford—the one substantive job Ford holds as Nixon's Vice President. But Buchen's ultimate role surely will be more important than running an obscure presidential commission.

Buchen would join Hartmann and Seidman on the senior staff at a Ford White House. But neither they nor anybody else would approach the influence or authority which Nixon deliberately delegated to Haldeman and Ehrlichman. "Of course," one Ford principal says for the record,

we haven't had a minute to think about possible future events, and certainly we don't sit around planning a Ford White House. But one thing is certain. Ford won't have any "counselors," either in name or in form. He doesn't like the title, for one thing. It's too highfalutin for Grand Rapids. And he won't have a single Haldeman type with power to close the Oval Office door and turn away seekers or sinners. Ford's door on Capitol Hill was always open, and it's a habit he can't stop now. Listen to a mythical Ford tape and you won't hear the kind of querulous indecision you hear on a Nixon tape. He doesn't sit around chewing a problem endlessly like that. He makes a pretty quick decision and he makes it himself. He's never been much on organization, and he's too old to change. My prediction is that a Ford White House will have much more than its share of confusion, and there will be crossed jurisdictional lines and a wide-open door to competing forces. But that's the way he ran the Republicans in the House, and that's how he'd run the country.

So, succeeding to Nixon's kingly presidency, Ford might try to run the vast federal government like some friendly country store.

Consider, for example, Ford's naïve candor as it turned up in the April 13 issue of the *New Republic* magazine. Sitting beside "Nixon Watch" columnist John Osborne on one of Ford's cross-country

political junkets, the Vice President spelled out possible changes of a Ford Cabinet: Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, of course, would stay in his customary spot at the top, but Secretary of Defense, James Schlesinger? Osborne wrote that Ford might drop Schlesinger from his Cabinet.

Accustomed to the easy, almost incestuous politician-and-press relationship on Capitol Hill, Ford never dreamed Osborne would report his indelicate remarks to the world. Particularly disturbing to Ford was seeing in print his offhand comment about the President's propensity to ramble on and on in private conversation with the Vice President. But Ford never did spell out ground rules to Osborne. Osborne wrote what he heard, leaving no doubt that Ford was his source. For a while thereafter, both Ford and his staff worried about repercussions from the White House, but Nixon chose to let it pass. As for Schlesinger, Ford soothed him with a long telephone call.

Ford as Vice President stays close to the counsel of old congressional intimates: Johnny Byrnes, Mel Laird, and his successor as House Minority Leader, Representative John Rhodes of Arizona. It is inconceivable that Laird, invited along with other close friends to Betty Ford's birthday party last winter, would not return to full-time government service in a Ford Administration.

Ford also has pursued closer personal ties with Kissinger, certainly more personal than Kissinger's correct and distant relationship with Nixon. In the winter and spring of 1974, Ford, in between frenetic journeys, met Kissinger about once every two weeks to talk about détente, arms control, and world strategy.

All this is patently haphazard, informal, and not widely admired. "The way they schedule Jerry is atrocious," says one congressional crony. "Every little tinker's barn that asks for a speech from Ford, they book him." His travel schedule has indeed been chaotic, but that was Ford's own choice, not a result of edicts of his staff.

Ford saw two important political reasons for removing himself from Washington during his early vice presidency. First, keeping his distance from Nixon would reduce opportunities for those long talks in the Oval Office, where the President would enlist him in the defense of Richard Nixon. Second, Ford's great concern has always been the health and welfare of the Republican Party, and these are perilously low in 1974. The President, for

his part, had envisioned Ford gladly sacrificing his own interests to the President's schemes to cling to office. But Nixon's pointed suggestion on May 10 that Ford was "working too hard at the job" and had "better slow down a little" was politely ignored by the Vice President.

Two characteristics have dominated Ford's wanderings: a disorganized nuts-and-bolts political operation and unmistakable signs everywhere of a wide breadth of real affection for him by voters of many different persuasions. Last spring when he arrived in Manhattan for a gimmicky public relations affair called the annual National Father's Day Luncheon to receive the Father of the Year award, Ford was rushed into an unscheduled press conference. Amid the din, Ford could scarcely hear questions from the local press. But he did answer a young girl reporter asking about those tapes the House Judiciary Committee was trying to get from Nixon. In his tediously ponderous way, Ford replied: "I would like before commenting to see or hear the actual content of the tapes." Before the Vice President had left the room, Press Secretary Miltich, a genial holdover from Ford's congressional days, who was hard put to handle routinely confusing press relations, was "clarifying." Ford did not really mean, Miltich explained, that he wanted to hear the tapes himself (for Ford had always refused to expose himself to any White House tapes).

Later that day, in Wilmington, Miltich found himself constantly quibbling with the national correspondents traveling with him. During a closed-door meeting between Ford and top executives of the Du Pont Company, Miltich was asked, "What's he doing in there alone with all those fat cats?" When the session ended, Miltich lamely explained that "those fat cats" would have been happy to have had a few representatives of the traveling press present but "no one asked." That night Ford was star attraction at what was erroneously billed to the press by Ford's staff as a fund-raising party at the Wilmington racetrack for Representative Pierre du Pont. Actually, it was a state Republican Party fund-raiser, but the error in Ford's printed schedule irritated both Delaware regular Republicans and Congressman du Pont's people; Pete du Pont, putting a \$100 limit on contributions to his

own campaign, was not raising a cent through the state party.

Then another hassle. There were actually three separate functions, one attended by the super fat cats at \$500 a head (press excluded), another attended by run-of-the-mill fat cats at \$100 a head (press excluded), and a \$5-a-head rally for the rank and file (press admitted). The press protested to the guiltless Miltich, who persuaded the fat cats to open up their \$100-a-head function. The super fat cats, despising the media, turned down Miltich and kept the doors of their \$500 party closed.

To end the evening, Ford spoke at the \$5 party. When Ford asked how long he should talk, Delaware Republican National Committeeman Tom Evans suggested twelve to fifteen minutes. Ford spoke and took questions for fifty typically disjointed minutes—far too long for that or any other political gathering. While giving network television correspondents a nugget of news with his strongest statement yet that Nixon ought to give the House what it wanted, Ford nevertheless defended the President in ritual fashion, winning routine applause. Boring, rambling, windy, and humorless though he was, the crowd seemed to love him. The genuine affection was unmistakable. Ford listed the "big stable" of Republican presidential candidates—"the Rockefellers, the Reagans, the Connallys, the Percys, the Brookes." But before he could finish, the crowd was shouting, "Ford, Ford, Ford."

Nor is such affection limited to partisan Republicans. Ford has been examined as Vice President through the lens of a Watergate microscope: Is he like the rest of those sleazy, corrupt, lying politicians who cheat on their income taxes and promise law and order while they break the law? Or is he different? Jerry Ford does seem different to them. As one astute public servant who has served each of the past three Presidents says, "His candor and decency make him vulnerable to scheming politicians, but that is also his greatest strength."

For now at least, candor and decency are elevated above cleverness and glibness. What might have seemed weaknesses two years ago are political strengths today. "Jerry doesn't really have a first-class mind," commented one of his former House colleagues. "But, then, neither did Eisenhower." □



NAKEDNESS

A story by John Updike

“Oh, look,” Joan Maple said, in her voice of delight. “We’re being invaded!” Richard Maple lifted his head from the sand.

Another couple, younger, was walking down the beach like a pair of creatures, tawny, maned, their movements made stately by their invisible effort to control self-consciousness. One had to look hard to see that they were naked. A summer’s frequentation of the nudist section up the beach, around the point from the bourgeois, bathing-suited section where the Maples lay with their children and their books and their towels and tubes of lotion, had bestowed upon the bodies of these other two the smooth pelt of an even tan, and the sexual signs so large in our interior mythology, the breasts and pubic patches, melted to almost nothing in the middle distance, in the sun. Even the young man’s penis seemed incidental. And the young woman appeared a lesser version of the male—the same taut, magnetic stride, the same disturbingly generic arrangement of limbs, abdomen, torso, and skull.

Richard suppressed a grunt. Silence attended the two nudes, pushing out from their advance like

wavelets up the packed sand into the costumed people, away from the unnoticed commotion and self-absorbed sparkle of the sea. Their advance could only be meant as, could only be taken as, an affront. In the watching crowds, some faces dropped as if stung. Others gazed steadfastly; for, this strolling nudism being a political gesture, the counterprotest must be a blunt stare. “Well!”, a woman’s exclamation, from underneath an umbrella, blew down the beach like a sandwich wrapper. One old man, his dwindled legs linked to a barrel chest by boyish trunks of plaid nylon, stood up militantly, helplessly, drowning in this assault, making an uplifted gesture between that of hailing a taxi and shaking a fist. Richard’s own feelings, he noticed, were hysterically turbulent: a certain political admiration grappled with an immediate sense of social threat; pleasure in the sight of the female was swept under by hatred for the male, whose ally she was publicly declaring herself to be; pleasure in the sight of the male fought specific focus on that superadded, boneless bit of him, that monkeyish footnote to the godlike thorax; and envy of their youth and boldness and beauty lost

itself in an awareness of his own body that washed over him so vividly he involuntarily glanced about for concealment.

His wife, brown and pleased and modern, said, "They must be stoned."

Abruptly, having paraded several hundred yards, the naked couple turned and ran. The girl, especially, became ridiculous, her buttocks outthrust in the ungainly effort of retreat, her flesh jouncing heavily as she raced to keep up with her mate. He was putting space between them; his hair lifted in a slow spume against the sea's electric blue.

Heads turned as at a tennis match; the spectators saw what had made them run—a policeman walking crabwise off the end of the boardwalk. His uniform made him, too, representative of a species. But as he passed, his black shoes treading the sand in measured pursuit, he was seen as also young, his moustache golden beneath the sad-shaped mirrors of his sunglasses, his arms swinging athletic and brown from his short blue sleeves. Beneath his uniform, for all they knew, his skin wore another uninterrupted tan.

"My God," Richard said softly. "He's one of them."

"He is a pretty young pig," Joan stated with complacent quickness.

Her finding a phrase she so much liked irritated Richard, who had been groping for some paradox, some wordless sadness. "And you're a beat-up-old knee-jerk liberal," he told her.

"My goodness. What have we done to deserve this? It's not as if they came up and tried to undress *you*."

"Maybe that's my complaint," he said, mollifying. For the Maples found themselves much together this vacation. One daughter was living with a man, one son had a job, the other son was at a tennis camp, and their baby, Bean, hated her nickname and, at thirteen, was made so uncomfortable by her parents she contrived daily excuses to avoid being with them. In their reduced family they were too exposed to one another; the child saw them, Richard feared, more clearly than he and Joan saw themselves. He suggested, in further mollification, as in college when they were courting he might have suggested they leave the library and go to a movie, "Let's follow him."

The policeman was a receding blue dot. "Let's," Joan agreed, standing promptly, sand raining from her, the gay alacrity of her acceptance hollow but the lustrous volume of her body, and her gait beside his, which he unthinkingly matched, and the weight of warm sun on his shoulders as they walked, real enough—real enough, Richard thought, for now.

The bathing-suited section thinned behind them.

As they turned the point, bare bodies in their vision disengaged themselves from salt and sand. Freckled redheads with slack and milky bellies. Gypsyish girls hard as nuts, standing upright to hold their faces, brazen shields, closer to the sun's arrows. Long blacks emerging from the ocean bleached gray by their nakedness. Sleeping men, their testicles rotten as dropped fruit. A row of buttocks like the scallop on a doily. A bearded man doing yoga on his head, the fork of his legs appearing to implore the sky. Among these apparitions the policeman moved gently, cumbersome in his belt and gun, whispering, nearly touching the naked listeners, who nodded and began, singly and in groups, to put on their clothes. The couple who had trespassed, inviting this counterinvasion, could not be distinguished from the numerous naked others; all were being punished.

Joan went to a trio, two boys and a girl, as they struggled into their worn jeans, their widths of leather and sleeveless vests, their sandals and strange soft hats. She asked them, "Are you being kicked off?"

The boys straightened and gazed at her, her bikini, her pleasant plumpness, her sympathetic smile, and said nothing. The penis of one, Richard noticed, hung heavy a foot from her hand. Joan turned and returned to her husband's side.

"What did they tell you?" he asked.

"Nothing. They just stared at me. Like I was a moonperson."

"There have been two revolutions in the last ten years," he told her. "One, women learned to say 'fuck.' Two, the oppressed learned to despise their sympathizers."

Her body, nearly naked, radiated hurt; he knew he would pay, later, for his words. To soften them, he said, "Or maybe they just resented being approached when they were putting on their pants. It's a touchy moment, for males."

The nudists, paradoxically, brought more clothing to the beach than the bourgeoisie; they distinguished themselves, walking up the beach to the point, by being dressed head to toe, in denim and felt, as if they had strolled straight from the urban core of the counterculture. Now, as the young cop moved among them like a sorrowing angel, they bent and huddled in the obsequious poses of redressing.

"My God," Joan said, "it's like Masaccio's *Expulsion from the Garden*." And Richard felt her heart in the fatty casing of her body plump up, pleased with this link, satisfied to have demonstrated once again to herself the relevance of a humanistic education to modern experience.

All that afternoon, as, returned from the beach, he pushed a balky lawn mower through the wiry grass around their rented house, Richard thought about nakedness. He thought of Adam and Eve

("Who told thee that thou wast naked?") and of Noah beheld naked by Ham, and of Susanna and the elders. He thought of himself as a child, having a sunbath on the second-story porch with his mother, who had been, in her provincial way, an avant-gardist, a health faddist. From beyond the screen of blankets she had draped on the balustrade the town had called with its many March voices: birds in bushes, children at ball games, the infrequent auto crackling on the pebbles of the street, the rarer commotion of a farm wagon trundling into town, the side boards creaking, the horse hooves clapping, the driver hawing with the abrupt, half-meant impatience of a man freshly awakened. The balusters of the balustrade were boards each jigsawed into an ornamental vase-shape sunlight strained through the blankets and stamped, obliquely foreshortened, along the porch boards. Wasps would come visit, the porch was so warm. An hour seemed forever; his embarrassment penetrated and stretched every minute. His mother's skin was a pale landscape on the rim of his vision; he didn't look at it, any more than he bothered to look at the hills enclosing the town, which he assumed he would never leave.

He thought of Rodin's remark that a woman undressing was like the sun piercing through clouds. The afternoon's gathering cloudiness slid shadows across the lawn, burnishing the wiry grass. He had once loved a woman who had slept beside a mirror. In her bed the first time, he glanced to his right and was startled to see them both, reflected naked. His legs and hers looked prodigiously long, parallel. She must have felt his attention leave her, for she turned her head; duplicated in the mirror, her face appeared beneath the duplicate of his. The mirror was an arm's length from the bed. This other couple lay six feet away. Since it was summer, they were, all four, smooth and tan, with pearly roundnesses where bathing suits had intervened. The other woman smiled, and the man's image followed, smiling in agreement, though within his body Richard was disconcerted, and dizzy with the effort of relating that leggy male nude to the patches and planes of himself seen peripherally, attached to his consciousness like fluttering pink tatters. He asked the woman beneath him if she ever felt disconcerted. She did not. "It's nice," she said. "You wake up in the morning, and there you are." Like the sun piercing through clouds. Yet, in the mirror, what fascinated him was not her body but his own—its length, its glow, its hair, its parallel toes so marvelously removed from its small, startled, sheepish head.

There had been, he remembered, a noise downstairs. Their eyes had widened into one another's, the mirror forgotten. He whispered, "What is it?" Milkmen, mailmen, the dog, the furnace.

She offered, "The wind?"

"It sounded like a door opening."

As they listened again, her breath fanned his mouth. A footstep distinctly betrayed itself beneath them. At the same moment as he tugged to pull the sheets over their heads, she sharply flung them aside. She disengaged herself from him, lifting her leg like the near figure in Renoir's *Bathers*. He was alone in the mirror; the mirror had become a screaming witness to the fact that he was where he should not be (his mother used to say, "Dirt is matter in the wrong place") and that he was in no condition for flight, or to be packaged swiftly.

He had gone onto her sunporch with his bunched clothes clutched to his front.

He squatted to cut the stubborn tufts by the boatshed with the hand clippers, and imperfectly remembered a quotation from one of the Japanese masters of *shungā*, to the effect that the phallus in these pictures was exaggerated because if it were drawn in its natural size, it would be negligible.

She had returned, his mistress, still naked, saying, "Nothing." She had walked naked through her own downstairs, a trespasser from Eden, past chairs and prints and lamps, eclipsing them, unafraid to encounter a burglar, a milkman, a husband; and her nakedness, returning, had been calm and broad as that of Titian's Venus, flooding him from within like some swallowed sun.

He thought of Titian's Venus, wringing her hair with two firm hands. He thought of Manet's Olympia, of Goya's Maja. Of shamelessness. He thought of Edna Pontellier, Kate Chopin's heroine, walking in the last year of that most buttoned-up of centuries down to the Gulf and, before swimming to her death, casting off all her clothes. "How strange and awful it seemed to stand naked under the sky! how delicious!"

He remembered himself a month ago, coming along to this same house, this house into whose lightless, damp cellar he was easing, step by step, the balky mower, its duty done. He had volunteered to come along and open up the house, to test it; it was a new rental for them. His wife had assented easily; there was something in her, these days, that also wanted to be alone. Half the stores on the island were not yet open for the summer; he had bought some days' worth of meals, and lived in rooms of an amazing chastity and silence. One morning he had walked through a mile of huckleberry and wild grape to a pond. Its rim of beach was scarcely a stride wide; only the turds and shed feathers of wild swans testified to other presences. The swans, suspended in the sun-irradiated mist upon the pond's surface, seemed gods to him, perfect and infinitely removed. Not a house, not a car, looked down from the hills of sand and scrub that enclosed the pond. Such pure emptiness under the sky seemed an opportunity it would be sacrilegious to waste. Richard took off his clothes, all; he sat on a rough warm rock. The pose of thinker palled. He stood and at the water's

edge became a prophet, a Baptist; ripples of light reflected from the water onto his legs. He yearned to do something magnificent, something obscene; he stretched his arms and could not touch the sky. The sun intensified. As mist burned from the surface of the pond, the swans stirred, flapping their wings in aloof, Olympian tumult. For a second, sex dropped from him and he seemed indeed the divinely shaped center of a bowl-shaped Creation; his very skin felt beautiful—no, he felt beauty rippling upon it, as if this emptiness were loving him, licking him. Then, the next second, glancing down, he saw himself to be less than sublimely alone, for dozens of busy ruddy bodies, ticks, were crawling up through the hair of his legs, as happy in his warmth as he in that of the sun.

The sky was even gray now, weathered silver like the shingles on this island. As he went into the house to reward himself with a drink, he remembered, from a forgotten book, an old American farmer boasting that though he had sired eleven

children he had never seen his wife's body naked. And from another book, about Africa, the remark, of some West African port, that this was the last city on the coast where a young woman could walk naked down the main street without attracting attention. And from an old *Time* review, years ago, revolutions ago, of the Brigitte Bardot picture that for a few frames displayed her naked from head to toe: *Time* had quipped that though the movie had a naked woman in it, so did most American homes, around eleven o'clock at night.

Eleven o'clock. The Maples have been out to dinner; their lone child is spending the night with a friend. Their bedroom within this house is white and breezy, white even to the bureaus and chairs, and the ceiling so low their shadows seem to rest upon their heads.

Joan stands at the foot of the bed and kicks off her shoes.

Her face, foreshortened in the act of looking down, appears to pout as she undoes the snaps on her skirt and lets the zipper fling into view a white V of slip. She lets her skirt drop, retrieves it with a foot, places it in a drawer.

Then the jersey lifts, decapitating her and gathering her hair into a cloud, a fist, that collapses when her face is again revealed, preoccupied.

A head-toss, profiled.

Headlights from the road caress the house and then forget.

An unexpected sequence: Joan pulls down her underpants in a quick shimmy before, with two hands, arms crossed, pulling up her slip. Above her waist, the bunched nylon snags; she halts in the pose of Michelangelo's slave, of Munch's madonna, of Ingres' urn-bearer, seen from the front, unbarbered.

The slip unsnags, the snakeskin slides, the process continues.

With a squint of effort she uncouples the snaps at her back and flips the bra toward the hamper in the hall. Toward the bed she says, in her voice of displeasure, "Don't you have something better to do?"

Richard has been lying on the bed half-dressed, watching, holding his applause. He answers, "Nothing."

And he stands and finishes undressing, his shadow whirling about his head. The two of them stand close, as close as at the beach when she had returned from being rejected by the young men, and he had taunted her. They are back on the beach; she is remembering. Again he feels her heart in the fatty casing of her body plump up, pleased. She looks at him, her eyes blue as a morning sea, and smiles. "No," Joan says, in complacent denial. Richard feels thrilled, invaded. This nakedness is new to them. □

WHISPERED INTO THE GROUND

Where the wind ended and we came down
it was all grass. Some of us found
a way to the dirt—easy and rich.
When it rained, we grew, except
those of us caught up in leaves, not touching
earth, which always starts things.
Often we sent off our own
just as we'd done, floating that
wonderful wind that promised new land.

Here now spread low, flat on this
precious part of the world, we miss
those dreams and the strange old places
we left behind. We quietly wait.
The wind keeps telling us something
we want to pass on to the world:
Even far things are real.

by William Stafford

COMPUTERS AREN'T SO SMART, AFTER ALL

by Fred Hapgood

During the “computer craze” of the 1950s and 1960s some people envisioned the machine replacing the human brain. It hasn’t happened and, says the author, it probably never will. So we must still think for ourselves.

In the late sixties a chess-playing computer program was written at MIT and was entered into some local tournaments, where it won a number of games and caught the interest of the local newspapers. I had been curiously following the portentous visions that arose out of articles on the “cybernetic revolution” and was still unsure what to make of the Computer. Since I play chess, this new program seemed to offer a chance to sample its mysteries first-hand. I called some friends at MIT, and they arranged for me to play MacHack, as the program was known.

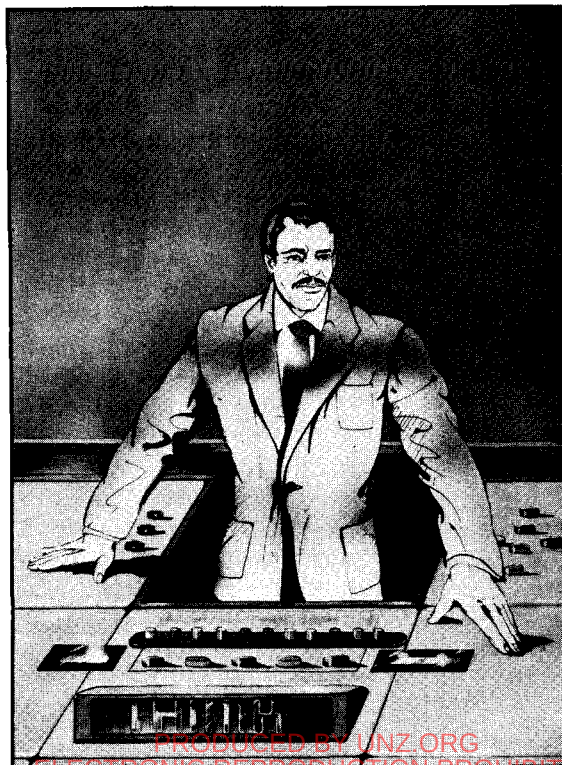
The room in which the computers were kept lacked all signs of diurnal rhythm. There were no windows. The illumination was low, so as not to interfere with the phosphor screens. The only sound was the clatter of high-speed readout printers, and underneath that, the hum of air conditioners and circulators. People quietly came and

went with perfect indifference to the hour. I found the scene—the rapt and silent meditations of the programmers hunched over their terminals, the background hum with its suggestion of unceasing activity, the hushed light, the twenty-four-hour schedules—subtly exhilarating.

I was shown how to code the moves and enter them into a terminal. The game itself began with a stock opening line: both the computer and I knew the standard chess moves, and so far as I could tell, to about the same depth. I had decided on what I thought would be a winning strategy. Any programmer, I reasoned, would try to make the positions which his program had to evaluate simple ones and would assign a priority to clarifying exchanges. I therefore set out to make the position as complex as possible, hoping that the machine

would lose its way among the options and commit a common strategic blunder, entering into a premature series of exchanges that would end only by increasing the activity of my pieces. Instead, in a flurry of exchanges, I lost a pawn and nearly the game. The trick of playing with MacHack, I learned, is to keep the position free from tension. The program’s strong point is tactics; it places priorities on piece mobility and material gain, and in the nature of chess these values generate local, tactical give-and-take.

So my strategy was to play away from the pro-



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gram's abilities and to steer the game into slow-paced, stable, balanced positions. Whenever I did this, MacHack's game seemed to become nervous and moody. The program would lose its concentration, begin to shift objectives restlessly, and launch speculative attacks. This is not an unfamiliar style; every chess club has some players—they are called "romantics"—whose joy is found in contact and tension, in games where pieces flash across the board and unexpected possibilities open up with each new move. Put them in slow positions, and, like MacHack, they grow impatient and try to force their game.

We played no more than five times; eventually, beating it became too easy. The winning formula was mechanically simple: develop cautiously, keep contact between the two sides restricted, let the pawns lead out the pieces. MacHack would always develop in a rush and send its knights and bishops skittering about the board trying to scare up some quick action; denied that action, its position would collapse in confusion. The only way to lose to MacHack, I concluded, would be to play as though the dignity of Man somehow required one to crush the machine in the first dozen moves. If, instead, one just played away from it, the computer would barrel by and fall in a heap. I was far more bored than I would have been playing a human of similar strength, and I came to feel that even if MacHack had been good enough to win most, or all, of its games I still would have felt I was wasting my time. In the middle of the nineteenth century, an enterprising showman hid a chess-playing dwarf in a cabinet and toured Europe, claiming that he had invented a chess-playing automaton. Large crowds were awed by the phony machine. My experience with MacHack suggested that the crowds must have come not only because the "automaton" appeared to be a machine but because the dwarf was a master, and could consistently win.

During the last two games I played, MacHack refused to give its moves when I was about to checkmate it. My curiosity was piqued at this sullenness, and I stayed, trying to wait the machine out and get a reply. MacHack just hummed at me. Finally a programmer, becoming interested in this delay, extracted the record of MacHack's deliberations. It had been working over the mate variations, just looking at them, over and over. "Must be a bug somewhere," the programmer said.

Every culture has its juvenile embarrassments; misdirected enthusiasms which fail dramatically and in retrospect seem to say something humiliating about the civilization that pursued them. The great computer craze of the late fifties and the sixties is such a case. From the erecting of the machine, any number of respected thinkers derived a vision of society. Edward Teller

foresaw an automatic world, ruled by machines. Gerard Piel, publisher of *Scientific American*, wrote and spoke about the "disemployment of the nervous system." C. P. Snow thought that automation would be a revolution with effects "far more intimate in the tone of our daily lives . . . than either the agricultural transformation in Neolithic times or the early industrial revolution." "Is the handwriting on the wall for the labor movement?" the *Wall Street Journal* asked, looking at the matter from its own perspective. ("Their membership may dwindle, their strike power weaken, and their political strength fade. And some of unionism's biggest names may be lesser names tomorrow.") The Ad Hoc Committee for the Triple Revolution (weaponry, automation, human rights), which was a study group composed of social luminaries like Gunnar Myrdal, Linus Pauling, A. J. Muste, Michael Harrington, Bayard Rustin, Irving Howe, Robert Heilbroner, and Tom Hayden and Todd Gitlin of SDS, saw the coming of automation as an argument for a guaranteed minimum income. "In twenty years," wrote Donald Michaels in a Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions book, "most of our citizens will be unable to understand the cybernated world in which we live . . . the problems of government will be beyond the ken even of our college graduates. Most people will have had to recognize that, when it comes to logic, the machines by and large can think better than they. . . . There will be a small, almost separate society of people in rapport with the advanced computers. These cyberneticians will have established a relationship with their machines that cannot be shared with the average man. Those with the talent for the work probably will have to develop it from childhood and will be trained as extensively as classical ballerinas." Professor John Wilkinson of the University of California called for the founding of human sanctuaries "as we establish refuges for condors and whooping cranes."

The pragmatists among those who worried about "America in the 'Automic' Age" thought about unemployment. The Bureau of Labor Statistics estimated that 300,000 workers were replaced annually by machines; the American Foundation of Employment and Automation calculated that 2 million jobs a year vanished. President Kennedy said in 1962 that adjusting to automation was America's greatest domestic "challenge" of the sixties, which puts his negative prescience quotient as high as anyone else's. Harry Van Arsdale won the New York electricians a five-hour day, and there was strong feeling that this was just a beginning. "The only question," said George Meany, "is how short the work week is to be."

But there was a visionary wing as well, and one

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which achieved, to judge by the number of scare stories which ran in the media, remarkable impact. Very roughly, two scenarios were discernible. The first was that automation would proceed at an ever accelerating rate until computers had entirely displaced the working and lower-middle classes. (I find it stimulating that Robbie the Robot, the famous automaton from the movie *Forbidden Planet*, whose capable and compliant nature earned him his own TV series, had ebony skin.) Those classes, once thrown out of work, would mill about in proletarian discontent. Then, depending on the perspective of the seer, they would either sponsor a revolution themselves or force a revolutionary response from the established order. Andrew Hacker of Cornell warned about "the contraction of the corporate constituency" and predicted a Luddite rampage. Margaret Mead proposed protecting by law certain jobs, "dustman, the night watchman, the postman." She was particularly worried about the problem of the lowest intelligence "brackets," and did not, at least for this class, favor a minimum income: "I am not sure whether good pay in idleness would be a very healthy thing just for the least intelligent, who are least able to make good use of their leisure." This scenario concluded with the feeling that if America did, by one route or the other, successfully manage its entry into "The Age of Abundance," the result would be a classless world in which all lived in a leisurely upper-middle-class style, devoting themselves to the arts and public improvements.

The other line of thought, often found in journals like *Argosy*, *National Enquirer*, and *Popular Mechanics*, was that the new brain machines would displace the upper-middle class. The writers who held this second view were impressed with the machine's potential for autonomy and its inscrutable authoritativeness. ("Harvard Computer Finds English Language Fuzzy"—*Science Digest*.) While it was not clear that unemployment would be a problem ("Wanted: 500,000 Men to Feed Computers"—*Popular Science*), what did emerge was the feeling that everyone would be forced, by the unappealability of the computer's decisions, into the essence of the lower-middle-class experience, which is to be ordered about by those "who know what they're doing."

Nearly fifteen years have passed since these specters first became popular, and clearly we are no further down either of these roads; instead, there has been a perceptible loss of conviction that we are on any road at all. The rates of increase in productivity per man-hour, one of the classic measurements of automation, were no different in the sixties than in the fifties, though nearly 200,000 computers were installed during the last decade. Unemployment has held roughly stable. Computers have assumed a number of functions, some of which have been historically white-collar jobs: res-

ervations, credit and billing, processing checks, payroll operations, inventory scheduling; and some blue-collar: freight routing, and especially flow monitoring and process control in the metallurgical, petrochemical, paper, and feed industries. But while what the computers do is important, it certainly does not appear to add up to a revolution. If computers posed, and pose, a threat it lies not in rendering less significant those decisions humans make but, as in the privacy issue, in enlarging the impact of, and the opportunities for, the staple villainies of the Old Adam.

Why were so many illustrious thinkers so wrong? Or, perhaps simpler, why have we been so reluctant to learn from their mistakes? "Latest Machines See, Hear, Speak and Sing—And May Outthink Man" is the headline of a *Wall Street Journal* story that appeared in June, 1973, but it could as easily have been the head on any number of stories over the last fifteen years.

What is striking about these stories is the determination of their authors to believe. They seem never to notice the highly artificial environments or the extremely simplified nature of the problems which allow the computer programs they describe to show even the modest success they have to date. Do the authors ever ask why it is that assembly line jobs, whose tediousness made them famous targets of opportunity for computers, remain virtually untouched by automated hands?

The vatic winds which blew some fifteen years ago were more comprehensible: America had just emerged from the fifties, an extraordinary decade. Never before had we delighted in such a rain of innovations with such an immediate and intimate effect on our daily lives. Television took root everywhere. The Polaroid camera, the Aqualung, the transistor radio, and the birth-control pill came on the market. The hi-fi and stereo industry sprang up. Commercial jet travel became standard. Polio was controlled. The hydrogen bomb, the ICBM, space satellites, and the computer all were significant public issues, altering patterns of discourse and attention if nothing else. Xerox brought out its first office copier in 1959; the first working model of the laser was announced in 1960.

We took these inventions, some boon, some bane, as evidence that a high level of innovation was a settled feature of America, and assumed that that level would, if anything, rise still higher over the decades to come. In that atmosphere no technological achievement seemed beyond us and no forecast too fantastic. It was felt only realistic to advance bold speculations.

Actually, one promise of the "soaring sixties" came spectacularly true—the moon-landing program. But it came to seem increasingly anomalous, not representative of our national direction, cer-

tainly not emblematic of our national mood. The sixties was a decade in which apprehensions about the effects of technology became widespread, and glittering inventions ceased to enhance our daily lives. Indeed, aside from the pocket calculator, the introduction of new products has fallen off drastically in the last ten years. The promise of robotics is not the only promise unkept. Cancer and the common cold have not been cured; nuclear power through fusion seems more distant than ever. Cheap desalinization has not been achieved. One of the pioneering computers, ENIAC, built by Eckert and Mauchly, was invented in the hope that it would facilitate long-range weather forecasting. Almost certainly John Mauchly thought he was closer to that goal in 1943 than meteorologists do today.

The persistence of the belief that machine intelligence is within our grasp thus becomes all the more curious, since it can draw support from neither specific achievements nor the general pace of the nation's technology. It has been a costly faith. To point to only one example, \$20 million was spent by the CIA, the Department of Defense, and other government agencies on automatic language translation until 1966, when a review committee of the National Academy of Sciences concluded that the prospect of readable translations seemed to be receding in proportion to the money spent on it.

The effort to get machines to learn, see, hear, deduce, and intuit—to achieve what is called “Artificial Intelligence,” or AI—has received little popular attention, presumably, at least in part, because of this conviction that AI is already a fact. Who, except for the handful of professionals involved, has even a vague sense of why artificial intelligence has proven to be so difficult a task, what the problems are, how they are being attacked, and what theories have been proposed and abandoned? It seems bizarre that in a culture as interested in psychology and intelligence as ours the questions that have occupied this small community have been so widely ignored. AI researchers are, in a sense, applied epistemologists and are attacking problems which can have considerable public interest, as Piaget, Chomsky, and Skinner, to mention only three names, have shown.

The approach of an AI researcher is different from that of a philosopher or theoretical psychologist, of course. The point of traditional scientific theory is to account for the evidence with a concise structural metaphor. If this metaphor succeeds in explaining a wide range of observations coherently and economically, it is accepted, even if its “real” basis, its actual neurophysiology, remains obscure. AI scientists, on the other hand, try to build devices which will produce some of the behaviors they are interested in. The working assumption is that they will eventually arrive at an understanding of intelligence no less meaningful than that reached through more traditional routes.

The popular assumption was rather more simple. It seems to have been that the potential of the machine is within the physical device, as the potential for speaking is in humans, and that it is just a matter of learning how to get it going. The actual program—the software—is understood, if, indeed, it is thought of at all, as bearing the same sort of relation to computer operations that cake recipes do to cooks: a guide to the energy and manipulative imagination of an essentially autonomous actor. The U.S. Patent Office has justified its refusal to patent software by insisting that a program is a “technique,” “a mental process,” and/or an “idea.” The only kind of program the Patent Office will patent is one that has been “wired-in,” built as the core of a special-purpose computer that will perform that function and no other. But if the same program is not embodied in a mechanical device, if it is written as one of a large number of programs, to be entered into a general-purpose computer capable of handling any of them, it is not patentable, for it then becomes an “idea.” This reasoning, that programs are to computers what ideas are to human brains, is absurd to those who work with the machines.

The tendency to concentrate on hardware abilities, on the machine's memory and speed, emerged with the first computers. An early MIT research computer, for instance, to which a TV special and a *New Yorker* column were devoted, was dubbed “The Whirlwind.”

That this emphasis arose was natural enough. What computers did and do—manipulate a very carefully defined body of information through a narrow range of arithmetic techniques—is unlikely to be very interesting. But their style, their tirelessness and infallibility, *was* interesting and the stress laid upon these qualities turned them into a cultural phenomenon. This was true, one speculates, because speed and memory, with freedom from error, are the same features humans conventionally use in identifying what they call intelligence. When someone is referred to as having “brains,” it usually means that he is never caught in a mistake. It means that he has a memory that absorbs quickly and voluminously, that he can solve complicated math problems in his head. It certainly means speed; if a person finds himself in the company of those who think consistently faster than he does, that difference is usually taken as one that reflects on his mind as a whole. These qualities are what weigh with those who send for correspondence courses that promise ten ways to increase brain power. And they count no less at higher levels of society. During Robert McNamara's tenure as Secretary of Defense, his many admirers in the press and Congress would often volunteer their observation that his mind was so awe-inspiring as to be almost computerlike.

In retrospect one can see several other reasons

why computers were bound to become totems. Decision-makers in a democratic society are forever restive with the convention that their decisions should not appear to be blatantly self-seeking. Now they could use the computer as a kind of Mexican bank—for decisions wherein judgments could appear to have been laundered, or more specifically, bleached, of self-interest and arbitrariness.

This “bleaching” effect can, and often does, allow an increase in arbitrariness. One example: the Board of the National Endowment for the Arts has a number of curators on it; curators have a constant headache with artists complaining about the company which their pictures have been made to keep. The National Endowment accordingly funds studies in which artists are asked near whose pictures they would like their paintings to hang. A matrix analysis is done on the preferences and returned to the exhibitors, who hang the paintings by the numbers—with what aesthetic results I cannot imagine—and then successfully deflect the inevitable outrage of the painters onto the computer.

Both the obsession with hardware and the need for new sources of authority were important in triggering off and maintaining the computer craze. Equally important, though, was the fact that the authorities, the computer researchers, were in no position to shoot down public misapprehensions as unequivocally, for instance, as a cancer specialist can scotch a faddist cure. There was a misunderstanding between the general public and these scientists that each side, for different reasons, was reluctant to resolve. As ill defined as the word “intelligence” is, in general usage it usually involves pursuing some end for independent, autonomous purposes. The discrete activity, whether it be learning, ordering, remembering, logical thinking, designing, or whatever, often seems less important than this sense that intelligence is master in its own house, that it has free will. Feelings like this are intimately bound up in the everyday habit of assigning responsibility for action to computers, instead of to their programmers. More dramatically, they gave rise to all those fantasies about superbrain coups d'etat, wherein computers “take over for the good

of mankind,” or plunge nations into war against their will.

The essence of the free-will dilemma is that it seems to be impossible for something to be free and undetermined without its being indeterminable as well. It appears to be a contradiction in terms to imagine such a decision-making ability being reduced to a series of predictable, cause-and-effect regularities. But postulating such an ability means postulating something that is, in scientific terms, inherently incomprehensible. This paradox has never been adequately resolved—Karl Popper called it a nightmare—and it is something of a philosophical running sore to those with a scientific temperament. But few groups of scientists must confront this issue more directly than AI researchers. It is understandably repugnant to them to believe that there lies at the core of their chosen subject some impenetrable mystery, some vitalistic, unknowable spirit thing, a “ghost in the machine.” They do not believe this; they understand intelligence as an aggregation of enormously complex abilities which interact in ways even more complex but which are both, abilities and interactions, creatures of natural law. “When intelligent machines are constructed,” Marvin Minsky, then director of the MIT Artificial Intelligence Lab, once wrote, “we should not be surprised to find them as confused and as stubborn as men on their convictions about mind-matter, consciousness, free will, and the like. A man's or a machine's strength of conviction about such things tells us nothing about the world, or about the man.”

So when the dialogue between the general public and the AI scientists began, it flowed from two quite different sets of understanding about the

nature of mind. Conceivably the scientists might have sidestepped the whole question by refusing to use the word “intelligence,” by saying they found it meaningless and insisting that their work be called by some such term as advanced automation research. But to do so would probably not have worked, and it would have appeared to be a handing over of the term by default to the vitalists. It would have been a tacit admission of a proposition that any scientist, and especially an AI scientist, feels a professional duty to resist. And they have resisted. Marvin Minsky was quoted in



Life as calling the brain a “meat computer”; Herb Simon, the most venerable figure in AI research, said that humans were programmed by their genes and environment in the same sense that a computer was programmed. The public tended to hear these remarks in its own way, as statements that computers had free will.

This confusion involved more than a few lines lifted from public speeches; the whole relationship between the public and computer scientists is shot through with it. A far more significant and substantial example occurred in the 1950s when computers first began to “reason.”

At least since Aristotle men have struggled to convince themselves that the capacity to reason, to draw up deductive syllogisms, is man’s distinguishing glory. Logic (in this strict sense) is useful in only a vanishingly small fraction of the problems encountered in understanding and explaining the world; probably 99 percent of our thinking is analogical, wherein we satisfy ourselves that some useful similarity exists between that which we already know and that which we do not. But analogies proceed half-consciously at best and can always be disputed—is a pretty girl *really* like a melody? Logic is explicit, entirely conscious, and promises to settle questions once and for all. It does this by preserving equalities between statements; learning deductive logic is learning how to say nothing that is not a restatement of whatever is given. Once acquiescence is obtained on the initial assumptions, everything else follows inexorably, for, if done properly, what follows and what is given are fundamentally identical statements.

Obviously this imposes severe limitations on the usefulness of the techniques, but when something is demonstrated in this fashion it is proven beyond dispute. Whoever frames such a statement speaks, like Euclid, to all succeeding civilizations. Thus the central tradition of Western philosophy has been the struggle to reduce as many questions as possible to a short list of innocuous, self-evident first assumptions, and then to elaborate a series of derivations which prove that the philosopher’s viewpoints are the only ones possible. Leibnitz, who, among many, sought to establish a “calculus of human knowledge” which could prove or disprove any proposition at all (he blamed his inability to achieve this on inadequate funding), once remarked that if he were successful in his efforts, he would be able, upon the commencement of a dispute, to declare to his unfortunate opposite “‘Let us calculate, Sir!’ and, by taking pen and pencil, we should settle the question.”

The arithmetic manipulations that form the core of computer programs (+, =, ≠) correspond to deductive logic (and, is, not). In 1957 a program called Logic Theorist proved thirty-eight out of fifty-two theorems from the *Principia Mathematica*. Two years later the devisers of Logic Theorist,

Newell, Shaw, and Simon, wrote another program, this one called the General Problem Solver, which could deduce the answer to a number of classic cocktail-party brain twisters. In 1963 T. G. Evans wrote a program whose performance on certain geometric analogy tests was comparable to that of fifteen-year-old children.

All these programs seemed, to the AI community at the time, extremely exciting. What they mean by success in their field, what they must mean, given the assumptions they hold, is increasing the number of humanlike functions, abilities, and activities that a machine can perform. When a sufficiently large number of the right kinds of abilities can be executed, the machine will be intelligent in every sense. No other comprehensible way of using the term can be imagined. The ability to do logic seemed one of the most important of these activities, and therefore a program which could make deductions appeared to be a giant step. In 1957 Herb Simon himself said, in the flush of triumph that followed upon his having written the General Problem Solver: “. . . there are now in the world machines that think, that learn, and that create. Moreover, their ability to do these things is going to increase rapidly until—in the visible future—the range of problems they can handle will be coextensive with the range to which the human mind has been applied.”

In the years that followed a lot of effort was devoted to programs which played chess and checkers, found proofs for theorems in geometry and symbolic logic, solved trigonometric and algebraic identities, composed music and poetry, simulated neuroses. There was even a psychiatrist program, artfully designed to reproduce the evasive quasi-responsiveness that is so distinctive a note in psychoanalysis. When these programs were displayed, AI workers thought of them as achievements in reproducing one more human activity, while the popular understanding was, rather, that the achievement lay in allowing some deep, unitary phenomenon one more means of expressing itself. The two sets of definitions were not only different but mutually antagonistic. However, both sides continued to use the same words, insisting on doing so partially because of that very antagonism, and the misunderstanding that resulted has not been cleared up to this day.

The programs just mentioned were all activities that would naturally occur to a middle-class academic as being intelligent and were an obvious place to begin. There were isolated successes, the occasional discovery of a proof more elegant than that traditionally taught, a checkers-playing program which nearly beat the world champion—and always beat its author, A. L. Samuel. Yet these programs remained laboratory curiosities and in

time came to seem trivial and sterile. The early enthusiasm began to look badly misplaced. Whatever abilities the programs had could be produced only in contexts that were extremely narrow and artificial. It required an enormous amount of labor to preprocess and define the techniques and information which formed their input, and this labor had to be repeated, almost always, whenever even the most subtle changes in the problem were made. Whatever else intelligence may be, it surely implies an ability to link up with the real world, to pursue some objective or apply a competence over at least a small range of natural experience. An important example of the failure of computer programs to do this might be the automatic zip-code reader; the postal service is eager to buy a machine that can read zip codes and addresses. Yet, after a decade of well-financed work, the most sophisticated model the service has can handle successfully only 9.5 percent of the mail. The machine can read ninety different print fonts and fifteen typewriter fonts, but is baffled by mail which does not fall within the narrow limits of size, print contrast, envelope flexibility, and decoration, and it cannot read handwriting at all. To achieve even this much the machines cost \$800,000 each with a minimum order of thirty-five units. By contrast the optical character reader used by Amtrak to read tickets (two fonts) costs about \$45,000 for a single-item purchase.

Over the last ten years, AI researchers have become increasingly fascinated and impressed by the fluid adaptiveness which allows humans to interact freely with the world and each other. It may seem idiosyncratic to use the word "intelligence" to refer to abilities like vision and hearing and touch-feedback systems; after all, even animals are quite skilled at these. But AI workers reply that these abilities are so many thousands of times more complex and intricate than a theorem-proving program that the claim to the word "intelligence" is even stronger. There is, as well, a widespread feeling that these sensory capabilities are what formed the basis for the evolution of cognition in the first place.

Vision intuitively seems the most important of these senses. Its significance is hinted at by its appearance in the root of words like "clairvoyance," "imagination," and "insight," and it is clearly crucial to advanced automation projects. For instance, in 1971, the Japanese government picked machine vision as the project which offered the most promise of decisively leapfrogging the U. S. computer industry and set up a \$180 million eight-year crash program to achieve it.

The initial work in vision tended to reflect the belief that thinking was a higher order of activity, properly conducted in the brain, while seeing, a lower order of activity, went on in the retina.

When the retina was finished with its processing, the theory went, then and only then would it hand the results over to the brain, which would interpret them and make the high-level executive decisions appropriate to its status. This seemed a logical approach to the AI researchers and they adopted it, more half-consciously than otherwise. Some devoted themselves to the "lower" ability, which in this context meant picking out lines from a map of light-intensity values. Others worked on the "higher" functions, which were expected to reason out what the lines meant. Both programs were conceived as having, ideally, great generality and independence. The ambition of those working on line-finding programs was to devise a set of powerful, universal procedures that could be routinely applied to any scene. Similarly, the scene-analyst programmers hoped to write a series of programs that would be general-purpose evaluators, generalizers, analogy-makers.

These were the cognitive assumptions; epistemologically the AI researchers, again half-consciously, were "realists." They believed the objects that compose the world are essentially like our perception of them; that by their different ways of reflecting and absorbing light, things announce *themselves* to the observer, for whom perception is essentially a recording process. The eyes are like windows which open up the mind to a reality totally independent of the observer. This theory, realism, is opposed by a number of philosophical alternatives (the extreme of which is solipsism) which hold that seeing is an active process which imposes identities and qualities on the world about it. The AI workers, however, felt more comfortable with a kind of neo-Lockean empiricism, which assumed that each scene has a knowable, retrievable essence—its "reality"—and that by gradually narrowing the range of possibilities, more and more error will be progressively eliminated until we finally arrive at "the facts."

A shape-identifying vision program was designed to identify and isolate only those points which lie along the "true" edges of the images, discarding those which are produced by dirt, decorations, or texture. Then it would try to combine these points into lines, endeavoring meanwhile to pick out only the significant lines, even if lighting conditions have left them invisible or blocked by overlying objects, while not being distracted by shadows. Finally, with all this done—and it would have to be done flawlessly because false information generated at one level makes the operations of higher levels totally useless—the machine would match a list of the identified features of the object with a list of the possibilities stored in its memory. If it could do so without being confused by viewing angles and distance variations, a correct identification might be made.

Over the last ten years partial solutions to this

formidable problem emerged. But it was *too* hard; the process was *too* involved. The conviction began to grow in the profession that no animal would see as fluidly and responsively as it now does if it had to wade through anything so tortuous. The world of perception is a world of illusion piled on illusion, and aggregating facts about it in the hope that enough facts would finally point unequivocally to the "truth" began to seem an impractical fancy. To write a "rational" program that would never arrive at any kind of judgment until it had a good reason for doing so was to write a program that would paralyze itself with unrealistically high standards.

A different set of assumptions is now being used in programs which work with essences, expectations which are read into the data if needed. A shape-finding program of this kind would have in its memory a vocabulary of the prototypical, three-dimensional forms which it might reasonably expect to encounter in its pursuit of the immediate task at hand. A minimum of data would trigger off a guess about what was being viewed and then a short list of specific questions, previously programmed in the event that this guess was made, would be asked to confirm it. Once that confirmation is received, the program sees what *should* be there; for instance a flood of detailed, preprogrammed expectations is triggered off about what the parts of the figure hidden from the viewer should look like.

The flaw in these programs is that they have to be specifically tailored to particular environments; their virtue is that they promise to be more useful within those environments. Facts about shape are not the only ones that can be associated with these prototypical essences. If a program imposes a "typical" bottle shape on, let us say, a perception of "thin neck/sloping shoulders/straight sides," information about the fragility of glass, the likely nature of the contents, the speed with which it can be filled or emptied can be bound in with it. These facts will all be true of the machine's "idea" of bottle, not necessarily of the specific bottle in front of it, so these programs must also be equipped to handle anomalies. Programs built under the old assumptions had no expectations about the world; nothing surprised them. They applied their procedures routinely and passively to whatever was given to them. This is not true of the newer programs; if something that a new program has decided is a cow turns out not to have an udder, that fact must have been anticipated and have associated with it specific directions on how to test for bulls and horses.

The general idea seems an attractive one, if for no other reason than that human beings appear to work in analogous ways. If someone were to drop

a glass and it bounced, we would feel a dramatic reaction within ourselves; something would have been violated. Where else lies the appeal of Sherlock Holmes if not in that he continued to look long after his readers were satisfied with typicality of what they saw, and, being so satisfied, stopped looking? What purpose is served by the convention of the topic sentence—usually made redundant by the succeeding text—but as an aid to selecting the right grouping of associated expectations?

However, these programs and the approach they embody are quite new, and it is difficult to say how successful they will be. There are a number of people, of whom the best known is Professor Herbert Dreyfus of Berkeley, who believe that they will be no more successful than were those of the sixties. Dreyfus contends that computers will never be able to think, not only because they lack autonomous desire—free will—but because thought itself is not amenable to the step-by-step counting routines upon which digital-computer operations are based. Those who are more optimistic point out that while there were not more than 20 full-time workers in AI in 1963 now there are at least 200; that the hardware has become much more sophisticated; and that a consensus has developed about what the important problems are and how they ought to be attacked.

MIT hopes within five years to have developed an electronic repairman that can assemble, inspect, maintain, and repair electronic equipment. Stanford University has been doing a lot of work on manipulation and coordinating vision and tactile systems, and is moving rapidly toward automatic building and assembling machines. Natural language comprehension, wherein a human can converse with a computer in everyday English, has been showing especially dramatic progress in recent years and there are some showpiece programs which work slowly but well. A number of private companies, particularly the Xerox Corporation, are increasing their support of their own research programs.

So it is at least possible that, sometime during the 1980s, we will see the gradual introduction of programs, which, whether or not we call them intelligent, will be able to react reasonably to significantly complicated situations. If we are to learn anything at all from the history of computers in America, it ought to be extreme care in predicting what computers will mean to the society and the culture. There are some general observations that might be pertinent. The first is that these programs are extremely complex and therefore expensive. Even the simplest takes man-years to write, and they must be specifically tailored to particular environments. Their introduction will therefore be extremely slow. It is unlikely that any analogue will exist to the payroll programs of the fifties which could flash through whole groups of industries in a

single year. Second, if we were underprepared for the first wave of automation, we are, if anything, overprepared for the second. Much of the public believes that computers already possess powers that, even by the most optimistic forecast, they will not have until well into the next century. New achievements are therefore more likely to be greeted with a shrug than with any sense of heightened significance. Third, one cannot be sure to what extent the sheer physical and financial scale of the machines of the fifties contributed to the frenzy that surrounded them, but it seems worth nothing that the price of hardware is falling precipitously, and appears certain to continue to do so. It has been estimated that the entire world stock of computers, with an original purchase price of \$25 billion, could be replaced today for one billion dollars. The comparative value of human labor involved in installations is rising correspondingly. Ten years ago programming accounted for one fifth of the cost of an average installation; by the end of this decade it will be four fifths.

For all these reasons it seems unlikely that these new programs will revive our concern about machines "taking over" to the intensity of the early sixties, though there is one important counterpoint to be made. These programs could enormously increase the surveillance powers of governments. Right now research into face- and speech-recognition programs is proceeding very slowly, but if they are achieved, governments will be able to monitor hundreds of thousands of phone conversations simultaneously, or automatically compile dossiers on the routines of large numbers of its citizens. In such a society one might well feel that machines had indeed taken over.

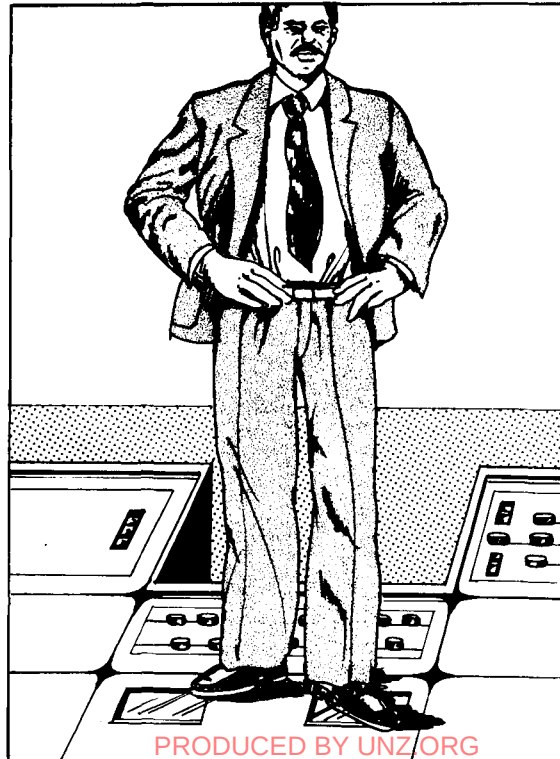
Ironically, the success of the artificial-intelligence scientists may end in their losing their running battle with the "vitalists." The confusion over machine intelligence arose only because the word sprawls over so many activities. Whether or not one believed that constructing geometric proofs was an intelligent activity in itself or merely expressed an intelligence which fundamentally resided at some deeper level, one had to believe that it was legitimate to involve the word in the first place. The same assumption can be said to be true of such primitive abilities as

thinking fast, or possessing an accurate memory.

But it seems clear that, over the long run, when activities become mechanized, they lose status. This is an ancient dynamic, long antedating computers. Before the camera was invented, perfect reproduction of nature was thought a noble objective in painting, if not indeed the only proper end. When the camera was able to make this ideal routinely available, everyone grew bored and went off to do other things (though it might be mentioned, not before both Sam Morse and Nathaniel Hawthorne had written that surely the camera would leave artists with naught but a purely historical life). The telegraph companies inherited none of the romance which attached to the riders of the Pony Express. Routing, the planning of the most cost-effective truck and freight-car routes, was once a respected job that was thought to require judgment, skill, and experience. That function is now done by computers and has been for the last ten years, and I would guess that in all that time not two people in the transportation industries have thought seriously about the computer's showing "skill" and "judgment." Indeed, it seems probable that the computer has had at least a part in the developing conviction expressed most explicitly by, but hardly confined to, the "counterculture," that logical, sequential, cause-and-effect reasoning is not only an undistinguished but even a disreputable ability.

Some of the activities that are important to us and our sense of being human could, can, and might be programmed; others cannot. To take the extreme case, there simply is no serious sense in which one can talk about a computer program praying or loving. If it continues to be true that to

mechanize an activity is precisely to divest it of its *mana*, to cause humans to withdraw from it emotionally, then the impact of these programs, at least culturally, will be to refine our ideas of human intelligence, to cause those ideas to recede, or advance, into the subjective, affective, expressive regions of our nature. If this happens, we might lose interest in the whole issue of whether machines can "outthink" man, and the use of the term "intelligence" by AI researchers may come to seem increasingly anachronistic and inappropriate the more successful they are. □



FOLK SONG:

BASED ON THE FIRST LAW OF THERMODYNAMICS AND JOB 28:18

by Wallace E. Knight

"Let us go sailing on plows, and glide on the swarthy loam,
Breaking the twelve-acre bottom and showing worms to March,
Let us go through the stubblecorn and turn the rotten roots
And plant for life in winter that is sitting warm at home."

So Jack Harding cried to his sons and so to the waiting land
And Ben hawed the horses in the gloom of six o'clock
And made loud noises to them, clicking through his jawspit
Till they danced together nimbly at the old command.

Till the soil, drill the stone,
But leave the vast blue sky alone
For night to take away.
Every man is due his day.
Leave every man his afternoon.

First by the bankside furrow, and then toward the hickory rest
Pulled Prince and June together, and the share turned lines
As smooth as falling water while the chilly morning stirred
And sunbeam touched the distant plan of hills across the west.

"Sight on the farthest burdock spine and keep the plowhead true,"
Old Jack Harding shouted from the meadowgateside tangles
Where he hunkered down in comfort chewing loose brown burley
To watch the earth come promising another year's due.

Till the soil, drill the stone,
But leave the vast blue sky alone
For night to take away.
Every man is due his day.

Edging the creekbound bottom high and low the horses paced
As steadily as fate comes up, and Ben held them straight
And Will worked on the harrowpins and old Jack felt
Firmness pushing on his heels, ironwood, iron-encased,

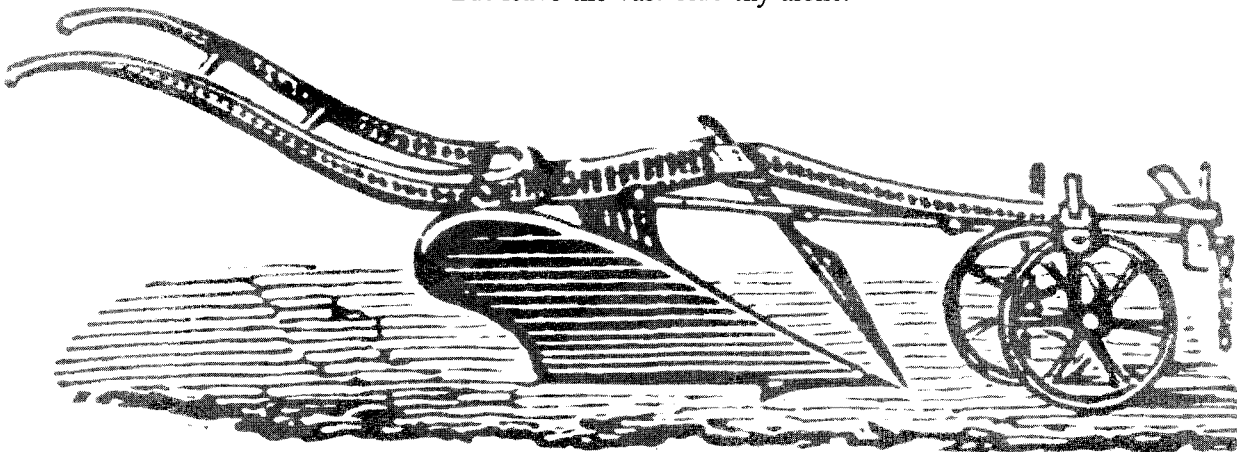
A recollection buried that he dug along and caught
And pried up from its rustflake bed and said with quiet delight,
"Here's my other singletree, the one I made in 1908
And put down to come back for and take home and forgot."

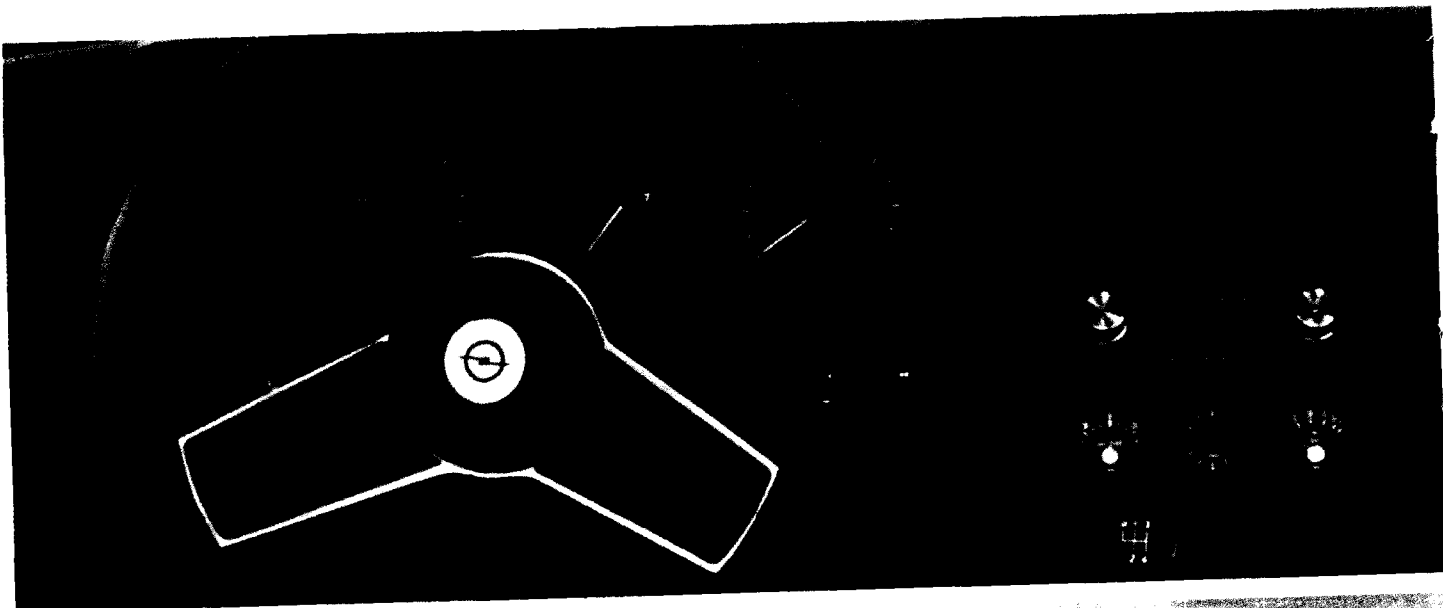
Till the soil, drill the stone,
But leave the vast blue sky alone
For night to take away.

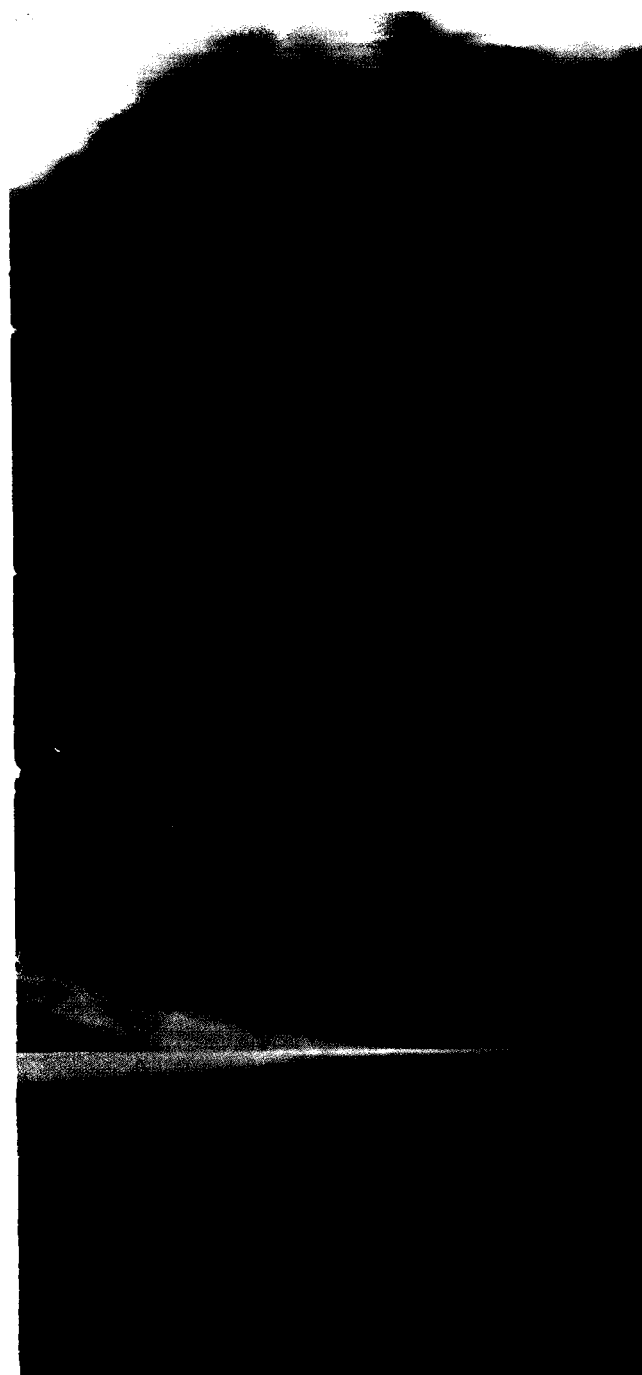
"Never go digging for rubies, boys," Jack Harding told his sons,
"Never go after a circus parade, and keep your grubhoe sharp,
Don't shake your fist at a thunderhead after you've cut the hay
And depend on God to spend His time helping the other ones."

He hefted the crumbled singletree and rubbed its antique bands
Then threw it back to the bottom brush and turned away chewing.
"Nothing," said old Jack Harding, "is every really lost.
It's yours to keep forever once you've held it in your hands."

Till the soil, drill the stone,
But leave the vast blue sky alone.







It's either a sports car with a big trunk. Or an economy car with very special talents.

The Germans love cars. They also love driving. And perhaps nowhere is the love affair more evident than in that paragon of virtue, the legendary German car.

Form follows function.

But despite a passion for dramatic machinery, the Germans also have a practical streak. And correctly so. Like us, they have big families. Like us, they have possessions to haul around. And like us, they demand transportation that is roomy, practical to operate, and easy on gas. (They've had a gasoline problem there for years.)

Introducing the Opel Sportwagon.

All of which pretty well sets the stage for the Opel Sportwagon, a curious amalgam of exuberance and thrift. In one respect, it's a sensible little wagon — 53 cubic feet of cargo space, rugged 1900 cc. 4-cylinder engine, sturdy bumpers, good heater, and so on, as wagons go.

Wunderwagon.

But, emotionally, beneath the surface, the Sportwagon is a different story. Chassis-wise, it's a close relative of its sporty counterpart, the Opel Manta Coupe. With rack-and-pinion steering, front and rear stabilizer bars, power front disc brakes, 4-speed transmission (an automatic is also available)—the works. Underneath, it's a German machine.

The cockpit.

Inside, if you put aside the fact that you have all that cargo space behind you, the Sportwagon cockpit looks and feels like an expensive grand touring car. A large, black, full-sweep tachometer is standard. To the right is a center console that houses a clock, oil pressure and amp gauges. Typical of the Deutschlandic demand for comfort, the bucket seats recline to virtual full-prone, if desired.

On the road.

Like any German machine, the Sportwagon is at its best when you put it in motion. A twist of the key, and the needles on the dials spring to attention. The little cam-in-head-4 hums pleasantly ahead of you, the vinyl-covered steering wheel responds to the touch, and suddenly, without fuss, noise or bother, you're spanning time and distance. A sharp turn, a sudden stop—you ask and the car responds with German authority. And yet, for all the Sportwagon's ability to excite, it still delivers the kind of frugality that has helped make Opel a best seller in Germany for the past two years. And in a country as demanding as Germany, being the best selling *anything* is no mean feat.

\$3,582.22*

The price of an Opel Sportwagon over here is \$3,582.22*, including road wheels, special instrumentation, body accent stripes, and radio.

The Standard Manta Coupe is priced at \$3,298.50*, the Manta Rallye and Manta Luxus at \$3,523.50* and \$3,535.50*, respectively. At more than 2,200 Buick/Opel dealers throughout America.

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price, including dealer new vehicle preparation charges; other optional equipment, state and local taxes and transportation charges from Port of Entry are additional.

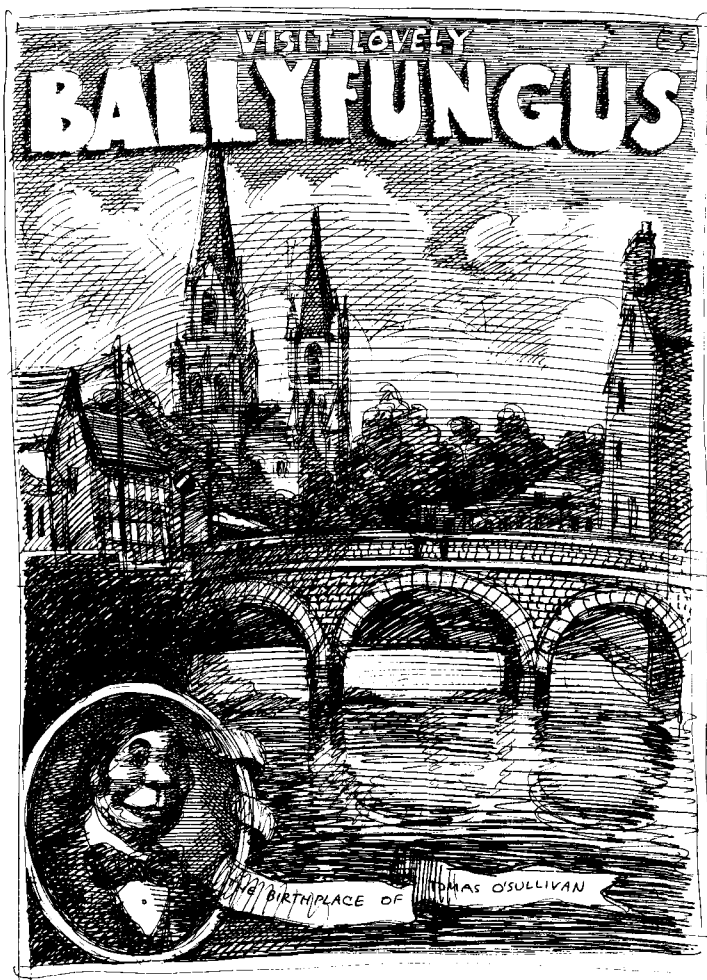


Opel. A proven best seller in Germany.

THE GOLDEN SILENCE OF BALLYFUNGUS

by Mary Manning

Of a poetry festival that never took place, but could have, in a place that doesn't exist, but might. Come to Ballyfungus, where silences are like the pauses in Beckett plays, some more significant than the dialogue, and the booze flows faster than the river Fung.



Ballyfungus is hardly on the map it's so unimportant. It is a small market town situated on the river Fung which meanders through rich grazing country and pleasant woods into the sea at horrible (developed oil) Fungusport. There is one hotel, used mainly in the season, for coarse fishermen who angle for coarse creatures like carp or pike, which they throw back again into the river. There are two churches, Catholic and Protestant, and one tin Pentecostal chapel; six pubs; one supermarket; one drapery establishment, which features long underwear in the window; a small Victorian-gothic town hall; a Victorian-gothic castle (ruined), once the residence of the De Braceys, also ruined; an expensive Sacred Heart convent boarding school; and of course a Victorian-gothic post office. The twelfth Lord De Bracey was a Victorian-gothic madman (syphilis they say), which explains everything.

Why then did I arise and go now to Ballyfungus, because peace does not come dropping slow there. I went because February is the meanest month and I was getting over flu, when Lizzie Atkins phoned me and asked me down for the last weekend of that horrid month. Liz is a painter and a very successful one, but she is not all-successful in love. She has two ex-husbands and is always looking for the perfect mate and though she's in her middle fifties the search still goes on.

I traveled by rail from Dublin and was met by Lizzie in her old station wagon with her dog Sheppie in the back. He's a Wicklow collie and very clever. My friend is still handsome in a battered way and though usually dressed as a man is absolutely straight sexually. Driving toward the Old Mill in a minor tempest (there's always an old mill that she's made over), we both agreed that we'd come to terms with arthritis and death and that life from now on was simply a matter of maintenance. As we entered the Mill, which is charming though damp, a good looking broth of a middle-aged boyo came up the stairs carrying a load of firewood.

"Thank you, Tom," Liz smiled upon him. "Thank God, you lighted the fire."

"I knew yous would be cold, pet" he answered, smiling back at her. It was a cosy, an intimate smile. "And I put a hot-water bag in the lady's bed." The smile was now directed at me. "It was a bit damplike. Mr. Evans called. Theys will pick you up at five. It's gone five now. The kettle's boilin'-thought yous might like a drop of tea. Well I'll be off. Ta, now." He vanished with a last roguish glance at my hostess.

"Who's he?" I asked in an offhand way. "He seems very familiar. Pet?"

Liz looked vague, a bad sign. "Oh, Tom. He does everything for me. Makes bookcases and repairs things. Poor fellow, his wife is bedridden and his children are all grown up and gone." (I

thought of Ethan Frome, but said nothing.) "I hate to bore you but there's a meeting at the hotel tonight. It's about the Festival and I'm on the committee."

"The Festival?" I called from the bedroom where I had begun unpacking. "Don't tell me Ballyfungus is having a festival. (Festivals are the rage in the Republic just now. Every little town and village is putting on a happening to attract tourists and put themselves on the map.) Festival of what?"

"Oh, just a festival. We'll know more when we get there. Colin and Eddie are picking us up."

"Who are they?"

"Two sweet men who live in that pseudo-thatched cottage down the river. You can see it from your window. Colin Evans writes detective stories. His hero is a private eye called Tierney who's savagely male. You must have read them?"

"Yes, I have. They're very good. And what does Eddie do?"

"Eddie Fox? Nothing. Has money, travels."

The bell rang. "There they are." She hastened to open the door and a minute later I was being introduced to two balding, expensively dressed hippies. Colin was tall and thin with glasses and an excitable look and Eddie was fat, small, and very calm.

"Help yourself to sherry, dears." Lizzie combed her hair rapidly and applied lipstick in a way, I fear, that dated her as it does me. Too careful and too red. "Eddie, you're less prejudiced. Give my guest a rundown on the Ballyfungus Festival committee."

"Well," Eddie seated himself on the sofa and between sips of sherry launched forth. "First of all the Grande Dame-nation, Alicia De Bracey. Her ladyship cannot afford to live in her frightful castle so she lives in what she describes as a luxury bungalow in the grounds. She gives classes in flower arrangements; runs her own weaving industry; plays a prominent role in the Irish Countrywomen's Association; is president of the Irish African Violet Society . . ."

"The Rector, Mr. Green, has a low IQ even for his profession, but is a dear, and Father Hannigan, our local P.P., will take the chair. He always does."

"Not *the* Father Hannigan," I asked, "the one who wrote those endless boring letters to the papers about contraception and abortion?"

"The very one. We bask in his reflected infamy. Apart from his mania, he's really a very pleasant fellow, and then that villain, the multimillionaire John Fallon, will be present. You know the man? He owns hotels, office blocks, mines, all over Ireland and he also owns Ballyfungus. He was born here, a barefoot boy."

"His wife will not be present," Colin interposed. "He's risen so high in the world he can afford open and brazen adultery. His mistress is the wife of that famous jockey *whatshisname*."

Eddie now took over, they were a string duet; "And now we come to Mairin O'Kelly, the post-mistress." A silence fell upon the company and even upon the Mill. I could hear the rooks cawing outside and the wind souging through the leafless trees. "Mairin comes of a long line of Fenian gunmen and is a great patriot herself. She openly boasts of a nephew who's a teen-age general with the Provos up North and her revered father, who is one of the most charming old murderers you could meet, will tell you all about his killings during the Troubles. They run, I believe, into three figures. This Festival I must tell you is all Mairin's idea. You see it's the Tercentenary of Tomas O'Sullivan's birth. He was born in Ballyfungus. Aren't you impressed?"

"I would be if I'd ever heard of him."

"Tut! tut! He was a wandering poet. He wandered around Ireland with a blind fiddler called Phelim O'Flynn composing poetry in Irish and singing the results to the great landlords who gave him bed and board."

"Later," giggled Eddie, "they added a drummer boy called Paudge so it became the first Group."

Liz took a tweed cloak off the rack in the hall and threw it over her shoulders. She resembled Henry the Fifth getting ready for battle. "We should be going."

Colin halted her at the door; "Just a moment! This poet, my dear, wrote pornographic songs and one very bawdy piece in particular called 'The Celebration of Spring' which has been frequently translated into English."

"It's exceptionally coarse even for the eighteenth century." Eddie wrapped himself into a shepherd's plaid. "But not coarse for this century. Mairin, you see, thinks the Festival should center around Tomas. She does not mind him being coarse, as long as he writes in Irish."

"And what does Father Hannigan say?" I followed them out.

"He's very dubious because the last translator insinuates that Tomas and Phelim were, vile word, 'gay,' and having fun with little Paudge. Next to sex the Father worries about money and he hopes like the rest of us to make something out of the Festival. He craves improvements to the presbytery which is indeed in need of repairs."

"His motivation is clear," Colin added, every inch the private eye, "but I must confess Mairin's does puzzle me."

The hotel entrance hall smelled of years of coarse cooking. The walls were lined with glass cases displaying stuffed fish with weight and date of catch. In one corner stood a large stuffed bear holding out a box with "Give to St. Vincent de

Paul" on it. People were already seated in the lounge which was a replica of the hall, except for the smell. Here the air was heavy with a century of drinking. Johnny Fallon was a big handsome man in his early fifties expensively dressed as befitted a millionaire. I suppose I am overimaginative but he emanated a steely power which I found unattractive. Seated beside him was his secretary, a plain but watchful girl who I feared would never be anybody's mistress but her own. Still, it was a good start. I was introduced on entering to Lady De Bracey who was handwoven from head to foot and rattling, every time she moved, with strange jewelry. Her hair was a pale withered pink and her face was scarlet from exposure to the elements. Then I was led up to Mairin O'Kelly who was a small thin woman with a belligerent expression and a perpetual sniff. She was wearing a badge pinned to her thin bosom. On a white ground was written in black "Out Mullarkey," splashed with what looked like drops of blood. I feared for Mullarkey.

"Drinks are on the house. Order what you please," boomed Johnny who never drank himself, it didn't pay. "I nominate Father Hannigan to the chair."

"I second that," shrilled Mairin. Like an Aer Lingus air hostess she spoke first in Irish and then in English.

"I don't half like it," murmured the priest taking the seat of honor. He was a plump pink-faced man with a merry expression. "Tomas O'Sullivan wrote filthy drivel, in English that is, and I don't think we should celebrate filthy drivel."

"No problem," said Johnny comfortably. "Everyone writes filthy drivel now."

"I would like to suggest," Colin leaned forward smiling agreeably; "I would like to suggest that we hold the Festival first week in May. After all Tomas wrote 'Celebration of Spring' and I cannot see that there are any other festivals scheduled for that week. Croom and Kilrush I hear are thinking of celebrating the Colleen Bawn murder case, but they haven't yet decided in which town she was born, so we don't need to bother about that." Everyone voted "aye" on this and a pause followed while drinks were handed round by an aged waiter whom everyone addressed as Old Mick. Eddie whispered to me he was an amateur astronomer and at least a hundred years old.

"I presume," said Lady De Bracey, "it will be a festival of poetry?" There was universal agreement to this. Eddie now piped up with "I do think we need some Theater. Perhaps we could persuade Micheál Mac Liammóir to come down and do his Oscar Wilde."

This stirred Father Hannigan into explosive life: "Oscar Wilde following on Tomas O'Sullivan's filth. Never!"

Johnny fixed the Father with his hard gray eyes:

"No problem there, Father! Buggers can't be choosers you know." He was learning the witty ways of the rich permissives. The Rector winced and Father Hannigan closed his eyes. Lady De Bracey murmured, "I say!"

Eddie persisted; "I have a friend at the Old Vic who puts on a good one-man show, *The Women of Shakespeare*."

"Is he a man?" asked the priest suspiciously, scenting a transvestite.

"No, he's a woman. I mean she's a woman." The company tittered and Johnny roared. Father Hannigan's lips moved as if in prayer.

"The Old Vic," Mairin raised her head and hissed like a bilingual rattler. "Then, he's English and no English need apply." Lizzie intervened hastily; "Dairin McGivern does a one-woman show. Yeats's Women, something like that, and I hear it's quite beautiful."

A vote was instantly passed to invite Dairin, Yeats and Dairin together being safe and "made in Ireland" so to speak.

"I say," said Lady De Bracey holding the floor with a tremendous rattle of bracelets and gewgaws, "I say, if it's to be a poetry festival we'll jolly well need poets don't you know." I realized she was using the patois of the thirties. "We'll dash well need about a dozen, what? I say Colin, you read a lot. You'd know what to pick out. I vote you go up to Dublin and engage half a dozen of the best poets. There's a good chap."

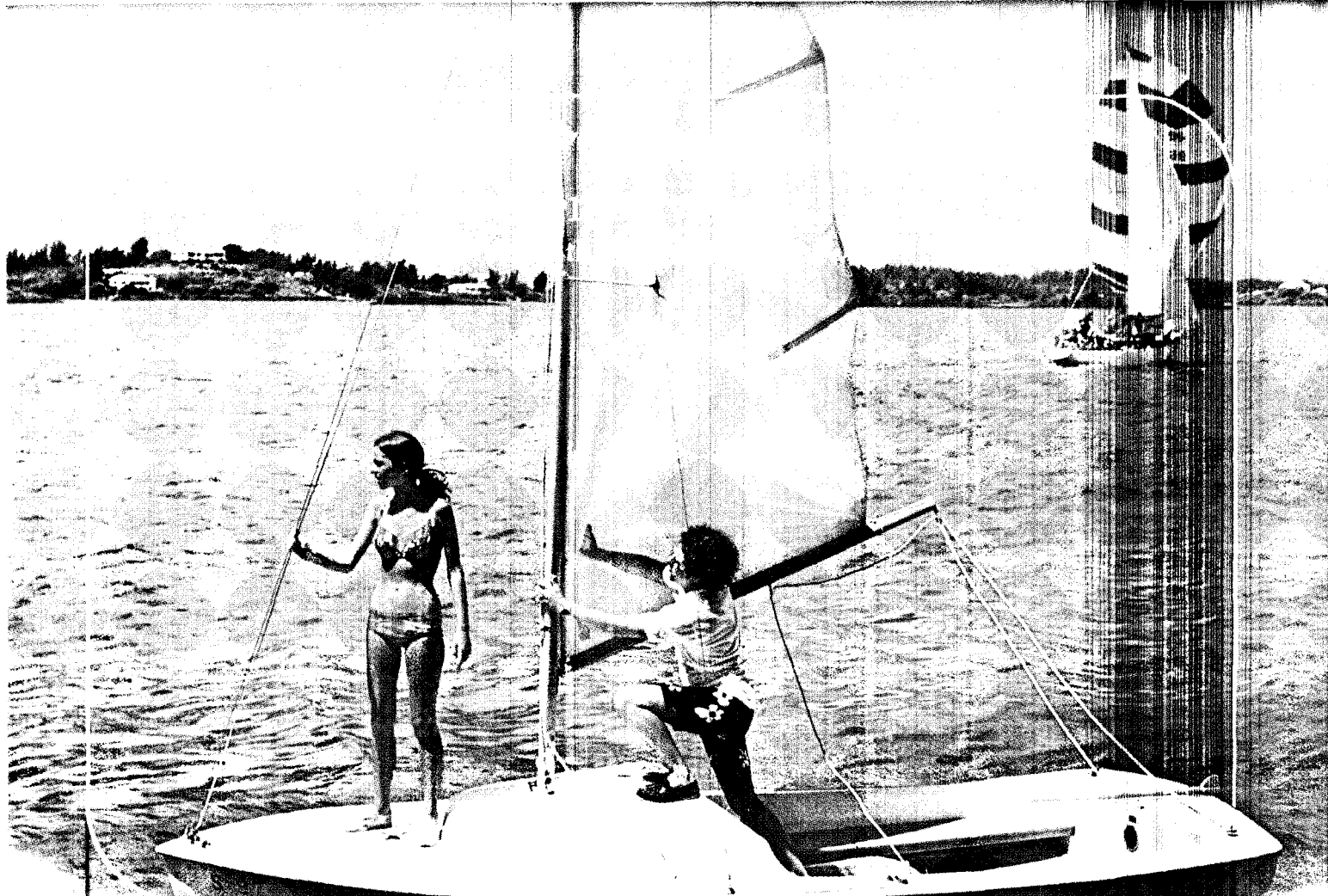
Colin bowed; "I'd be honored."

Lady De Bracey was still on her feet. "Mr. Fallon, Oh I say, I'm frightfully sorry Mr. Chairman, I would like to request the Town Hall for my weavers." She turned to Elizabeth. "And Miss Atkins could exhibit some of her pictures, darling *behind* the weavers. I'm sure they'd have no objection. Incidentally," she turned to Johnny. "I say, wouldn't it be jolly if I opened the castle and grounds for the occasion." There was a dark and brooding silence.

"Shouldn't someone read 'The Celebration of Spring'?" asked Eddie in his quiet matter-of-fact little voice; "Incidentally, has anyone on the committee read O'Sullivan's poems?" Nobody it seemed had read the work of their native son. "Well, somebody better. I think it might be a good idea to ask Myles Murtagh down to read it. He is a well-known personality, an actor, a writer, and I may say always in trouble."

"We must be careful which version he reads," snapped Father Hannigan, fast on the draw.

"No problem, Father," Johnny looked very sternly at the priest. "The more uncensored a festival is—the better. People want to enjoy themselves. There's money in this for Ballyfungus, so let's go ahead on that premise." The Father thought of the much needed repairs to church and presbytery and shut his mouth. "And," continued Johnny, "I'll get



"It's fun to rent a day sailer
and tool around Hamilton Harbor —
just taking it very, very slow."



"We were walking down by the rocks
when we saw these huge parrot fish.
They were just beautiful."

"You get a fantastic view
from the lighthouse.
Like a little diorama almost —
with all the little houses
and white roofs."



"Nobody's in a hurry."

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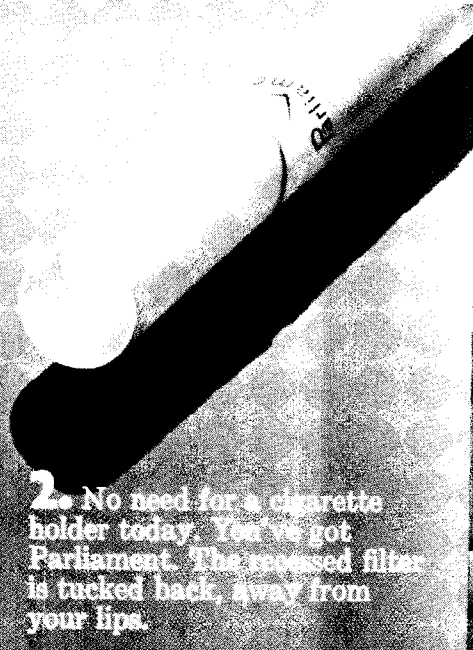
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1. Simone Leat, French fashion formulator, would never be caught with her color-coordinated cigarette holder. No mere frill, it gave her cleaner taste.



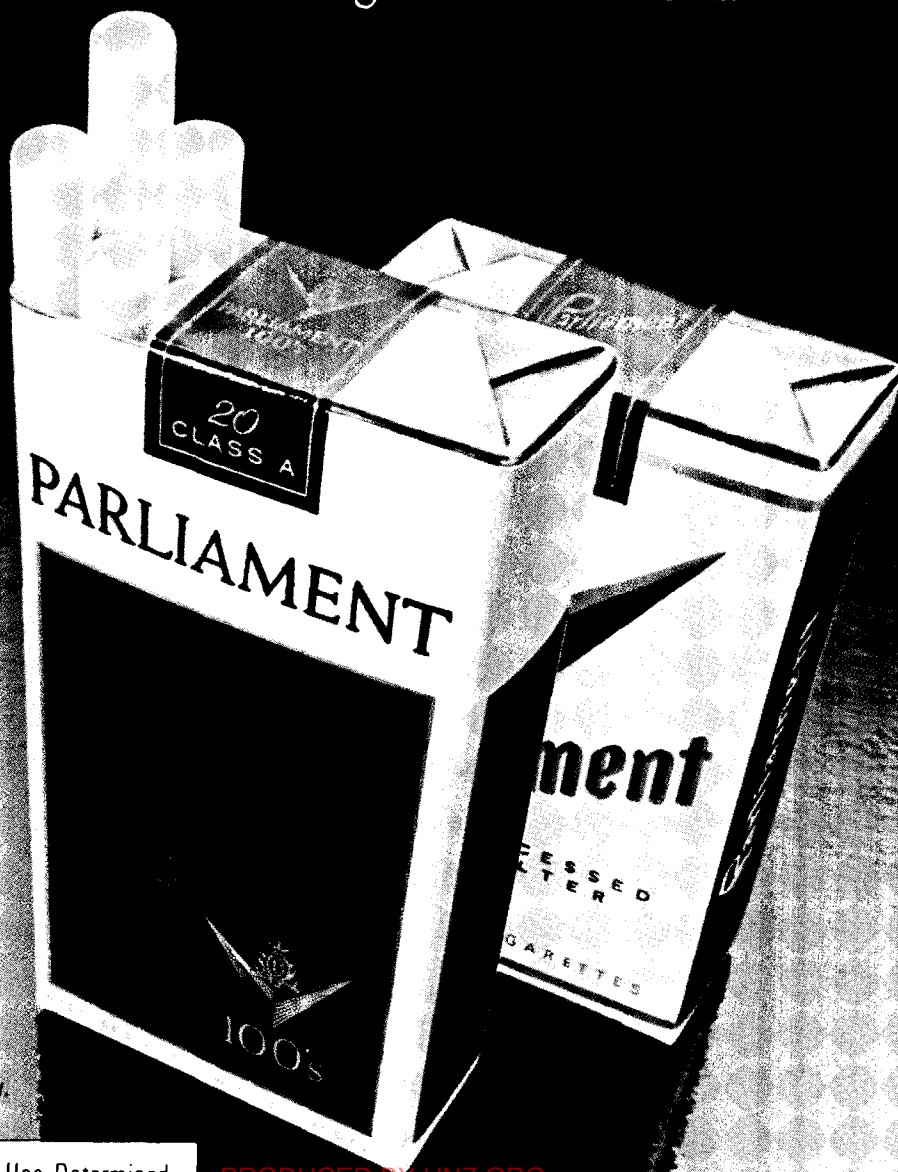
2. No need for a cigarette holder today. You've got Parliament. The recessed filter is tucked back, away from your lips.



3. With Parliament you taste rich, clean flavor, never the filter. We do it by design.

Parliament. The recessed filter cigarette.

It works like a cigarette holder works.



Kings: 15 mg. tar, 0.9 mg. nicotine—
100's: 18 mg. tar, 1.2 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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The Golden Silence of Ballyfungus

a good PR man working on this. Let me know when you decide on another meeting and I'll send someone down." He rose decisively, a monarch dismissing his court, and such was the power of money we all rose too and trooped out into the windy darkness. A slightly ominous note was introduced by Old Mick hobbling up to the great Fallon as he was about to step into his Mercedes and croaking out, "Mister Fallon mind your step sir. 'Tis the year of the comet and nothing good comes of the comet. If it was aurory boreyalis now I wouldn't mind . . ."

"Come back to our place for a bite," murmured Colin to us. "Eddie has a casserole ready to pop in the oven." The invitation was gratefully accepted. The boys' so-called cottage was deliciously warm and comfortable. A woodfire was quickly lighted in the spacious living room. Our hosts bustled around while we all performed a verbal autopsy on the meeting. "Why was everybody so silent when Lady De Bracey offered to open the castle and grounds?" I asked.

Colin sniggered; "Because, my dear, she doesn't even own it. Johnny bought it years ago. The grounds resemble a rain forest and the castle is empty. Poor Alicia lives in 1930 quite happily."

"And did you hear her saying she'd hang my pictures behind the weavers, if *they* didn't mind, as if I'd hang them anyway. Hang her!" said Liz forcibly.

"What I can't understand," exclaimed Eddie bustling in with the casserole, "is if the IRA claim to be socialists and want the land for the people why don't they run people like Johnny Fallon out of power?"

"My dear fellow," Colin wagged a finger at him, "don't be so naïve. Johnny is handing out the money for the guns, so they stay off his back. In this tight little island Mammon rules the waves."

"Which reminds me," cried Liz sitting up suddenly and seriously upsetting one of the cats, "we never talked about money at the meeting . . ."

"Johnny will see to that. Ours not to reason how. Sit down ladies. No, but seriously," Colin continued as he tossed the salad, "the whole thing is a mystery to me. Why this festival? Mairin has never read anything in her life except other people's mail or directives from IRA HQ. Why this sudden interest in a very dead poet?"

The conversation dwelt upon this mystery during dinner and late into the evening. When we were leaving (Colin was driving us home while Eddie washed the dishes), Liz remarked as she threw on the tweed cloak: "No need to get up early. Tom will bring you your breakfast in bed."

"Tom?" I looked at her in genuine surprise.

"Yes," she answered with the utmost aplomb. "He always brings me mine."

"Isn't it nice Liz has Tom?" remarked Eddie with a deadpan expression.

Liz smiled. "Yes, he's a treasure."

There was a long, thoughtful silence. I was beginning to feel that the silences in Ballyfungus were like the pauses in Beckett plays: even more significant than the dialogue.

Publicity began appearing in the Dublin papers during March about the Ballyfungus poetry festival. There were all kinds of paragraphs, hints, and comments. A great deal of emphasis was laid on the earthiness of Tomas O'Sullivan which we all know is just another name for dirt. Myles Murtagh had, on the express urging of John Fallon, patron of the Festival, consented to give a public reading from the poet's work and the theme of the Festival was to be LOVE. Young, joyous, uninhibited, normal love. "There is nothing abnormal or suggestive in this great epic which is a hymn to joy," wrote Myles Murtagh in his Sunday column. "I simply do not believe in the innuendos relating to the poet's sexual proclivities. The poem as I see it celebrates normal love between boy and girl."

I thought of Father Hannigan. His soul must have been a battlefield. However he did get a letter off to all three Dublin dailies warning that the Irish people would be voting themselves into hell if they allowed the Government to put forward any form of legislation legalizing birth control. Later a letter arrived for me from Liz.

"Some odd little wooden structures, like those latrines you see on building sites, have gone up round the hotel. They're called chalets. Dairin is doing her thing. It's called 'A Terrible Beauty.' Colin says it adds up to: she was a beauty herself, but is now simply terrible. He has gone up to Dublin to shop for poets. You'll probably hear from him. Incidentally the castle is not to be opened. Johnny is tearing it down and building a country club instead."

I was not there in time for the official opening of the Festival which was performed by the President of Ireland, two Catholic bishops, and John Fallon, Esq., assisted by "the influential committee."

I arrived in the late afternoon and was met at the station by Liz. This time Tom was driving. She looked splendid, much better than when I saw her last and Tom greeted me as "Love" and tucked me up in the back most efficiently.

"How are things going?" I asked.

"Well the opening went off very well. The President has a very nice voice. He ought to have been an actor I think. He asked us all to look on the bright side and he hoped for many more festivals which would involve the youth of the country and he also added a few words about the sanctity of

the family which pleased Father Hannigan no end."

"The friggin' tinkers is here in their hordes," added Tom bitterly. "They're all over the friggin' place tellin' their fictitious lies, beggin' the arse off you!"

"And" continued Lizzie, "that damn woman Alicia De Bracey is pursuing a slave trade amongst them. And her weavers are in the Town Hall in medieval folk costumes, banging away at the looms, but they keep slipping away to TV and bars." We were now entering Ballyfungus. What a transformation. Colored lights were strung across the Main Street. Window boxes were filled with flowers, some of them plastic, and tropical flora were set up in pots around the entrance to the hotel.

We drew up outside the hotel and were immediately engulfed in a mob of shawled tinker women with "babbies" at the breast begging for alms. The Gardai were on duty wearing expressions ranging from quiet desperation to despair. The sergeant moved over to us and poked his head in at the window.

"Nice mornin' Mrs. Atkins. Keep movin'. If you knock some of them itinerants down it's their own bloody fault."

"I thought this was to be a boy meets girl festival," said Lizzie staring in wonder at some strangely dressed youths. "Looks to me like boy meets boy."

The sergeant shook his head; "Yes, 'tis buggery," he said in his strong Kerry brogue, hastily adding, "I *tink*." He saluted wearily and motioned us on. We were stopped, however, by the sudden appearance of Colin charging alongside the car. He was most elegantly attired in a gray suit with mauve silk handkerchief knotted around his neck.

"Welcome, welcome," he panted. "Myles has arrived. He's resting. He asked for a cup of tea—he doesn't drink you know—and a copy of Tomas's poem. My dear he hasn't read it yet. Luckily the girl at the desk had one, or we were in the soup. Imagine the risk! I was quite irked. And my dear Father Hannigan preached a bloodcurdling sermon last Sunday about the disgusting pernicious and lying English version of 'The Celebration of Spring' and asking all pure-minded boys and girls to keep away from the reading. There's sure to be trouble."

The hotel banqueting room hitherto used for weddings had been gaudily renovated; a small stage installed with curtains and seating, hopefully for a hundred, had been arranged. As we passed the bar we heard a roar of voices and laughter. It was jam-packed; so was the lounge and the little TV room. The Festival committee composed the entire audience for the reading. The hall was a welter of cameras, cables,

lights, and cynical TV engineers preparing for the great Murtagh's reading which was to be a nationwide broadcast.

"I can't get anyone out of the bar or the TV room," Colin said almost in tears. "They simply won't move and more are arriving."

"Arriving here?" Liz looked eagerly toward the door.

"No, into the bar of course. Great God what can I do? It's all Father Hannigan's doing. And also drink, which is the curse of this country. And here comes Myles."

Then did Myles Murtagh, a colorful vision of middle-aged boyishness, stride onto the stage and with the nonchalance of long experience adjust the lectern and reading lamp to his liking. He was wearing what Colin explained afterwards was the costume of a Lapp miner; he was just back from Lapland, where he had been reading his poetry. He flashed his pixie smile over us and over the nation, while the cameras, having temporarily blinded the sparse audience, were now focused on him.

"I am about to read excerpts from Tomas O'Sullivan's epic 'The Celebration of Spring,'" he began, using his roguish lilt which went down so well in the USA. "Cantos which I consider the most delightfully humorous portion of this marvelous folk song to love." He paused, "And here—we—go—"

The Harlot's Lament

Travelling footsore from fair to fair
I would ply my trade in the market square,
As evening came with its lowering sky
Flaunting my bosom and swaying my thigh

You see," Myles leaned forward and addressed the audience confidentially. "Stripped of its cosmetic overtones we hit on something deeply primeval in Tomas O'Sullivan." (At this point Father Hannigan remarked quite audibly, "Slime." I was then aware that some people were entering rather noisily from the bar and seating themselves at the back.) Myles ignored it.

"But the lusty fellows would not come near
Edging away to their games and beer."

More people seemed to be crowding in now and I also saw tinker faces pressed against the windows. I began to feel as if I were in the middle of the worst excesses of the French Revolution. Myles continued undaunted.

"Young priests would pass with a hasty glance
But their vows would hold though their pulses
dance—"

"Stop!" shouted someone from the back of the hall. We all turned as did the cameras. A large, red-headed farmer's son had tottered to his feet. "That's dirty so it is. This is a Christian country."

The Golden Silence of Ballyfungus

"Hear! Hear!" came from his uncouth companions. "Hush! Hush!" hissed the establishment in agony. The noise was now deafening, but Myles unperturbed read on and I have never seen anything like the bored calm of the TV crew. Most of them of course had done time in Ulster.

And the old men's limbs are weak and slow
With cocks that have long since ceased to grow.
And I thought of the silly maid in trouble
With belly that's swollen to nearly double,
And I let her grease the wise woman's palms
And the ancient hag used all her charms
In haste and speed at dead of night,
To remove the trouble and set things right.

All the drunks were on their feet now, bellowing crudities which Tomas in his most abandoned moments had never thought up. Myles closed the book. I could not but admire his self-possession. "You clods," he shouted. "You don't know one of your own great poets when you hear him. You don't know a goddam thing except the price of a bullock. What are you doing here anyway? Get back to your cowsheds! Clots! Peasants!"

The red-headed lout was rolling up the sleeves of his dirty Aran sweater. Colin had slipped out to call the Gardai and Lady De Bracey was standing on a chair with one hand on the Rector's wilting shoulder. "You disgusting drunken brutes! I say, I say," she bellowed. "Get out of here! Here, I say, somebody throw them out! Father Hannigan, tell those wretches to go away." Father Hannigan was sitting there quietly smiling—the smile on the face of the tiger. Myles leaped off the platform—he was an ex-boxer and in spite of the crowding years was in pretty good trim. Before you could say Sean Ni Robinson the red-headed one was lying flat on the ground and Myles was standing over him laughing his head off. The cameras had been leveled on them throughout. What a nationwide opportunity! At that moment the Gardai arrived led by the sergeant, and amidst cheers from all establishment members, except Father Hannigan, the drunks were evicted and the hall was cleared and the red-headed one was carried out by his friends. The Gardai of course came in for a stream of abuse most of it political: "Traitors! Spies! Informers! Felons!" and the red-headed one was distinctly heard shouting, "I don't recognize the court." So ended the first round of the Ballyfungus Festival. Smilin' Myles departed for Dublin by helicopter followed by the TV crew in their own conveyances.

Colin and Eddie came back to the Old Mill for a bite. We couldn't face the hotel food and were too broken in mind and spirit to meet the rest of the committee. Lizzie cooked sausages and scrambled eggs and we drank Irish coffee.

"Old Mick says it's the comet. There's no good comes of the year of the comet," remarked Eddie. "He may well be right."

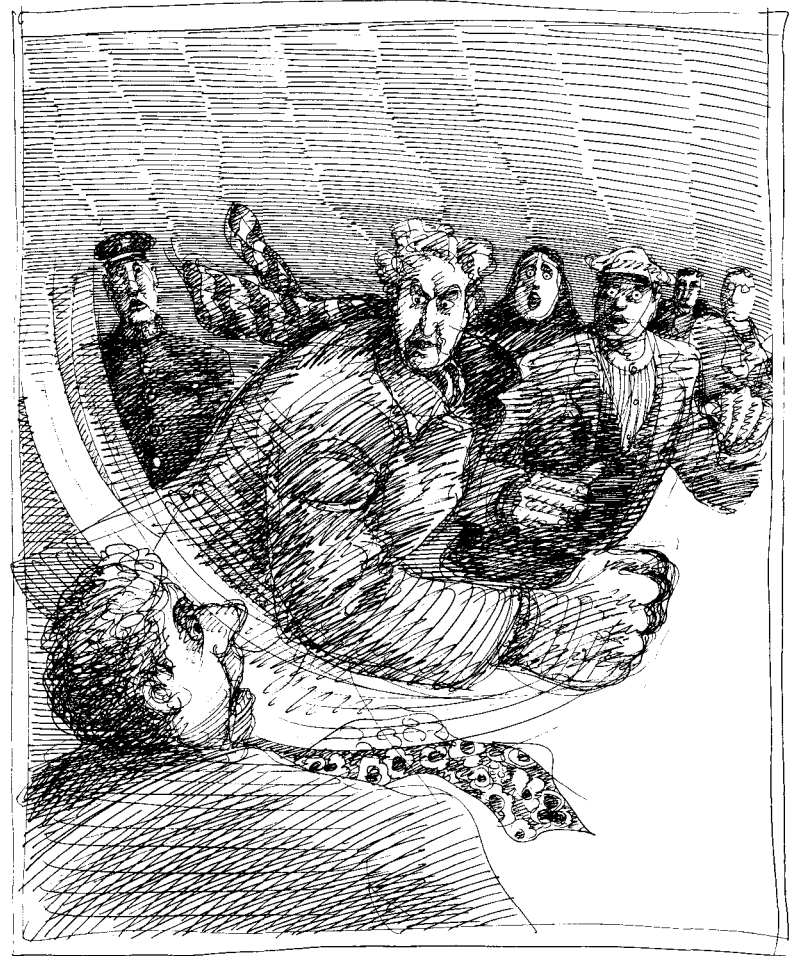
I tried to be comforting but only succeeded in being an irritant. "Surely Dairin McGivern will do well. And the convent theater does *not* have a bar."

"Don't be funny," snarled Colin, "the booking is appalling. We've had to draft a captive audience from the school. And another thing, once Dairin starts she never stops."

Eddie threw himself down on the hearth rug and closed his eyes. He seemed to be muttering in his sleep. "Worse is yet to come. Mairin's nephew the General has been down here, on the run of course, but everyone knows. The Belfast one who's so high in the Provos."

"They're up to something." Colin before our eyes was turning into his own creation—Tierney. "But what? This boy is a genius they say. He did brilliantly in science at school and instead of going to the University went into violence. Bombs are his thing. But why the Festival? We better go home. Eddie is asleep."

Eddie sprang nimbly to his feet. "I'd like to turn this whole demented island into an internment



camp and seal it off, then we might have some peace in the world. Come on Colin. We've got two hard days and nights ahead of us."

Tom brought me in a dainty breakfast tray the next morning. He was wearing a dressing gown over a pair of pants; a hairy chest was plainly visible. I wondered, as I sipped my coffee, what the bedridden wife thought about in her lonely bed. All day we rested except for a visit to the weavers which Lady De B. said was jolly decent of us.

At eight o'clock we trooped over to the convent which had a beautiful little theater fully equipped. The bulk of the audience was made up of fifty giggling schoolgirls, the offspring mostly of nouveau-riche millionaires, and in the back sat Father Hannigan, for once relaxed.

Punctually at eight Dairin McGivern, the famous Irish actress, strode out onto the stage swathed in black as the first of Yeats's ladies—Maud Gonne. At the conclusion of "A Terrible Beauty Is Born" she was loudly cheered by Mairin's party. When she turned into the more legendary ladies she simply threw a green shawl over her shoulders. She then, as they say, "acted out" "The Land of Heart's Desire" with frequent recourse to the book and—being a large lady approaching seventy—she was not convincing, lolloping around as The Faery Child. At nine thirty there was an interval in the dining hall, when instant coffee and digestive biscuits were handed out courtesy of the Sacred Heart. At ten we all trooped very slowly back into the theater and Dairin graciously began reading from the "Plays for Dancers," then went into "The King of the Great Clock Tower." Eventually she moved into "Purgatory," where we all joined her in spirit, and at eleven o'clock the Reverend Mother whispered to Colin that it was very late for the young ones, in fact it was their bedtime and when was Miss McGivern going to close down? Colin whispered despairingly, "What am I to do?" The Reverend Mother who feared neither man nor beast only God and that occasionally, whispered back: "I'll take the girls out, don't you bother. Blame me." The noise occasioned by fifty young girls clambering over chairs giggling and pushing did not bother Dairin at all. She simply went right on into "The Cat and the Moon." Eddie, who feared for Colin's reason, sidled out into the hall. He returned in a few minutes and woke up Father Hannigan, now deep in sleep, and whispered in his ear. The Father nodded and stood up. "I'm sorry to inform all you good people and the good lady Miss McGivern that we have just received a phone call warning us that a bomb has been placed in the hall and is due to go off in fifteen minutes." The words were hardly out of his mouth before the hall was cleared. As soon as everyone was safely outside the building, the great actress included, Eddie announced that another phone call had been re-

ceived confessing that it was a hoax and the work of some drunk in the hotel.

"I hope you told the Reverend Mother it was a hoax *before* the fact?" asked Colin gravely.

"I did. She said 'God moves in a mysterious way' and winked at me."

"A great woman!"

The poets, meanwhile, for whom this festival had been planned, had lost the battle against the demon rum and were thoroughly disgusted with empty houses for their readings. After an extremely sensible and businesslike meeting with the committee they said they saw nothing for it but to move right into the pubs with their guitars and forget about the hall.

We now come to the grand finale. A bad storm broke over the southeast of Ireland in the early hours of Sunday morning. The scheduled boat trip down the Fung was indefinitely postponed and the "bum boys" pulled out faster than light, greatly to the relief of the guards who owing to the new permissiveness hardly knew how to deal with the delicate problem. However, one thing could not be avoided and that was Father Hannigan's rendering of the original Irish version of "The Celebration of Spring" which was to be read in the hotel at 8 P.M. No one could imagine how he could bring in contraception or abortion and we were all too exhausted to care. It was the lack of the artistic spirit which discouraged us so deeply.

"To put on a real festival you have to be subsidized and be able to hire a director with flair," Eddie remarked that evening. "Wexford, Cork, Sligo, Dublin, they all have money and genuine motivation. We had none of those things. Tomas was not enough."

"It was all Mairin's idea. I wonder why?" Colin pondered frowning into his martini. He was as usual identifying with Tierney. "She's not interested in the arts. And why was Johnny backing us?"

"It is odd. We haven't cleaned up on anything except drink and all the money is in the hotel and it must be huge. People from all over the southeast have been drinking here for four nights every night. The poor girl at the desk says she hasn't closed an eye since the Festival started, what with the drunken brawls, smashed bottles and glasses, and the Gardai say they've had it. Ten arrests and two riots," Lizzie sniffed a syringa blossom and sighed. "And it looks so peaceful."

"Time to go," Colin wearily picked himself out of the deck chair. "The curfew tolls the knell for Father Hannigan. And may God defend the right."

As to be expected the bar and lounge of the De Bracey Arms was filled with drinkers but surprisingly enough the hall also was full, this time

The Golden Silence of Ballyfungus

with devout old ladies and several girls from the Sacred Heart with male escorts from Darragh Abbey school. They were chaperoned by two young and liberal nuns in short skirts who looked as if they could do with chaperons also. Lady De Bracey was there wearing her own woollens hastily run up by a little woman in the village, and what Colin described as rows and rows of "handbeaten beads." Mairin was sitting behind us this time alone. She was wearing a badge with "Remember Bloody Sunday" on it. There was something specially menacing about this, I felt. Today being Sunday and the Festival marked as it were for disaster. At eight o'clock Father Hannigan strode onto the platform beaming, all smiles and good cheer. It was very hard to believe in that strain of madness. On the little table in front of him he placed what looked like a water pitcher covered with a white cloth. "He can't be going to celebrate Communion?" whispered Lizzie apprehensively. A blackboard was then carried in by a small boy and placed behind the priest. Our blood ran cold; something awful was coming. He turned to the blackboard and chalked out boldly in Irish and English; "Celebration of Spring" and underneath this he wrote "God and the Family." The Rector, who had just seated himself beside me, whispered, "I fear the worst."

"Tomas O'Sullivan," thundered the Father, "in spite of all the dirty drivel the translators have said of him was a pure-minded God-fearing man. There is no reason to believe that he was not married. Young Phelim the fiddler who accompanied him on his wanderings was a fine lad who honored his father and mother and this was the only way he could earn money to send home to his good mother. All we actually know about this great poet was that he wrote in the true Irish, God bless him, and that he said his prayers and loved nature." He repeated "nature" three times and then amidst subdued applause launched into his reading. I may say the Father's rendering of the poem in Irish sounded more like prayers for the dead than sexual orgies. After fifteen minutes he suddenly closed the book and broke out into English. "The public, my friends, deserves an answer to many questions. I will do my best. People, especially the Irish, should see more easily, the malice, I repeat the malice, of contraception when it takes human life. Abortion," he rumbled on lost in his own womb-world, "is murder." With a dramatic flourish he now uncovered the object on the table which appeared to be a specimen jar with something, we dared not think what, floating in it. "Inside this jar, you may step up anyone who cares, and look upon a four-weeks-old fetus—this perfect little creature—this human being was murdered . . ."

At this point Lady De Bracey rose to protest but before she could open her mouth, the door was

flung open, there were sounds of commotion outside, and Old Mick tottered into the hall. He was trembling and distraught.

"The safe's gone! The money's all gone! We're ruined! It's been took, Father."

"What's been took?" demanded the priest angrily, forgetting his grammar.

"The money. The take from the Festival, all of it. Ten thousand pound! Three lads with guns and stockings over their faces took it safe and all, and a car waitin' for them outside. It went off headin' north. Oh, the comet, I told you the comet would have us ruined." He tottered out again and disappeared into the confusion and dismay in the foyer. The audience inside the hall was undecided whether to join the throng outside or wait for the horrors inside.

"Ten thousand pounds!" repeated Mairin looking like the cat that swallowed the cream. "Ten thousand pounds!"

Father Hannigan seized the jar and shouted: "In view of the tragic happenings I declare this meeting adjourned and the Festival closed." Without waiting for anyone to second the motion he disappeared into the wings with his precious burden.

Later, huddled round the fire in Lizzie's studio holding stiff whiskies in our shaking hands, we all agreed there would never be another festival in Ballyfungus.

"Everything now falls into place," Colin said thoughtfully nursing his glass and staring into the flames. "It was a plot hatched by Mairin to get money for the Provos, for her nephew in fact. He did it, he and his gang, and she just used us all. And Johnny just used Mairin because in the long run, money talks. I just happened to glance at a Dublin evening paper the other day and on the front page there was a sensational article, no names given, about a certain Dublin millionaire who's buying up bombed out sites in Belfast and Derry as a long-term investment and at the same time is handing out money to the Provos for arms. Do you get me? Strictly anonymous. It was staring me in the face however—Fallon."

"Just as long as Fallon isn't staring you in the face it's all right!" Eddie agreed. "But I think you're right. Yes, it all fits. Excuse me Tierney."

"And nothing will be done about it," Colin said sadly. "Think of it," he continued, "we all know, but none of us will ever say anything about it because we want to live in peace." He opened the window and leaned out: "On such a night as this . . ." Below we heard the river rippling gently, as it flowed sadly and irrevocably toward the sea. Far off we heard the mournful cry of a curlew. "Silence has once again fallen on Ballyfungus."

"At a price," was Eddie's sardonic reply. "We've all been bought—all of us—by Johnny Fallon." □

THE GOURMET PLAGUE

by Karen Hess

Yes, the French love good eating. . . . Their skill in combining simple raw materials to produce superlative dishes grows out of the idée fixe that anything eaten, even the daily potato, humble carrot and turnip and less tender cut of meat, must be well prepared. Gourmets are not made by eating occasional party fare or company meals or by infrequent excursions to famous restaurants. Good food must be eaten every day, every meal with each dish carefully prepared and suitably seasoned.

—Louis Diat in *French Cooking for Americans*



If we Americans are ever to eat well again, we'll have to declare "gourmet" a dirty word.

It started out as a perfectly valid borrowing from the French, a substantive meaning "a connoisseur in eating and drinking; an epicure," according to Webster. One could, I suppose, defend the attributive use of the word if indeed the attributions had anything to do with epicureanism, but the word is applied indiscriminately to anything edible—or nearly so—that has been fancied up. "Gourmet" cooking has nothing whatsoever to do with the excellence of the basic materials, the artistry of the cook, or the discrimination of the eater's palate. I give an example: a *poulet de Bresse*, France's finest chicken, perfectly roasted, would not qualify as "gourmet" cooking. Nor would an old hen lovingly simmered with onions and carrots. Not fancy enough. But take a breast of an American chicken (the most tasteless and cottony part of a tasteless and cottony bird), blanket it with a pasty white sauce (calling it *velouté* makes it so very French, don't you see?), arrange it prettily on a bed of spinach (frozen, chopped, and bound with that same horrid sauce), which gives you the right to call it *à la Florentine*, strew slivered almonds or grated cheese about, glaze it, and you have a "gourmet" masterpiece. Or, stuff it with rice, *foie gras*, and truffles. The *foie gras* will surely be tinned *pâté de foie gras*, at best, and most of the tinned truffles sold in this country are of exceedingly poor quality, but they make everything look fancy and terribly expensive—which is finally the name of the game. It is then sauced with pretty much the same old floury glob, but now it is brown and will taste of mediocre Madeira and canned bouillon.

Lest you think I am overly exercised on the subject of flour in sauces, I refer you to a recipe from a recent issue of the *New York Times Magazine* for a *velouté* to be served on fish fillets. It calls for eight (yes, 8) tablespoons of flour to thicken just two cups of fish broth to be added to one cup of pan juices and one cup of heavy cream. The reduction of all those juices with the cream would have made a heavenly sauce; adding two cups of library paste made it a catastrophe.

Or take the *Crêpes Fourrées Gratinées* in the French edition of the Time-Life *La Cuisine des Provinces de France* (which has been described as "the self-roasting cookbook" because of the searing comments by the critic Robert J. Courtine, unaccountably printed as footnotes). This recipe lists thirty-three ingredients in five separate operations, one of which was another unrunny *velouté*. Courtine commented: "It's an awful lot of work for so meager a result. It is the perfect example of a dish to astonish and seduce a foreign woman, but it is false *grande cuisine* and as anti-gastronomic as can be."

As for the canned bouillon and flour in fancy

saucers, pick up any book on French cooking for Americans—by Julia Child, Craig Claiborne, even Simone Beck—and you will find “beef bouillon, fresh or canned.” As if the readers needed to be told about the canned! To my knowledge, Elizabeth David and Richard Olney are the only well-known writers who remain true to the most elementary and classic flavor principles in this regard. Anyone who writes recipes is aware, of course, that many readers will substitute canned stock but at least they will know they cheated and where the fault lay.

Or take a fairly typical recipe for Beef Bourguignon, this one from *The New McCall's Cook Book*, which lists large amounts of dry sherry and ruby port to be added to the burgundy along with meat-extract paste, tomato paste, and condensed beef broth—the whole thing to be thickened with a lot of potato flour. Or, you might prefer their Duckling à l'Orange with an unholy mixture of burgundy, orange marmalade (three-quarters of a cup in all!), brandy, catsup, meat-extract paste, condensed chicken broth, an excessive amount of chopped garlic (for a dish where its presence, if any, should not be identifiable)—all bound together with plenty of flour, of course. To be fair—or to prove my point—American food fares no better. With two pages of fancy color photographs, their recipe for the “Perfect Apple Pie” starts out: “1. Make pastry as package directs.”

Something should be said about the extravagance of “gourmet” recipes. I have already mentioned the *foie gras* and the truffles. Now, I am not talking about fresh butter or cream and other beautiful produce; in our society, such things are very expensive when available at all. Nor am I talking about the use of wine in cooking; if you cannot afford decent wine you had better turn to another recipe, because poor wine will ruin the dish. Any number of recipes published in “gourmet” columns are pompously costly—the above-cited fish *velouté*, for instance, was but one item in a menu estimated to cost \$900 for eight persons, to be prepared at home. Worse yet, they tell us to throw cooking juices down the drain. In a recipe for stuffed pork chops that recently appeared in *Great Recipes from the New York Times*, the chops are baked in one and a half cups of wine and three-quarters cup of chicken broth. Step 11 reads: “When chops are done, remove from oven. Drain them, discard liquid, and serve.” There went most of the flavor. Other *Times* “gourmet” recipes have instructed us to discard pan juices from cooking fish and fresh pork rind, a rather expensive item indispensable in many dishes—*daube* or *cassoulet*, for instance.

French women are often accused of running an

Karen Hess, a frequent reviewer of food and cookbooks, is at work on a book about French home cooking.

extravagant kitchen and perhaps they do, but there is more than a touch of frugality in their madness. No carcass of a bird, no fish heads or bones, no good meat bones get thrown out. It is not only thrifty to boil them up into lovely *fumets* and broths, but it yields flavor and texture that cannot be obtained in any other way. Since flavor is precisely what is most lacking in American produce, it seems criminal to waste it. In these days of inflation and food shortages—not to mention actual starvation in many parts of the world—it is immoral to do so.

For the “gourmet” cook, sloshing about quantities of wine and brandy is pretty much *de rigueur*. The wine is usually poor and the quantity of brandy invariably excessive. The *Times* recently presented us with a recipe where a pound of scallops, which have a subtle, almost elusive flavor, was massacred by one-quarter of a cup of cognac, two cups of tomatoes, and paprika.

Flambéeing is considered the pinnacle of the art (if I may use the word) of “gourmet” cooking. I once asked Mère Allard, the great Burgundian *cuisinière* of the Paris bistro that bears her name, about the practice of flambéeing *boeuf bourguignon*. She made a moue and said, “Burnt alcohol tastes like burnt alcohol.”

One problem is that our “gourmet” mentors seem inadequately acquainted with both the basic principles and the classic literature. Thus, Craig Claiborne, who stated in a recent interview that he “knew all the sauces” (a dangerous statement) once described *beurre blanc* as “butter whipped with a little water.” Now, a *beurre blanc*, which was invented by the women of the Loire country, is traditionally mounds of butter whipped into a reduction of white wine vinegar and shallots. It requires a *tour de main*—a flair—because the sauce must be almost fluffy. The late Curnonsky, the great French gastronome who was born and raised in *beurre blanc* country, maintained that only women could make it. He exaggerated, of course, but it is a good example of the finesse and subtlety of women’s cooking in France. Recently, Mr. Claiborne published Georges Verrier’s recipe with a typical chef’s complication: two and a quarter cups of heavy cream. As with any regional dish, there are numerous variations but the addition of even a little cream is considered a heresy. I myself find that cream sludges up the wonderfully clear taste and silken texture of the classic *beurre blanc*.

In fact, the greater part of America’s “gourmet” cuisine is at best second-rate Escoffier. I am being kind. Escoffier was a dazzling virtuoso and he had produce of a quality such as we can only dream of today. He was nearly the last of a line of great French chefs, starting with Carême, whose job it was to *épater les bourgeois*—to knock

their eyes out—and this they did brilliantly. It seemed necessary because any Frenchman of moderate means could buy the same produce on the open market and usually had an excellent *cuisinière* at home. Escoffier himself said he preferred his wife's cooking to his own. Certainly.

Interestingly, the young chefs in France, at least the more gifted ones, are turning away from Escoffier. This is not only because of the long hours of watching and skimming that the classic sauces require. It represents something of a return to a much older French cuisine: the ancient art of reduction, of *coulis*, and the liaison of sauces with butter, cream, or egg yolks rather than the blanketing effect of flour and other cheap thickeners. The flavor is at once more intense and more subtle. It is reminiscent of the lovely eighteenth-century dishes given by Menon in *La Cuisinière Bourgeoise*. There is indeed a great deal of simplification going on today but not the sort that requires less skill or a lesser quality of produce. There is no masking possible and the sauces are far more fragile. Flour sauces may be a deplorable necessity in huge kitchens but there is little excuse for them in a small *chef-patron* restaurant and less yet in a private home.

Part and parcel of this new French *haute cuisine* is the feverish search for quality. French agriculture is hard hit by industrialization too, but fortunately it is at least two generations behind us. Also, the French love to eat well. They are not ashamed of it and they are remarkably adept in arranging things so that they will be able to continue to do so. It is amusing to note that while fancying up food is a symptom of snobbery in America, it is the beautiful simplicity of flawlessness that is the "in" thing in France. It is now the less affluent who feel they have to paint the lily. While one must deplore snobbery wherever it appears, it doesn't take much intelligence or even a very discriminating palate to prefer simple perfection to pretentious failure.

How did we get to preferring pretentious failures? We were taken, that's how. It must be admitted that we were easy marks. Oddly, one reason is our addiction to short cuts and our contempt for arduously acquired craftsmanship. We have matured a bit since the days when con artists could promise we could learn to play the piano in ten easy lessons ("They laughed when I sat down to play") and most literate Americans are aware that painting in the numbered squares is not the road to creation of great art. But everyone, we are told, can become a chef, or at least a "gourmet" cook, in ten easy lessons. One does not become a chef, at least not in France, before spending three long, hard years as an apprentice, followed by four or five equally hard years as a journeyman (*commis*, then *chef de parti*).

This helps to explain why books and schools

promising to turn you into a French chef are a fraud. An American who is faced by produce of lamentable quality, who has little or no experience, whose kitchen equipment has been chosen for décor rather than utility, and who has no staff of assistants, can hardly hope to produce *haute cuisine*. She should be told that the great chefs of France, when they cook at home or when they really want to please an old friend, do what can best be described as home cooking. (Some of my loveliest memories from the Troisgros at Roanne are rabbit with mustard, salt cod tongues, and other homey dishes.)

Learning to be a chef is a bit like learning to play the violin: one must start quite young. A fine *cuisinière* learned to cook at her mother's knee. Women who learned in this time-honored way do not feel the need to make "gourmet" concoctions—they are secure in the knowledge that the food they cook is delicious and that it has pleased untold generations. Interestingly, the only really good women cooks I know in this country were somehow spared the nightmare of the mainstream homogenizing process. They have not lost contact with their past. They have inherited a cuisine that came to them from women who had to do farm chores, help in the fields, and care for large families with no labor-saving devices, not even running water. They had no more time to do fancy cooking than the modern liberated woman, but they coped better. We too would cope better if we learned the cuisine of our grandmothers, whether it be Boston Baked Beans or a French *daube*. These are dishes that simmer away for hours on end but mind themselves and actually improve on reheating. It's a cinch with modern stoves—they managed with wood-burning ranges and fireplaces. The dishes are relatively inexpensive, and there are no complicated techniques to learn. All that is required is decent produce and the willingness to learn the construction of just a few of those old-fashioned dishes so that you can make them without agonizing over measurements. Then, stick to the ones you do well.

Finally, however, regional cuisine is based on the produce available, and French cuisine in America must be something of a compromise. I, for one, should like to see a revival of genuine American cooking. Traces still persist, but fewer and fewer cooks make Maine Lobster Stew, or the chowders, the gumbos, the crab cakes, the Vermont Baked Beans, and all the other great dishes of our past. The fascinating Portuguese strain in New England cookery indicates that we can assimilate a great deal of "foreign" cooking without losing our essential character. We admire French cuisine but we have failed to learn its most important lesson, so well stated by Curnonsky: "Cuisine is when food tastes of what it is."

"Gourmet" cooking—who needs it? □

THE GIRL WITH THE SUN IN HER EYES

A story by Henry Bromell



hey were left together, staring at each other. She was older, shorter, tending toward heaviness; very blond. Over her shining green eyes the thick black lines that deepened her face suddenly narrowed as she smiled, and he saw the gold circles hanging from her ears, the almost haughty tilt of her head.

They were both holding drinks in their hands, standing in a corner of the Ambassador's living room, listening to the musical voices around them and watching the tactful Pakistani servants slide between the chatting couples. They were the youngest people at the party. She was twenty, maybe twenty-one. He saw his father at the other end of the living room talking to a bald Kuwaiti, then looked back at her. In profile, her face was delicate, with a small, upturned nose and a high, wide forehead. She had one arm folded across her breasts. She glanced at him, saw him staring, and stared back, just as the Saudi Arabian consul sorrowfully bowed away and left them alone.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello."

"Who are you?"

"Scobie."

"Scobie who?"

"Richardson."

"Ah." She smiled. "Quentin's big brother."

"That's right. How do you know that?"

"I'm his girlfriend's governess," she said. "I live right down the street from you."

Scobie saw his mother sitting on a couch, talking to the Ambassador's wife. She held a drink in one hand, on her lap, and a cigarette in the other, her elbow resting on the arm of the couch.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Mona Brompton."

"And you're English, right?"

"Very," she said, trilling. "Verrry."

They both laughed. Her short, strong fingers gripped her glass. She was wearing a long black dress, and a rust-colored shawl covered her shoulders.

"Mona, are you having a good time at this party?"

"In a way, yes." She glanced around the room. "Because it's Christmas, and I can't help enjoying Christmas parties. But in a way, no, because I don't know anyone here. I don't know anyone in the *whole of Kuwait*, as a matter of fact. But that's another story. You're in school in England, aren't you? Quentin told me."

"Yes," he said.

"Do you like it?"

"No. In fact, I may get thrown out."

"Really? Whatever for?"

"Stealing library books."

She laughed, took a sip from her drink, and looked at his stomach, his knees, his face.

"I'm tired," she said, lowering her glass. "Let's sit somewhere."

"Where?"

"Anywhere. Over there." She waved toward an empty love seat in the corner. "OK?"

"Sure."

They sat down together, their legs touching, and lit cigarettes.

"How long have you been in Kuwait?" he asked her.

"Eighteen months, twelve days, six hours, and forty-five minutes. Approximately."

"And who do you work for?"

"The Marshes."

"Right. And how many kids do they have?"

"Four."

"And one of them's my brother's girlfriend?"

"Kathy."

"Amazing. Tell me more."

"Quentin's been telling me all about you, actually. He's been very excited. He told me you have long hair and that you drink a great deal."

"He told you that?"

"Absolutely."

"Let's go outside," Scobie said.

They left the love seat and stood on the terrace. There was a full moon, and its pale light rippled over the small waves of the Persian Gulf. The beach looked like a photograph of the moon itself, and there was a slow breeze in the air. They sat on the wall of the terrace and looked at the shimmering water.

"It never gets cold here," she said.

"What's it like in summer?"

"Hot. One can't move. One just sits inside all day, breathing through one's air conditioner."

"Weird."

"It is weird," she said. "Very weird. I don't know what I'm doing here."

"Making a living."

"I know. But why *here*?"

"Why?"

"I thought it would be romantic," she said, smiling brightly. "I thought I would be swept away by a handsome billionaire oil sheikh."

"Well, I've only been here seventy-two hours or whatever it is, but I can tell you one thing: this place is weird. All those pink and yellow houses. And no trees. Not one tree. And nobody drinks, and nobody smokes."

"Honey?" It was his mother, standing at the open terrace door. "Time for us to go home."

"OK. I'll be right there."

He wanted to kiss Mona, but felt that it would somehow be obscene—she was so womanly. He sat there for a few more seconds, looking at her, and the sea, then rose and said good night. She grabbed his hand and pulled herself up.

"I'll probably see you around tomorrow," he said.

"Most likely," she said.



Scobie poked his head into the kitchen and said good morning to Hassan. Hassan looked up from the counter, where he was kneading dough, and smiled, baring three gold teeth. Scobie asked for coffee and went back into the living room, put *Rubber Soul* on his parent's Grundig, and sat

down at the dinner table. Hassan brought his coffee in and handed him a note from his mother. "*Dearest—Don't spend all day in bed. I'll be home for lunch. Isn't Mona pretty? Your mother.*" He folded the note and lit a cigarette and listened to the Beatles.

After a second cup of coffee he walked to the beach. It was a mild, clear day, and the air smelled like spring. He couldn't believe Christmas was only a week away. He passed by a row of stone houses and through the Embassy gates, then down a path to the beach. The Gulf was glittering, like a bowl of glass. Two small children were playing in the shallows. Ten feet up the beach, in the shade of a straw fisherman's hut, sat Mona. She saw him and waved.

"Good morning," she said, squinting at him as he bent down into the shadow. She was wearing a scarf, and on her knees was a paperback copy of *Balthazar*.

Scobie sat next to her on the sand. He could hear the pebbles crinkling in the surf.

"Those two of your wards?" he asked, pointing at the children.

"Yes. The youngest. Benji and Simon. They're quite lovely, actually. I wish the others were so good."

"What are they like?"

"The others?"

"Yes."

"Spoiled brats," she said. "They eat too much. Just like their Mum and Dad."

"Is Quentin's girlfriend, Kathy—is she nice?"

"Not really."

"Then why does he like her?"

"Because she already has breasts," Mona giggled.

Scobie lit a cigarette and lay back with his face

Henry Bromell, twenty-six years old, is the author of a forthcoming book of stories, *The Slightest Distance*.

in the sun. Mona flipped over a page of her book. The sand was warm under his fingers. He rolled over and looked at the brilliant sea.

"Do you really not know anyone here?" he asked.

"Oh, I know a few people. Friends of the Marshes."

"Don't you ever go out?"

"Once in a while," she said.

"With whom?"

"Oh, just different people. Last week I went out with a prince. He's in exile from Iraq, I think. Anyway, he tried to seduce me. I repulsed him, however. And once I went out with a disgusting businessman who already had sixteen wives, including two Belgians, an Australian, an American, three Japanese, a German, and an Italian. I know. He told me."

"Well, where do you go when you go out?"

"There's a cinema, and a few restaurants. Not much."

"Would you like to go out sometime, I mean, you know, to the movies or something?"

"Yes," she said. "I'd love to."

They looked at each other and smiled. He was not usually very good at asking for dates, but this invitation had just appeared, as much a surprise to him as he imagined it was to her. She leaned back with her hands in the sand and he saw that her breasts were huge.

"How long is your vacation?" she asked.

"Three weeks."

"And then you go back to England? For how long?"

"Until June. In September I'm supposed to be going to college, I mean, university, what you call university. How old are you?"

"Twenty-six."

"Really?"

"Really. Does that make me seem old?"

"No. It just makes me feel young. Like a kid. I don't mean that to sound the way it sounds. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes. You're a virgin."

He thought he blushed.

"But I'm not," he lied.

"No?"

"No."

"How many times—?"

"Once," he said.

"Were you in love?"

"Yes."

"Who was the girl?"

"Her name was Alice. I was staying with her family in Paris. I was supposed to be learning French, you know? Well, I didn't."

"Do you still love her?"

"Uh, I haven't seen her since last summer."

Mona looked at him, then opened *Balthazar* and continued reading.



is room was as sparsely furnished as a hotel room: a bed, a bureau, a chair, a small electric heater for the cold nights. His suitcase was still on the floor, overflowing with rumpled clothes. On one of the white walls hung a map of Ireland, a gift from his grandfather. Sitting on

his bed, he felt like a visitor waiting for someone to tell him what to do. His mother and father were both downstairs, napping in their bedroom. Quentin was off playing somewhere. In an hour or two it would be dark. Already the minaret calls were floating over the city—scratchy, fragmented prayers. Through one of his windows, he could see across a dusty field to another row of stone houses. An abandoned, rusting Ford sat in the middle of the field. Through his other window he could see the Embassy, a corner of the Ambassador's house, the beach, the water. A clock was ticking downstairs in the living room.

He was thinking about Alice.

They had grown up together. They had even had nicknames for each other: he was Sebastian, she was Natasha. Her body must have touched his many times, but he had never noticed until it was soft in the moonlight in Paris, a dim whiteness standing by a green metal fence and lifting a pale, frightened face to be kissed. Then she had leaned on him, saying nothing, her rough, dark hair the horizon to a view of ferns, fence, rooftops, stars. He had felt her breasts, as she breathed, brush his chest, tentatively close. A car had passed by on the street beyond the fence, its headlights wheeling between the slats, and they both had started, stepping back and glancing quickly at the front door. It was closed. The curtained windows were a warm yellow. He had looked at her, filled his lungs with air, whispered her name—then stopped, at a loss, and kissed her again. This time their bodies had pressed together and her hands had stroked the back of his neck. Then she had straightened and said, "I suppose we should go in. They're probably waiting for us."

They had opened the front door and walked into the living room. The lights were on by the couch, and Tommy, Alice's younger brother, was sitting on the floor listening to *A Hard Day's Night*. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor had come in, both wearing bathrobes, and they had all had a drink together.

"Well, Scobie," Mr. Taylor had said. "Do you still want to be a writer when you grow up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Scobie will never grow up," Mrs. Taylor had said, laughing. "Will you? Please don't."

Scobie had felt as if Alice were his wife, as if

they were sitting with her parents as equals. The living room was beautiful to look at: a Picasso lithograph and a Cambodian tapestry on the wall, dark red books in the bookcases, marble ashtrays on the tables, an Isfahan rug on the floor, the soft light holding them all in a trance—his life had settled, arranged itself around this scene, held the image to his heart. But he had never slept with Alice. She was too shy, she had refused, and he had respected her too much to insist. Instead, they had sat together for hours, holding hands and kissing, until the summer was over, and she returned to her boarding school in Switzerland, and he returned to his boarding school in England. The next time he saw her she was wearing lipstick and having an affair with a banker.

Scobie left his bed and walked downstairs. Thin shadows stretched across the living-room floor. He could hear Hassan in the kitchen, and he could smell tea. He sat down in one of the armchairs and stared at the motes of dust dancing in the twilight. His body seemed suspended, detached from his mind. What he saw was more real than himself. The clock was ticking nearby and he sensed his parents behind their closed bedroom door. Hassan, singing to himself, filled the quiet house with a gentle, warbling chant. Scobie heard the kitchen screen door rattle open, bang closed, and Quentin's voice saying, "Hassan, I need some food."

"Food?"

"Yes."

"What kind food you want for?"

"Bread, I guess. And cookies. And fruit."

"Why?"

"It's a secret, Hassan. I can't tell anyone, not even you. Do you have a paper bag I can use? Thanks. Thanks a lot, Hassan. Bye."

The screen door slammed shut and there was a moment's silence in the kitchen, followed by a long sigh and more singing. Scobie rose and went outside. The sky was a pearly white, dazzling with sunset at the edge of the sea. He saw Quentin hurrying toward the beach. He was small and stout. Puffs of sand lifted and sank behind him. Scobie slowed down and took his time. The dust on the street lay molded by car tracks circling the identical houses. Neighborhood dogs ignored him as he passed them leaping up and down some sand piled against a wall. The road ran on between the barren gardens, past the long, low Embassy. Then the beach stretched out before him, and he saw a dozen children, some standing with their hands on their hips, pot-bellied, bow-backed, and others sitting cross-legged in the sand. In their midst stood a tall, thin young man with a red beard. He was wearing a sheepskin coat and was leaning on a staff, talking to the children.

Scobie saw Mona resting against the side of an upturned fishing boat.

"Hello," he said. "What's this?"

"The children found him on the beach," she said. "His name's Phillip, I think. He's hitched all the way from England. Manchester. They've built him a little house—there, you see that lean-to? And they've all plundered their houses for food. It's quite exciting, actually."

Scobie looked back at the cluster of children. Whatever Phillip was saying, they were fascinated. They were silent, listening. Then, all at once, they were asking him questions.

"What did you do this afternoon?" Scobie asked.

"Oh, nothing. Watched the children. Read."

She was standing with her arms folded, and he realized she was self-conscious about her breasts.

"What're you doing tonight?" he asked.

"I have to take care of the kids. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh are going out."

"What about tomorrow night?"

"I'm not doing anything. There's a good film showing at the cinema, actually. A French film. It'll have Arabic subtitles, but that's all right. Rather baroque."

"What time?"

"I don't know. I'll check. I *think* it's a good film."

"Anything would be fun."

"Yes," she said. "You're quite right."

It was growing dark. Phillip had unrolled a sleeping bag under his lean-to and made a small fire, over which he was now cooking something in a camper's frying pan. "Hot dogs," Mona laughed. The children sat in a circle around him, crouched on their haunches, watching.

"How old are you?" Mona asked.

"Seventeen," he said.



Mona sat next to him on the front seat of his father's green Chevrolet. The faint scent of her perfume drifted through the car. Pools of yellow light swept past the windows. On the left of the modern, empty highway leading into town was the desert. On the right was the sea. Mona was wearing a long maroon dress, a white shawl, and sandals. Already, rings of sweat had formed under Scobie's arms, and he was sure he smelled like a gymnasium. They drove down Kuwait's main street, a wide boulevard with a strip of grass in the middle that had to be watered constantly, day and night. The sidewalks were crowded with outdoor cafés, each one illuminated by a television. As Scobie looked for a parking space, two dozen identical pictures of Mickey Mouse flashed simultaneously onto the screens. Below, Arabs

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in white *kaffiyehs* chain-smoked and watched.

The cinema, like the highway, was new, and it was packed with men. Scobie and Mona bought their tickets and sat near the front. They saw a newsreel, three coming attractions for Italian Westerns, and twenty minutes of local advertising. Then the movie began. It was a French love story dubbed into English with Arabic subtitles, and had been so badly cut—every time a man and a woman even approached each other they promptly vanished—that it made very little sense. Halfway through, Scobie reached for Mona's hand. She returned the pressure of his fingers, without looking at him, and they held hands during the rest of the movie. Afterwards, on the sidewalk outside, twenty or thirty men crowded around them, jostling each other and staring at Mona. She kept her arms folded and her eyes straight ahead. The men were almost hysterical with excitement, and Scobie thought there would be a riot and he would be clubbed to death. But they passed safely to the car, though a few men couldn't resist reaching out and pinching Mona's shoulders. She blushed and swore.

"Where to now?" Scobie asked, starting the car.

"Go back toward the Embassy," she said.

"There's a restaurant by the sea."

She sat close to him on the seat, quietly smoking a cigarette.

"What's that?" He pointed to a red hue in the sky above the desert.

"An oil fire," she said. "They're waiting for that famous fellow to come and put it out."

The restaurant was large and empty, with candles on the tables and a plate-glass window overlooking the water. The moon was out again. They sat by the window, their feet touching under the table. She told him that her father was a clerk, her mother worked part-time in a dress shop, and her two brothers, both older, were salesmen—Barnaby, the youngest, sold vacuum cleaners, Mason sold Austin-Healeys. She had gone to school long enough to get two "A" Levels, in art history and geography, before running away to Spain with a painter she met in a London discothèque.

"I lived with him for a year," she said. "Then with George, in Paris, and then with Peter, on Hydra, and then I worked in London for a while, and then I got fed up and answered an ad in the *Times* for a governess. And now here I am. I shan't stay much longer, I shouldn't think."

In the candlelight, her face was much softer, less intimidating, more relaxed. She leaned toward him with her elbows on the table.

"When I was a little girl I was convinced something special was waiting for me when I grew up. I didn't know what, but something very special, unique, I was convinced."

"And?"

"So far, nothing special." She laughed. "I didn't

expect anything particular. That's why I do all the things I do. I say to myself, 'Well, it sounds daft, but this might be *it*.'"

In front of the Marshes' house, still in the car, he kissed her. Her lips were soft and warm, she opened her mouth, her tongue caressed his. They didn't hold each other tightly, they just sat with their hands touching and their heads leaning back against the seat.

"This is the nicest evening I've had in a long time," she murmured.

"Me, too."

"You're very gentle," she said, stroking his cheek with her fingers, her eyes a distant luster in the moonlight. "Very gentle."



Scobie had a small leather box, and in that box was a thin silver bracelet Alice had given him. He sat in bed, under the covers, with the bracelet on his knees, and thought of his brother, Matthew, who was going to boarding school in the States and spending Christmas vacation with

his grandparents on Long Island. Last Christmas, Scobie had been there. I should write him a letter, Scobie thought. He picked the bracelet up and looked at it closely. The house was quiet. Outside, the breathing desert—stars, moon, waves, moments of his life spinning and tumbling in space, or his head: the dry dust smell, dull tile, the sea, the blank blue sky, voices in the street, whispering. He put the bracelet in the leather box and turned off the light, and looked at the slabs of light coming in the window and listened to the thrumming beach. The shadows of the objects in his room quivered before his eyes. He was not sleepy, only too tired to do anything but lie there in the dark dreaming of Mona. He rolled over and wondered if she were asleep yet. Or was she, too, lying awake, thinking? And if so, what was she thinking about? Or was she reading? Yes, she would be reading *Balthazar*. He tried to think of nothing but blackness, then whiteness, but words broke the serenity: "*You're very gentle.*" Was that a compliment? Was she laughing at him, for being young? Should he have touched her breasts, there in the car, should he have been stronger? "*You're very gentle.*" What did that mean?

He sat up in bed, turned on the light, lit a cigarette, and rummaged around in his suitcase until he found a soiled spiral notebook. He opened the notebook to a blank page and wrote: "The Embassy in Paris slowly drifts across my eyelids, droopy with the dust and the sun. Shoes move by,

feetless. Billboards. Murmurs. Over the carefully planned garden and park, the distant music of cars. Waiting for a person, or a time, I forget, and watching two children playing. The smallest, a boy, chases his sister around and around a sandbox, making pig noises. A parasol walks by. The children are throwing sand at each other, but of course in the end they're playing together with a toy truck. Dresses rustle somewhere in my memory. I seem to recall their mother, tall and elegant. Her eyes were large and dark. The rest of her face was, I remember, too beautiful to be tender. She frequently paused before the various mirrors in her house, or glanced quickly at her reflection immediately upon entering a friend's house. Of course I never knew her. I have only seen her children, playing in the different streets of Paris, the long shady ones lined with hidden houses. I feel as if I were walking home from a party late at night, stopping and staring up at laughing couples leaning on balconies, or running my fingers along the layers of advertisement on a yellow wall—dating back, perhaps, to the last political crisis, or the transportation strike, or the birth of a bricklaying pop singer. It all passes, a million lives at once, while I sit on a painted bench watching some children and imagining their mother and . . . what? Waiting for Alice, I think. Yes, and here she comes, in a white raincoat, for some reason, to tell me, 'I'm having an affair.' An affair? At your age? With whom? 'A banker.' How old? 'Forty.' *Forty?* 'Yes.' Why? But I know. Because *I'm* not old enough. I should have slept with her last summer, but I didn't, because I'm a boy."

"I wish we could be alone somewhere," Scobie said.

"So do I."

The sun was reflected in Mona's eyes. She lifted a handful of sand and let it slide between her fingers, the small pyramid dissolving, then collapsing. She stared at the children playing near the waves.

"I almost had a baby once," she said.

He had forgotten that such a thing was possible.

"When?" he asked.

"Two years ago. But I had an abortion instead."

"That must have been very painful."

"It was. Psychologically."

"That's what I mean."

"And yet I wasn't prepared to have a child either. So—" She shrugged.

"Was the . . . father with you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He didn't know," she said.

"He *didn't*?"

"No. We had split up by then. That was Peter. I told you about him. We lived on Hydra together. Anyway, I didn't want to see him. He would have made a fuss. He would have wanted me to have the baby."

"Why?"

"Because it was his."

"I don't get it."

"You don't? Well, he was older than you. And he was very possessive. He would have considered it an *insult* for me to abort *his* child. Do you see?"

"Sort of."

"Oh, Scobie, you are naïve."

They were both silent for a while. Except for the children, they were alone on the beach again, but Scobie felt exposed, vulnerable; behind him were the windows of the Ambassador's house and a wing of the Embassy. An oil tanker moved slowly along the horizon. Mona was wearing a T-shirt, and Scobie could see the shape of her breasts clearly outlined in the striped cloth. Her bare feet were buried in sand. He wanted to reach out and touch her. He remembered the way her lips had brushed his, last night in the car.

"Mona?"

"Yes?"

"Have you ever been really in love?"

"Several times." She laughed. "Have you?"

"I think so."

"With your girlfriend, Alice?"

"Yes."

"Did she love you?"

"I don't know."

"Do you still love her?"

"I think about her a lot. Yeah, I guess I still love her a little."

"Have you ever been in love with anyone else?"

"No."

"It's not something that only happens once," she said.

"I know."

Suddenly she leaned over and kissed him, then sat back, smiling.

"What happened to that guy Phillip?" Scobie asked.

"Oh, he left for India this morning. He's looking for God, I'm afraid."



eined and slender, his father's fingers cradled the miniature frigate and held it under the lamp. Papery planks and a brass cannon the size of a pearl gleamed as he brought his eyes closer, his horn-rimmed glasses mirroring the ship in a lake of white light. A cigarette was burning in

the ashtray on his desk, next to a half-empty demitasse. Small tools lay scattered at his elbows. Behind him, hanging on the wall, was a faded watercolor of a sailboat at anchor. Smoke swirled up

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through the light and around his head. To his left, sitting on the couch, her knees tucked, was Scobie's mother, reading. As she read, her lips moved slightly, so that Scobie could almost hear the words. A Frank Sinatra album was on the Grundig, and his father suddenly started whistling along with the song, leaning back in his chair and scratching his cheek.

"Is Quentin over visiting Kathy?" Scobie asked.

"Yes," his mother said.

"I think I'll go see what they're doing."

"OK. But tell him not to stay up too late."

"I'll tell him."

"And give my best to Mona," she said.

It was a cool evening, the moon and stars filling the sky. Scobie walked down the middle of the dirt road, between the stone houses and parked cars, until he reached the Marshes' house. A plump, blond-haired girl about ten years old answered the doorbell.

"Hi. I'm Quentin's brother."

"Oh, hi. I'm Kathy. Come in."

He stepped into a living room that was dark but for the gray light of a television screen. Dan Cartwright was hurriedly mounting his horse. Sweat trickled down Scobie's sides. He could barely see the shapes of small bodies sitting before the television.

"Is Quentin here?" he asked.

"Yeah. Hey, Quentin. Your brother's here."

None of the shapes moved.

"Actually, I was wondering if Mona's around," Scobie said.

"Sure. Upstairs."

"Upstairs?"

"Yeah. In bed."

"She's asleep?"

"Naw. She's sick."

"Well, um, where're your parents?"

"Out."

"Oh. Well, tell Mona I hope she's OK."

"You tell her."

"Me?"

"Sure, just go up and tell her."

"Really?"

"Yeah, sure, why not?"

"Swift," he heard Quentin saying, somewhere near the television. "That was really swift."

"Well, how do I get there?" Scobie asked.

"Up the stairs, first right," Kathy said. "Just like your house. They're all the same."

"OK. Thanks."

He climbed the shadowy stairs to a dark hallway. He groped to his right. The door was open.

"Mona?"

He heard sheets rustling, then Mona's voice: "Who's that?"

"Me, Scobie. Are you asleep? If you're asleep, I'll go away."

He turned and started back down the stairs, his knees shaking.

"Scobie."

"What?"

"I wasn't sleeping."

"You weren't?"

"No."

"Oh, well, are you all right?" He returned to the hallway and peered into the black room. "Kathy said you were sick."

"Come here."

"Where?"

"Here, silly."

Reaching blindly into the room, he took a few steps forward and stopped. Her hand took his and guided him to the side of her bed. He sat down. As his eyes slowly adjusted to the darkness, he saw her bare shoulders above the sheets. Her fingers massaged his knuckles.

"Are you all right?" he whispered.

"Yes. What did the children tell you?"

"That you were sick."

"And what were they doing?"

"Watching television."

He could smell her body, the fragrance of perfume, and sweat, and something he couldn't identify, something almost bitter. Her hands slid up his arms to his shoulders, joined behind his head and gently brought him down to her mouth. What should he do? From a distance, he watched himself falter. He didn't know what to do. He started to unbuckle his belt, stopped, bent over, and kissed her, his hands caressing her warm, supple body. His legs shivered. The house was suddenly quiet. Outside, a car door slammed.

"What's that?"

"Shh." She moved beneath him.

"I heard something."

She was still. "What?"

"I don't know," he whispered.

"There's nothing out there. Relax."

"Mona?"

"Yes?"

"I lied to you."

"You did?"

"Yes."

"About what?"

"Alice."

"I don't understand."

"We didn't sleep together."

"You didn't?"

"No. I'm a virgin."

He heard her laughing softly in the dark. Then she sat up, brushing her hair from her face.

"This is crazy," she whispered.

"I know. You're right. The kids could hear us."

"That's right," she said. "The Marshes could come home any minute."

"Yeah, you're right. Christ. This is crazy."

He buckled his belt and struggled into his shoes.

"Scobie?"

"Yeah?"

"Listen, you fool. Listen to me. Hurry, button your shirt. Listen. *You're lovely.*"

She kissed him and pushed him from the room.

Scobie dreamed they were walking through a city. She was ahead of him, wearing a long black dress. He called her name. She didn't stop. Again, he called her name. Still she would not respond. Running, he caught up with her, said her name, touched her on the shoulder, and turned her toward him. Then they were dancing in a large marble hallway. As they danced, she grew smaller and smaller, until she finally disappeared. He looked for her everywhere. He went to the Marshes' house, the beach, the Embassy, the cinema. But he could not find her. The next day, he was told by Mrs. Marsh that she had taken the children to a Christmas party at the Aramco settlement.

Around lunchtime, she was taking a nap, and not to be disturbed—"Remember," Kathy said, "she was sick last night." Scobie went back home and sat on the roof reading *Tender Is the Night*. It was siesta time and the city was silent. It seemed that he was the only person alive. But Mona was there somewhere, only a few houses away. He thought about last night. It had happened so quickly. Why hadn't it seemed real? Why didn't it seem real now? He gave up reading and looked out over the city, then to the motionless sea, and wondered if he would ever wake up and touch the world.

"Why are you hiding?" Scobie asked.

"I'm not hiding," Mona said. "I just feel like being alone."

"But you hated being alone before."

"Well, I can't help that."

"Would you rather I left you alone?"

"Yes. Oh, Scobie. Just for now."

"I won't be here forever, Mona."

"I know." She sighed. "I know."

"Why do you want to be alone?" he asked.

"I can't explain."

"Oh."

"Don't be hurt."

"I'm not hurt."

"Good."

"Mona, I don't understand. Last night, I was practically in your bed."

"Scobie."

"What?"

"Who am I?"

"What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I said. Who am I?"

"Well—Mona."

"And what does Mona do?"

"She's . . . she's a governess."

"A *nanny*, Scobie. A *nanny*. And how old is *nanny*?"

"Oh, come on, Mona, that's irrelevant."

"Nanny is twenty-six. And how large is our community, Scobie?"

"Mona, will you please just—"

"Our community is the size of a small harem. All the old women talk. Buzz, buzz, buzz. Scobie?"

"What?"

"Do you understand now?"

"No."

"Then you're just being stubborn. And anyway, afterwards you wouldn't want to see me anymore."

"That's not true."

"Yes it is. I know."

"How do you know?"

"I just do. I've been around. Admit it, you're relieved."

"I'm not."

"I don't believe you."

They were sitting in the Marshes' living room. The children were outside, playing in the yard. Mona sat on the couch. Scobie was in an armchair. Looking at her eyes, he remembered how they had looked when he had first met her: bright, laughing. Now they were dull and melancholy. Her arms were folded across her breasts. The sound of his breathing pressed against his ears.

"I just don't understand," he said.

"You will."

"Mona, I'm so sick of everything going through my life so fast."

She leaned forward and held his face in her hands.

"Scobie, don't worry. Things will straighten out for you."

"I have to *have* something, Mona. I have to have something I can look at and think, 'That's my life.' You know?"

"I know. But listen. Take your time."

"I can't."

"You won't get it now, Scobie." She straightened. "I must see to the children. Dinner time. OK?"

She walked him to the door. Sunset slanted through the windows.

"See you later," he said.



Scobie's father came home from work and said, "We're going to Egypt. Oh, and there's a letter from Matthew." The minaret calls sang in the sky. His father whistled as he showered. His mother and Hassan laughed in the kitchen. Over dinner, Quentin

said, "Scobie, Mona really likes you."

Scobie's mother and father looked at each other and tried not to smile.

"She told me," Quentin said.

His large brown eyes watched Scobie intently.

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"Scobie?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you like her?"

"Sure," he said, glancing at his mother.

"What did you say to her last night?"

"Quentin, I think you'd better stop talking and start eating," his father said.

"Excuse me," Scobie said, standing and leaving the table.

Upstairs, in his bedroom, he lit a cigarette and stared at the pattern of green fish on his bedspread. Then he went out onto the roof and looked at the moon and cried, choked with sobs that rose from a sadness he had not known was so painful and deep. He longed to be a child again—sexless and voiceless and lost in the landscape, like the sea or the desert. And then, just as strongly, he wanted Mona. He wanted to feel her body next to his. He wanted to feel her hands on his back. He wanted to hear her sigh. He wanted to kiss her breasts, her shoulders, her face, her stomach, her feet. He wanted to hear her saying his name.

He went inside and put on a sweater. His suitcase, he noticed, was still on the floor, only half unpacked.

Scobie made himself walk slowly. He felt surrounded by a layer of air that magnified everything he saw: the silent white houses, the shapes of cars hunched at the curb, the suggestion of space between the high bright stars, the moon and its soft light which merged, near the horizon, with the arched orange nimbus of the oil fire in the desert. Though there was a cold breeze, he was sweating; he raised his arms and let the current dry his shirt and sweater. It was a blue night out, and the objects around him seemed to swim in a sea. Toward how many girls' houses had he moved like this before? Leslie's, when he was ten, in hot, wet Baghdad. Dorothy's, in Rome, after following her through the set of *Ben Hur* and shaking hands with Charlton Heston. Alice's, returning from an afternoon in the Place de la Contrescarpe. The different girls and their different houses all formed a single radiant hue in his mind. He was walking along every street he had ever walked along, he was seeing everything he had ever seen. He was himself at every age. He had been here before. He had already seen this stone house approaching like a memory. Yet how was this possible? He had never been here before. He was a complete stranger. And he watched himself so carefully. He missed nothing. Not the chaotic long hair, or the self-conscious mouth, or the pimpled forehead, or the slouch or the shuffle. He was inside himself and outside himself at the same time.

Mona opened the door.

"Oh," she said.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello."

"I was wondering."

"Yes?"

"If you'd like to take a walk. It's a beautiful night."

"Scobie." She sighed. She was wearing a light cotton dress that reached her knees, and her hair was tied back in a bun.

"I'd like to talk to you, Mona."

"OK. Just a minute."

She disappeared and returned with a shawl over her shoulders.

"I can't be long," she said. "I left Kathy in charge."

"Do the Marshes go out every goddamn night?"

"It's the holiday season," she said.

"Let's walk."

"Where?"

"Not far, to the beach or something."

"OK." She laughed. "OK."

She took his arm and they walked past the leaning shadows of bicycles behind the houses. The Embassy guards stiffened when they heard them coming, lifting their shoulders away from the backgammon table crammed inside their booth. A bare overhead light made them look like prison guards.

"Good evening," Scobie said.

He led Mona onto the beach, trying to ignore their smiles and curiosity.

"They'll leave us alone," he said. "Let's sit down."

"No. Let's keep walking."

"Mona?"

"Yes."

"I want to talk to you."

"All right. I'm sorry."

They sat down. The guards were lost behind the dunes. Curtains covered the windows of the Ambassador's house. The moon flapped like a fish at their feet. He lay back in the cold sand and looked up at the sky. Mona sat with her knees drawn to her chin, staring at the water.

"What did you want to say?" she whispered.

He brought his hand up and touched her neck. He could not see her face. He touched her earlobes, her cheek.

She leaned back into his arms and kissed him. Her large lips were soft and pliant. His hands quivering, he touched her breasts beneath her dress. She closed her eyes, unsnapped his jeans, then sat back and pulled her dress over her head. Her moonlit breasts floated free. When her hands touched his naked skin he gasped. Pressing him down, she spread her legs, her knees bent. There was sand in their mouths as they kissed. Scobie was shivering uncontrollably. She brought him into the warm, wet center of her body and her feet clasped behind his back. Heat flowed through him, moving in circles, in waves, out to his shoulders, his arms, his legs, his fingers, his feet. He was searching for a rhythm. He could not understand

hers—it was too slow, too luxuriant. He felt her legs tightening. “Slowly,” she whispered. “Slowly, slowly, slowly.” Different images, brief, almost subliminal memories, sped through his head. He saw himself as a boy, sitting on a bed, listening to the quick, sharp *plinks* of a piano being tuned. He could hear fishing boats outside, the stuttering of their small diesel engines lifting off the water and filling the narrow, shadowed space with the *pock-pock* of faraway tennis games, lawn mowers, electric saws, flying airplane models. Intricate piercings of memory, something in the rhythm he now unconsciously found, drove through his skull like a bullet: a Land Rover with its panels peeled by the seasons, a slumping black dog buried in a garden, an enormous red bicycle blistering on a terrace, a long stretch of rain, a dream, curiously detailed, a man with his hair on fire, an apartment in a city, a view of trees, two cats, a pair of riding boots in a closet, snatches of song, a car changing gears, a light slipping up one wall, across the ceiling and down another wall, ice cubes rattling in glass, twirling skirts, a statue slippery with moss, surrounded by pebbles, sinking—Mona touched his chin. He hissed, squeezing her waist, and fell into her arms, into the sound of her thumping heart.

He rolled over onto the sand. Mona’s breasts were flat and round. Her stomach rose and fell gently. She watched the sky as if reading her own palm, her lips moving. Without a word, she rose and walked to the sea. The moonlight framed her against the dark waves. She ran the water over her body, bringing it up in her cupped hands and letting it splash down to circles at her feet. Scobie dressed and waited. She returned wet and shivering. He held out her thin dress. She pulled it on over her head and wrapped her shawl around her shoulders.

“I’m going home for a while,” she whispered. “I can’t explain.”

“Are you all right? Can’t you come over to my place?”

“I should get back to the children.” Her voice was quiet and sad. He held her shoulders and she looked up at him.

“Actually, I guess it is pretty late,” he said.

“Yes.”

“But I’ll see you tomorrow, OK?”

“Of course.”

“I’ll walk you back.”

“No, please, I’d rather go by myself.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m sure. Good night, Scobie.” She kissed him.

“Good night.”

He watched her walk across the sand, a thin shadow in the moonlight.

Her damp, sweet smell clung to his body. He gradually became aware of the sand in his hair and his teeth and his eyes, the pain low in his abdomen. He wanted to wash and lie down on a smooth bed and wait for the ache to subside.

When he could no longer see Mona, he counted to fifty, then walked to the Embassy gates. The two guards straightened and smiled, nodding as he stepped past them. His feet were light. He swaggered down the weaving road. He was alive, he could feel it all over his body, like the shock of a perfect morning. Never had he felt so free.

He took a long shower, alternating the temperature of the water from hot to cold. He washed his hair, shaved, brushed his teeth, trimmed his fingernails, and stared at his face in the mirror above the sink, looking for changes. Then he went into his room and dried his hair. The small electric heater by the closet was glowing and clicking. The curtains were drawn. On his bedside table, a lamp cast a wide circle of light onto the ceiling. His parents were still awake downstairs. He could hear them talking. Humming to himself, he threw his wet towel onto the mound of clothing in his suitcase and climbed into bed. He lit a cigarette and reminded himself to write Matthew. He smiled. And Alice. He would write Alice and tell her he’d like to see her again. He would stop in Paris on his way back to boarding school, and she would meet him at the airport in a white raincoat, and he would—but then he thought of Mona. The memory of her touch, the lingering smell of her skin, made him blush. A numbing regret replaced his happiness. He had not dreamed his ecstasies on the beach. The bodies had been real, his and hers, grappling like shadows in a fire. He felt his freedom slipping away. When he saw her tomorrow, what would he say? Would he sit with her on the beach, watching the children? Would he invite her to dinner, to eat at the table with his mother and father? Would he put on a tie and coat and take her to a party? No, he thought, instantly aged by the ease with which he wondered how he could possibly avoid her for the rest of his vacation. □

IN MEMORY OF W.H. AUDEN

by William Matthews

1

His heart made a last fist.
The language has used him
well and passed him through.
We get what he collected.
The magpie shines, burns
in the face of the polished stone.

2

His was a mind alive by a pure greed
for reading, for the book
which "is a mirror,"
as Lichtenberg said: "if an ass
peers into it, you can't expect
an apostle to look out."

It was a mediating mind.
There were the crowds like fields of waving wheat
and there was the Rilkean fire
he didn't like
at the bottom of the night.
He loomed back and forth.
The space shrank.
The dogs of Europe vovled
about the house,
darks defining a campfire.

3

My friend said Auden died
because his face
invaded his body.
Under the joke is a myth—
we invent our faces:
the best suffer most and it shows.
But what about the face
crumpled by a drunk's Buick?
Or Auden's
face in its fugue of photographs
so suddenly resolved?
It isn't suffering that eats us.

4

They were not painting about suffering,
the Old Masters. Not the human heart but
Brueghel turns the plowman away
for compositional reasons
and smooths the waters for a ship he made
expensive and delicate.
The sun is implied by how
the sure hand makes the light fall
as long as we watch the painting.
The sure hand is cruel.

LIFE & LETTERS

WHITE HOUSE, JAILHOUSE, OYSTER HOUSE:

Notes On Some New Mobilities

by Benjamin DeMott

On its face Jeb Magruder's *An American Life: One Man's Road to Watergate* (Atheneum, \$10.00) is a standard modern rise story—up the ladder to hell. The hero is born to a family that's in shock (a once-rich elder has just gone to jail like a common thief). His dad, who owns a Staten Island print plant, talks little, reads more, looks dour. His college, Williams, amounts to a put-down itself, treating all Preppies as teen kings and High School Harrys (Jeb is one) as creeps. Summer work on a New Jersey assembly line seems fearful:

Fenders came at me along the assembly line and my job was to screw in the four bolts that secured a headlight. The fenders came relentlessly, like an advancing army, and I soon saw that I couldn't possibly keep up. . . . Some mornings I'd wake up in a cold sweat, after having a nightmare in which the assembly line was revolving around my bed. It was the worst experience I'd ever had. . . . I didn't see how anyone could live like that for thirty or forty years.

And the army sends him "out in the cold again"—to Korea as an EM, tenting with a man with VD.

Nor do matters pick up instantly when, returned at last, college over, trainee job in hand, young Jeb marries and launches his career. Domesticity bottoms out as a gloomy apartment, appliance trouble, three children under the age of four, and absolutely "no help." Ascent in the

corporate structure is erratic (hard to locate the Heavenly City when you're dropped back to floor-manager status in a klutzy department store after holding a top market slot in a chain). Even political moonlighting—precinct work, campaign management—is a downer if your candidates can't finish in the money.

But despite slow weeks and low grosses, the hero is climbing, no question. From Crown Zellerbach at \$7000 a year (paper-bag and toilet-paper salesman) to Booz, Allen at \$8000 (management consultant); from Jewel Tea at \$22,000 to Broadway-Hale at \$35,000 (merchandising exec); from obscurity as a party worker to the start of a cosy scrapbook (GOLDWATER BACKER MAGRUDER HAS EVEN TEMPER, HIGH BOILING POINT: Northfield [Illinois] Star); from borrowed elegance in the form of a friend's Bentley (" . . . a memorable trip: [Gail and I] cruised through the South like royalty, leaving in our path hundreds of awed motorists and service-station attendants") to boughten elegance of one's own (" . . . a lovely modernistic house in the Santa Monica valley about a mile from the ocean"). And at length the call comes from the White House and glory aplenty rains down. "I had been struck by the sheer perfection of life there" at San Clemente, the hero murmurs; " . . . my hands were trembling." Life in the East isn't bad either—for a stretch: lunch with Christina Ford at Sans Souci one day, on the next a toot around

the Monument in "my Mustang with special Inaugural license plate #4 . . . just behind the President, Vice President, and Marriott."

But in another part of the forest serpents are coiling, meanness hidden by sly smiles. To his dismay the hero discovers he's being *set up*. Loyal and good, eager to sacrifice for the cause, positive (for a time) that his friends, his trusted co-workers, are at one with him in dedication, he's fated to learn they're not. Desperate, he begs them to reconsider, but they're busy, unable to talk. They're busy playing on his ignorance of the law, protecting themselves, fabricating alibis, contriving "deniabilities." Too late he grasps the Situation, understands he has climbed these peaks for paste. Nothing for it but to give himself up, pay his debts like a man, aspire to start afresh.

Most readers will look to this memoir for new light from within. Why was the break-in approved? How arrogant, really, were the President's men? What exactly happened when all at once everybody was scrambling? Mr. Magruder's answers and estimates are usually piquant and sometimes plausible. His overt attempts at portraiture—the President is presented as so badly coordinated and awkward that he can't hold cup and saucer without clatter—lack subtlety and measure; his extended quotations from conversation and papers yield, when studied, many odd items of interest. (It appears, for instance,

that the most overworked word in White House memoranda and chat, through the Magruder years, was "devastating.") *An American Life* will undoubtedly come to stand as "a valuable part of the record."

But its importance lies elsewhere, in a deep and pitiable truth that's remote from hard news, weightier than the book's mythic structure can bear, and less closely connected with a discovery of sin or an obstruction of justice than with the defeat of occupation itself. Mr. Magruder's key subject, in a word, is work.

Heading up a public relations operation in the Executive Mansion means, he says, providing lengthy game plans . . . bureaucratic exercises, ways of producing an illusion of activity when in fact little existed . . . "The typical crisis memo; twenty-four actions listed, and perhaps half of them ever carried out." It means writing phony letters to newspapers and staging phony victory celebrations on the East Coast to shape voting patterns in the West. It means proposing to the President, with high enthusiasm, a campaign to call him Mr. Peace ("Mr. Peace leaves all other Mist'ers behind"). It means responding with high enthusiasm, game plan at the ready, to the President's own proposal that the Republican Party be promoted as "the party of the open door." And it means spending hours on "ideas" that are, alas, downright dumb:

One idea we sometimes kicked around in the White House was changing the name of the Republican Party. . . . One way to attract Middle Americans to our cause might be by offering what seemed to be a new party. . . . Haldeman was interested in this idea. . . .

The confusion induced by the emptiness of this "work" is wretched to witness and morally damaging in its effects. Subtly it insinuates that every deed by a "White House person" must somehow qualify in reality as work, that every action is fraught, momentous, different in kind—because done by a Somebody—from that same action as performed by commoners. And time and again the sequel is arrogance, as when one presidential assistant, told by a Blue Ridge Park officer

that he mustn't drive his car close to a place where bears come out at night to feed, deliberately flouts the rule:

We found about a hundred tourists standing around in the dusk like an audience in an amphitheater . . . most [of them] speaking in whispers, and then we were horrified to see [Fred] Malek arriving in his Mercedes, honking his horn for people to get out of his way. He had decided to drive up, so he could watch the bears without getting out of his car. The people were appalled, then furious . . . needless to say, the bears never came. . . .

The revelation implicit—nothing here for amazement, and probably little for "personal" blame—is that this "American life" or work history composes a seamless whole: the top and the bottom are one. But until sleaziness, cheating, and the relentless I-want-I-want became grounds, almost by accident, for Jeb Magruder's punishment, they were the grounds of his survival. They shaped the code of the assembly line: ". . . my foreman explained to me that the trick was to screw in only the three outer bolts. The fourth bolt screwed in from the inside and if I didn't screw it in the inspector would never notice." They were the principles on which young Magruder as Vicks VapoRub salesman learned how to conduct a "competition":

. . . you slipped into your routine . . . special discounts . . . buy now pay later . . . and so on. You'd set up your counter display, managing to knock your competitor's displays off the counter in the process. Finally as a parting touch, after you'd made the sale, you'd slap a decal on the druggist's window. That was a remarkable decal. It was made of plastic that couldn't be scraped off. To get rid of that decal you had to change windows.

They were basic "management techniques" at Jewel Tea—as, for example, hire two men for one job and encourage them (extra-productively) to kill each other off.

I worked too hard, says Mr. Magruder, summing up his career to date. —*Too ambitious. Not enough time home with the wife and kids.* None but the hardest rock will listen unmoved. But while the refrain

(Advertisement)

August Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



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PATTERNS IN NATURE

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LITTLE, BROWN

and the myth are familiar, sanctified by the past, American to the core, they add up in the end only to another mode of cover-up. The true lesson of this profoundly depressing book is that work on the mountain closely resembles work down below—in its offense to human dignity and honorable pride. And the dirtiest secret revealed is that contrary to public belief, it's *only* at the top that there's much chance of "getting caught."

Mules and Pinballs

Studs Terkel's Working (Pantheon, \$10.00) is a widely and justly praised inquiry into American life on the job, and as should be acknowledged at once, the book for much of its length is astonishingly *undepressing*. A gregarious man, Mr. Terkel must have crossed a bore's path in his time—but he inflicts few upon his reader. Corporation president, piano tuner, prostitute, dentist, adman, cop, and a hundred more possess, as they converse with this interviewer, uncommon pungency and tangibility; the quality of their work experience matters less than their articulated flexibility and realism. A stewardess remembers that once, after her captain told her that a crash landing might lie just an hour ahead (say nothing to the passengers yet), "this guy got mad at me because his omelet was cold and I was gonna say, 'You just wait, buddy, you're not gonna worry about that omelet.'" A press agent chuckles at lunacy: his three clients are "Cinerama, Indonesia, and the Singer Company." Springy forces of individuation and resilience appear and disappear. A copyboy's sudden outburst of independence: "I wasn't hanging around the paper because that was my destiny. I was just some little pinball that had dropped in a slot. I was there because a bunch of accidents put me there. I also had a will and an energy and I was moving. I was in motion, creative—"

Everywhere in the book voices cry out, with Randall Jarrell's lady in the park, See me! See me! Don't confuse me with my job, age, costume, social place: don't slot me down . . . "I'd like to run a combination bookstore and tavern," says a

steelworker. "I would like to have a place where college kids came and a steelworker could sit down and talk. Where a workingman could not be ashamed of Walt Whitman and where a college professor could not be ashamed that he painted his house over the weekend."

Despite the vibrancy and desire of the principals, however, a sense of waste and confusion asserts itself well before the end, and too firmly for anyone to shrug off. Who could "take heart" at pungency without community, without shared social reality, without linkage between self-estimates and performance levels in service or craft? The interviewer describes the book he constructs from people's talk as "above all (or beneath all)" a treatise on daily humiliation:

The scars, psychic as well as physical, brought home to the supper table and the TV set, may have touched, malignantly, the soul of our society. . . . For the many, there is a hardly concealed discontent. . . . "I'm a machine," says the spot welder. "I'm caged," says the bank teller, and echoes the hotel clerk. "I'm a mule," says the steelworker. "A monkey can do what I do," says the receptionist. "I'm less than a farm implement," says the migrant worker. "I'm an object," says the high fashion model. Blue collar and white call upon the identical phrase: "I'm a robot."

And the emphasis seems, finally, just: monotony; violence and exploitation shape these works and days, and personal fantasy and individual will to transcend the given terms of employment can't by themselves beat them back. Mr. Terkel has counterparts of a sort in the ranks of contemporary social critics, but he is unique in his eschewal of apocalyptic gestures and ghoulishness. He never misses the fine energy of the quarrel in the street, and aims always at honoring the nerve of resistance.

The Only Presidents

Given a corrupted work world, a scene in which the will to escape (with Jeb Magruder) to some imagined Eden is wholly understandable, how should decency proceed? Mr. Terkel's unrevolutionary answer is

that decency can seek, at the minimum, in the name of human solidarity, to know what it's like elsewhere. A similar answer is returned by John R. Coleman's *Blue-Collar Journal: A College President's Sabatical* (Lippincott, \$6.95). The author, president of Haverford College and chairman of Philadelphia's Federal Reserve Bank, stole two months' leave from his trustees not long ago and spent it on the road as a blue-collar worker—ditchdigger, sandwich and salad man at Boston's Union Oyster House, garbageman near Washington, D.C. The goal was to test himself, to learn whether the challenge of work life many steps down from the top could be met and mastered. There's a labyrinth of mime in Mr. Coleman's chapters, and some boyish fiddle. ("Was I really a bank director? Or a college president playing a bank director? Or a ditchdigger playing a college president playing a bank director?") And the author, as he admits, isn't an original thinker on social or cultural issues.

He is, on the other hand, first-rate at opening up the insides of work experiences that wound. One Saturday morning during his service as trash collector, he offers greetings to householders outside doing yard chores:

. . . most often the response was either nothing at all, a look of surprise that I had spoken and used a familiar tongue, or an overly sweet hello.

Both men and women gave me the silent or staring treatment. A woman in housecoat and curlers putting her last tidbit of slops into the pail was startled as I came around the corner of her house. At the sound of my greeting, she gathered her housecoat tightly about her and moved quickly indoors. I heard the lock click. In a way I was flattered by that, even though I had nothing more than picking up her trash on my mind. Another woman had a strange, large animal, more like a vicuña than anything else, in her yard. I asked her what kind of dog it was. She gaped at me. I thought she was hard of hearing and asked my question louder. There was a touch of a shudder before she turned coldly away. A man playing ball with his two young sons looked over in response to my voice, stared without a change of face, and then calmly

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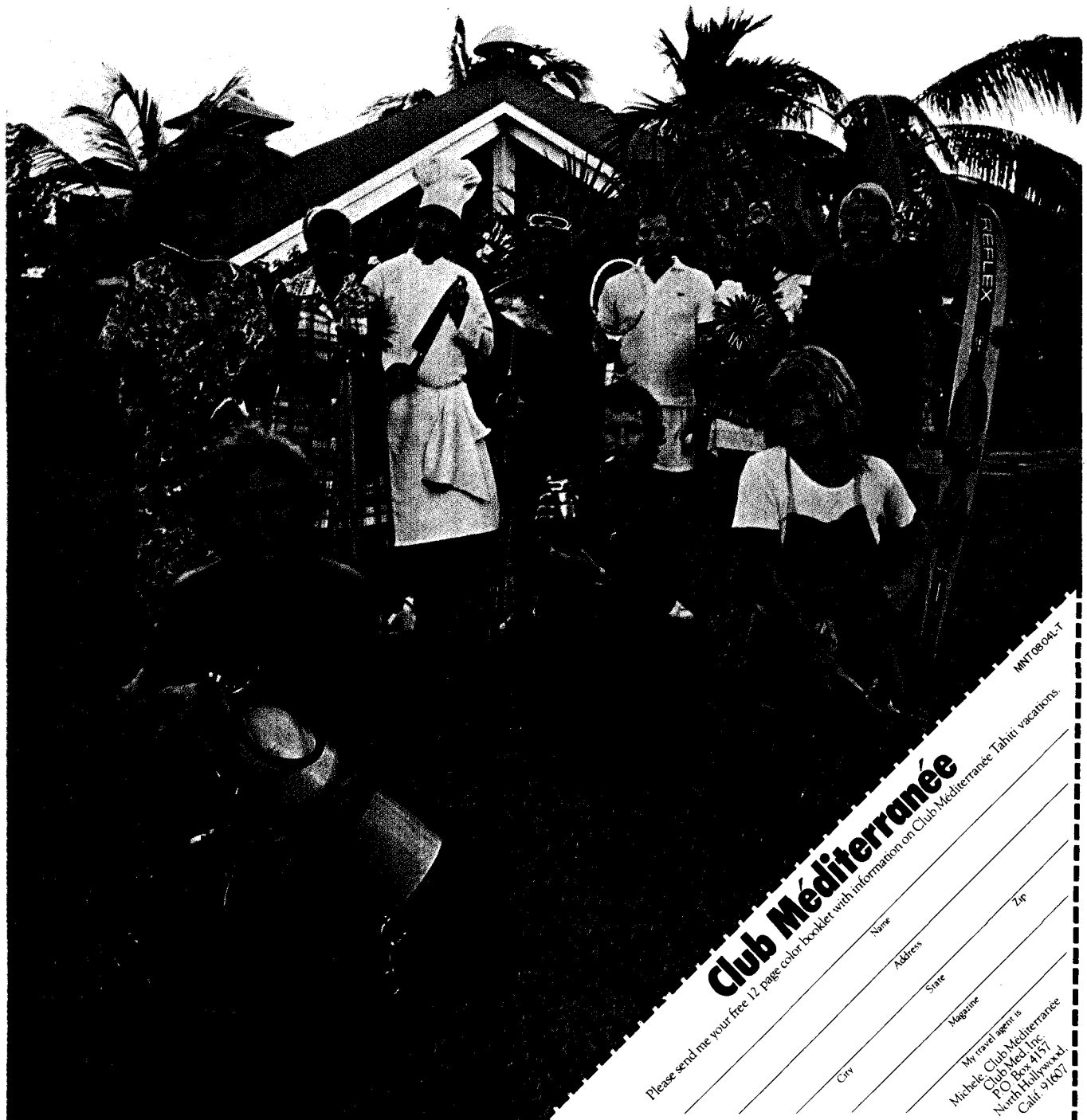
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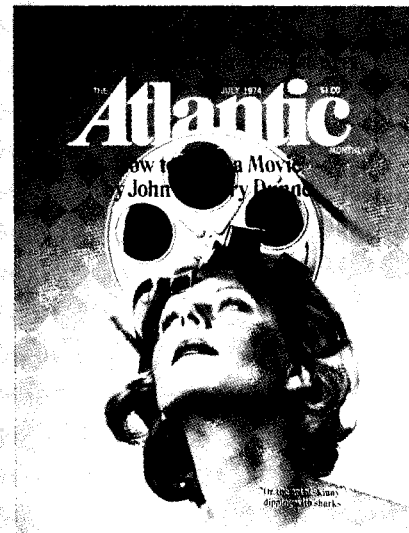
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threw the next ball to one of the boys. And so it went in almost every yard.

In registering his inner resentment at this stoniness, the college president-economist pushes past phrases about "mechanisms of objectification by caste and class" into a substantial world of feeling. It's the same when, after several days of job-hunting, he finally lands a spot; the rush of relief takes the reader well inside experience that unemployment statistics ("5 percent of the labor force") close off:

I was hired. "You can start right away." In the lives of thousands and thousands of people, my three days of "unemployment" would be nothing at all. Yet the relief I felt when I heard those words was real enough to me. My confidence flowed back almost at once. I was determined to do the job well.

As Mr. Coleman everywhere stresses, the curse of semi-genuineness hangs over his "sabbatical": the work experience in *Blue-Collar Journal* isn't "real." But as he sorts out the sensations, frustrations, and insights of his "holiday," this college president demonstrates, instinctively, how a kind and sensible man of power might go about connecting, in his own thought, the quality of experience in his personal enclave with that of people "outside." Shutling in reflection between campus and kitchen, between the remembered quiet of his own office and the noise of other workplaces, he generates queries both clear and complex: What is the importance of sanctuary? How should undergraduates perceive buildings-and-grounds men or cafeteria workers or maids? What would this or that academic-intellectual truism—about self, political reality, history—mean if situated differently, if proposed as truth by a blue-collar worker off campus?

A Federal Reserve chairman is no man of revolution, and to say it another way, there's no reason to believe that American society would transform itself tomorrow if, in any enclave—San Clemente, Haverford, Amherst—men and women began setting themselves to the task of becoming aware of the actions and interests of distant others. But human example is never altogether without potency. If there's to be an advance

from the myths that haunted Jeb Magruder in his youth, powerful promptings to moral realism will be required. And no prompter can any longer be trusted whose claim to authority rests on degrees, tassels, sleekness, "success." Suppose, though, that President Coleman's example were to prevail . . . Suppose, that is, that power undertook to behave as though persuaded its first obligation were to attain, at a cost in comfort, genuinely comprehensive sympathy . . . Suppose men

and women to whom the texture of life "below" was extraordinarily vivid were to be regarded as what they are, indispensable—the only Presidents we have . . . Seldom as pretentious as words like these might suggest, Mr. Coleman's highly affecting *Journal* summons memories of the best American dream, namely that our purpose, the national destiny, was nothing other than to achieve a full democratization of mind. Time to beg back that dream.

THE MATHEMATICS OF SLAVERY

by John W. Blassingame

TIME ON THE CROSS

by Robert William Fogel
and Stanley L. Engerman
Little, Brown, 2 vols., \$21.45

In 1854 a former Maryland slave, Stephen Pembroke, said: "Some suppose slavery not to be what it is said to be, but I am right down upon it. I was fifty years in it, and it has many degrees. I have been in three of them. In thirty years I was sold three times. . . . I have seen men tied up, whipped, shot, and starved. Then there was a moderate degree; and then I got into that, which I left, after being twenty years in it. It has left life in me, that is all. . . . I would rather die the death of the righteous than be a slave, always under dread and never getting a good word. . . . Such is the condition of Slavery: it is a hard substance; you cannot break it nor pull it apart, and the only way is to escape from it."

Time on the Cross, an inquiry into slavery that has caused considerable controversy this year, concentrates almost entirely on what Stephen Pembroke would call one degree of slavery, the moderate one. The book's authors, economists Robert Fogel and Stanley Engerman, theorize both about the material condition of the bondsmen and about slavery as an economic organization. Their work is presented as "an entirely new portrayal of slavery's past," which "challenges virtually every assumption that has been made about the management of

slaves, their work habits, their domestic welfare."

The authors arrive at what they claim are ten new conclusions about slavery, among them being that it was a rational, efficient system and planters were optimistic on the eve of the Civil War; the slave was a productive and efficient laborer fully capable of coping with an industrial regimen; planters encouraged stable slave families; the material conditions of slaves were similar to, if not better than, those of free white workers; the typical field hand received about 90 percent of the income he produced; and the Southern economy was growing rapidly in the decades preceding the war.

Although not all of the arguments are in fact "new," they have caused heated reactions. Unfortunately, the book has been widely misread. The black psychologist Kenneth Clark was certainly unfair when he intimated on the *Today* show that the authors were recommending "a return to slavery." The historian Kenneth Stampp uncharacteristically resorted to *ad hominem* arguments when he referred to one of the authors as a "promoter and a bit of an academic huckster." Columbia University's Peter Passell, an economist, went to the other extreme in the *New York Times Book Review* when he asserted that "if a more important book about American history has been published in the last decade, I don't know about it."

Much of the praise and blame directed at *Time on the Cross* doubt-

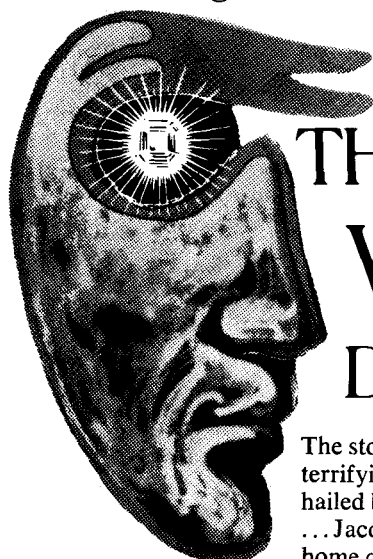
less originates in the book's claim to scientific authority. The authors describe themselves as "cliometrists," that is, scholars who use computer-assisted mathematics to analyze historical questions.

Compared to the work of many historians, the sophisticated equations in *Time on the Cross* appear at first glance to be totally "objective," and the conclusions take on the properties of immutable and unchallengeable "laws." But the mathematical economist faces essentially the same problem as the historian: his conclusions are no more reliable than his methodology and his data base. The dust jacket claims that the book is based on "a vast research effort involving thousands of man and computer hours and the most complete body of information ever assembled on the operation of the slave system." This bears some investigation. Conveniently, the authors have divided the book into two volumes. The first presents their essential arguments; the second describes their sources and explains their methodology. One useful way of approaching this study is to start with Volume Two, "Evidence and Methods."

Right away the reader is disappointed; only 41, or 10.3 percent, of the 398 items listed in the bibliography are primary sources, mostly travel accounts and published census reports. The "massive" new data examined by the authors turn out to be a sample of 30 plantations, notarial records for New Orleans, and a small sample of the manuscript census. In many cases, the authors have "just started" or "not completed" the "preliminary" analysis of the sources they cite.

The *New York Times* reported that the authors "slashed their way through the history books of slavery, leaving almost nothing behind them intact," but the book is in many ways a confirmation of the work of historians. Forty percent of the study consists of a review of the literature. And although the authors are relentless in their pursuit of the "errors" of historians, many of their own conclusions are based on the work of those same scholars. All of the paths pursued by Fogel and Engerman have been explored by their predecessors; the book adds little hard, factual evidence not con-

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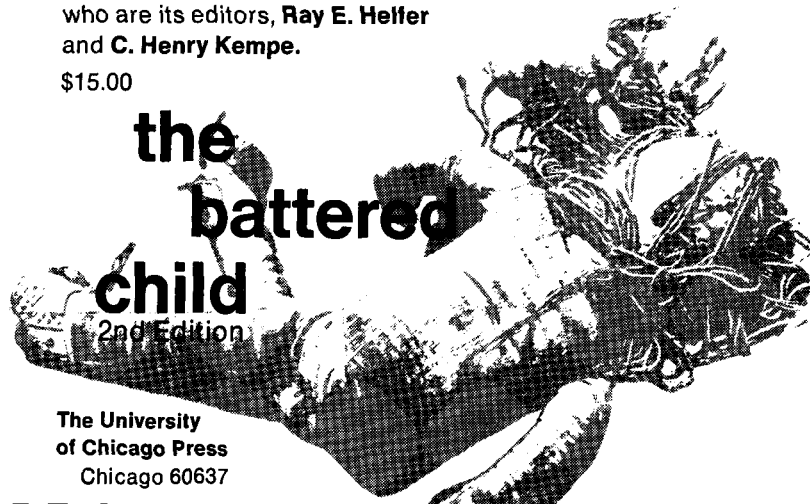
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tained in previous studies. Worse, they frequently distort the arguments of their opponents.

Fogel and Engerman can be unbelievably careless: sometimes they criticize historical works they have apparently not read. For example, they assert, incorrectly, that J. Winston Coleman in *Slavery Times in Kentucky* (1940) "published neither footnotes nor a bibliography." In fact, Coleman listed 135 items in his bibliography and included 650 footnotes.

The chief object of their attack is the work of Berkeley historian Kenneth Stampp. But because their conclusions are flawed either by failures to adjust for biases in the data, by the unrepresentativeness of samples, by limited research, or by errors in computational procedures, Fogel and Engerman succeed only in suggesting some modifications, many of them minor, in Stampp's work. Actually, *Time on the Cross* supports so many of Stampp's generalizations that his *The Peculiar Institution* remains the most authoritative single volume on the nature of the slave economy.

The scholars who will be most disappointed with *Time on the Cross* are statisticians, mathematical economists, historians who are quantifiers, and those, like myself, who are sympathetic to their objectives and methodology. Throughout the study, Fogel and Engerman assume what has to be proven. Questionable assumptions are made about slave housing, food, work, family structure, morbidity, mortality, birth rates; about planter intentions and profits; and about regional and national growth rates and incomes. But the material is presented in tables, graphs, and equations in the text as if it had been proven. Assertions disingenuously paraded as facts in Volume One often disappear when one turns to the notes in Volume Two. The reader must be wary of the interpretations in this book because the authors are practitioners of an anachronistic and thoroughly discredited form of historical inquiry known as the "counterfactual" approach. This consists, essentially, of assuming what might have happened in history and then describing the process as if it actually did occur. Fogel and Engerman often use "if, then" prop-

ositions in arriving at their conclusions. For example, they argue that plantations produced large quantities of milk, grain, vegetables, and livestock, and that if most of this produce was not consumed by planters, that if most of the grain and vegetables was not fed to livestock, that if the surplus was not sold to cities, and if, instead, it was fed to slaves (II, 90-99), then the slave's diet "actually exceeded modern (1964) recommended daily levels of the chief nutrients" (I, 115). From the historian's perspective, this approach has an Alice in Wonderland quality.

Chapter One, utilizing few hypothetical questions and drawing heavily on Philip Curtin's masterful study *The Atlantic Slave Trade*, is the most believable part of the work. But Chapter Two, "Occupations and Markets," goes far beyond the evidence; using unsound (or unspecified) sampling techniques and relying on insufficient data, the authors conclude that occupationally slaves were highly diversified, and "actually predominated in the crafts and in the lower managerial ranks" (I, 38-39). According to their estimates and assumptions, a larger percentage of slaves were artisans in 1850 than there were in the total laboring population in 1870.

Had the authors analyzed the manuscript census for 1870 or a larger sample of plantations, they would probably have discarded this part of the chapter. On somewhat more solid ground in dealing with the internal slave trade, the authors show that relatively few blacks in the Upper South were sold to the Lower South.

Chapter Three, "Profits and Prospects," beats some long-dead horses. The theories of Eugene Genovese and others—that the South was a "precapitalistic" society with "uncommercial" planters, that there was a natural limit to the expansion of slavery, and that the peculiar institution was dying on the verge of the Civil War—are convincingly demolished by Fogel and Engerman. Similarly, they bury Richard Wade's speculations about the incompatibility between urbanization and slavery. Since there are few contemporary scholars who seriously argue that planters systematically bred slaves, the authors easily dis-

miss this remnant of the abolitionist critique of the South.

The weakest section of the book (relying on 66 "if, then" propositions) is Chapter Four, "The Anatomy of Exploitation." Although the authors show that the life expectancy of slaves was 12 percent below the average of white Americans, they still argue that the blacks were well fed, lived in roomy cabins, received adequate medical care, and worked efficiently because of many rewards and incentives. The gap between evidence and conclusions widens into a chasm in this chapter.

The authors' contention that slaves were rarely punished (based on the records of one plantation) has little, if any, merit. The same is true of their assertion that slave women were not exploited sexually by white males because only 9.9 percent of the rural black population was mulatto in 1860. Stating that their theory was based on five assumptions, they conclude that the annual "share of Negro children fathered by whites on slave plantations probably averaged between 1 and 2 percent" (I, 133). This, they claim, indicates a very low level of sexual exploitation. The index used (the number of mulattoes fathered annually by whites) indicates the existence but not the *extent* of miscegenation and sexual exploitation. How many times did a planter force a black woman (or women) to have sexual relations with him *before* or after he fathered a child? Regardless of the assumptions, estimates, and equations used, it is impossible to quantify sexual exploitation.

When Fogel and Engerman discuss slave-family stability, their evidence has no relationship to their conclusions. Using 5000 records of the interstate sale of blacks in New Orleans, they assert that families were rarely separated: "These records, which cover thousands of transactions during the years from 1804 to 1862, indicate that more than 84 percent of all sales [of slaves] over the age of fourteen involved unmarried individuals. . . . Hence it is likely that 13 percent, or less, of interregional sales resulted in the destruction of marriages."

My check of the New Orleans sales records used by Fogel and

Engerman for the period from 1829 to 1833 indicates that the authors have said what could not be said. Out of 1061 slaves sold during these years only 42 were listed as members of complete families (husband, wife, and/or child). The records are silent about or give incomplete data on the other slaves. There is no reason, beyond the existence of the 42 documents, to believe that the slaves' family status was customarily recorded. One would have to guess 1019 times about whether a slave was married, widowed, single, or an orphan. This is exactly what Fogel and Engerman did. Although they admit that the records "contain no statements regarding whether or not slaves sold without husbands (or wives) were separated from their spouses as a consequence of being traded," the authors guessed thousands of times and concluded always that a slave over fourteen had not been separated from his or her mate (II, 48). *Never* did they conclude that some of these individuals could have been separated from a husband or a wife. Such a bias is like flipping a coin and ignoring all the times it comes up tails.

The authors' summary of the abolitionist critique of the economics of slavery will be unrecognizable to anyone who has read their tracts. Indeed, Fogel and Engerman demonstrate little familiarity with the most sophisticated abolitionists. Chapter Six, "Paradoxes of Forced Labor," is considerably more speculative than the others. After studying an unspecified number of large plantations, they contend that Southern agriculture was more efficient than Northern agriculture and that slaves constituted a highly disciplined labor force. They assume that planters "judiciously" applied force in dealing with slaves, and from that assumption conclude that "the average pecuniary income actually received by a prime field hand was roughly 15 percent greater than the income he would have received for his labor as a free agricultural worker" (I, 239). Since they admit that the research for this chapter "is still less than half complete" (I, 191), it is perhaps unfair to criticize it. I might suggest, however, that they must analyze many more indices to prove that the South was not a "stagnant" region.

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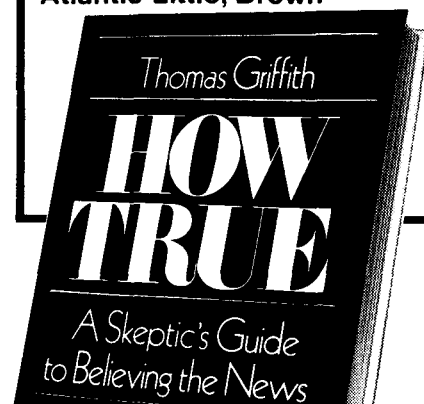
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They might compile comparative statistics along some of the lines followed by abolitionists: literacy, schools, postal transactions, newspapers, public improvements, manufactured products imported, use of fertilizers, and so forth. The so-called "pecuniary income" of the slaves is such a theoretical construct that anyone using it should probably spend some time chopping and picking cotton before applying it. Then, I predict that the "return on labor" will not appear as high as Fogel and Engerman imply.

Most reviewers have argued falsely that the study is so complex that the narrative historians and other humanistic scholars will be unable to read it. While few undergraduate students will be able to understand the book, the major achievement of Fogel and Engerman is to make their mathematical formulas relatively intelligible for most scholars.

Time on the Cross promises much; it delivers little. Sadly, the authors have not done enough research to support their theories. Consequently, they often look through the wrong end of the telescope. Statistics and mathematical models may become mandatory ancillary tools for the historian, but they cannot totally replace logic and systematic research. What Fogel and Engerman forgot was that numbers do not provide their own interpretative framework. It makes no sense at all, for instance, to make assumptions about the intentions of planters based solely on numbers when slaveholders explicitly discuss these matters in thousands of documents. Failure to read any of this material led the authors down many false trails.

The authors have expressed a concern I share about the possible reaction to *Time on the Cross*. They plead for "forbearance," and their book should be considered an *interim preliminary* report until they have completed their research and significantly refined their techniques.

After finishing the book Fogel remarked, "We have come to recognize that history is, and very likely will remain, primarily a humanistic discipline." Upon reading Fogel's statement, I was reminded of the old adage, "For the scholar, Hell is truth seen too late."

THE PURPLE AND GOLD

by Dan Wakefield

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We've been to the wars together;
We took our foes as they came;
And always you were the leader,
And always you played
the game. . . .

Let this be a silent token
Of lasting friendship's gleam
And all that we've left unspoken;
Your pals of the Yankee team.

One can hardly imagine anything like the above verses being inscribed on a silver cup and presented as a retirement present by the teammates of Joe Namath, Tom Seaver, Bobby Orr—or, in fact, of any contemporary professional athlete. The sentiments and style of that tribute to Lou Gehrig, written by sportswriter John Kieran, then of the New York *Times*, are typical of what has come to be known as the "Golden Age of Sport" and was also surely the "Golden Age of Sportswriting." On the fields and the courts and in the ring were Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb, the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, Helen Wills and Suzanne Lenglen. Behind the typewriters to record their exploits were such giants as Ring Lardner and Damon Runyon, Grantland Rice and Westbrook Pegler, Ben Hecht and Heywood Broun, Jimmy Cannon and Red Smith.

All this sporting glory in action and on paper that has since been labeled "Golden" is acknowledged to belong to the period known nostalgically as "the years between the wars," and younger readers should remember that the reference goes back to the days when our wars had numbers instead of names (i.e., One and Two, rather than Korea and Vietnam). A Chicago sportswriter named Jerome Holtzman (in an obvious labor of love) had the commendable idea of going around with a tape recorder and talking over the good old days of glory with eighteen of the sportswriters who have survived the Golden Age of Sport and made it into the Golden Age of

Senior Citizenship. The result is this collection, one purpose of which is to counter the bludgeonings of time so eloquently described in the epigraph to the book:

There is no remembrance of
former things; neither shall there
be any remembrance of things that
are to come with those that shall
come after.

That might have been the lead for a heavyweight championship match in the Golden Age of Sport in which one of the parties was knocked out, but in fact it comes from Ecclesiastes. In terms of style, if the age was Golden for Sports it was more accurately Purple for the prose of its reporting. The greats like Grantland Rice were setting a purple tone, the others were often imitating, and it turns out that some are still jealous as they sit now in their retirement homes, fuming, for instance, over the glory that Rice received from his famous lead about the Notre Dame-Army game of 1923 in which he coined the term "Four Horsemen" for the Fighting Irish backfield:

Outlined against a blue-grey October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction, and Death. These are only aliases. Their real names are Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden.

George Strickler, a prizewinning sportswriter of his time who recently retired as sports editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, is still, some fifty years later, smarting over the memory that he gave the "idea" of that lead to Rice. Strickler was a student publicist for Notre Dame at the time and was sent to the big game with Army. At half time, he recalls now, he was talking with Rice and three other sportswriters, and Rice was remarking on how superbly the Notre Dame backfield was cutting through the Army defenses. Strickler, who had just the night before in South Bend, Indiana, seen the current hit movie

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, starring Rudolph Valentino, said, "Yeh, just like the Four Horsemen."

When Strickler saw Rice's lead the next day in the New York *Sun*, he was surprised and peeved, and he says, "I don't remember that Granny ever thanked me." He brought it up with Rice years later and asked what would have happened if all the sportswriters present had used the same lead, and Rice (diplomatically, it seems to me) pointed out that "maybe it wouldn't have been so good if everybody had used it." Still unable to forget the matter, Strickler ran into one of the other sportswriters who'd been present, and put the same question to him, "also years later." Evidently the matter had also rankled this scribe, one Davis J. Walsh, for he said if everyone had used that lead, "we'd probably all been famous like Rice."

Marshall Hunt, a New York baseball writer during the twenties who later went home to be editor of the paper in his native Olympia, Washington, grumbled from his log-cabin retirement home on Puget Sound that

One of the things I can't understand is why Grant Rice is considered the patron saint of sportswriters. . . . I always thought "The Four Horsemen" type of writing was just a wee bit above our readers over in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, to say nothing of the Bronx. . . .

Mr. Hunt can't understand the acclaim accorded Ring Lardner either, and describes him as a quiet fellow "who just didn't mingle too well. He got a little bit sour toward the end when he realized his style of writing was passé. I think he came into town less and less."

Al Laney, a sportswriter and general reporter both here and abroad for fifty years, reminisced from his retirement cottage in Redding Ridge, Connecticut. "I don't believe in a punchy style," he said. "That was the thing I abhorred in Runyon. He always used the present tense and was very punchy. I'm a believer in smoothness."

Perhaps it was such smoothness that made Laney declare that the best sportswriter of all was an Englishman named Bernard Dar-

win: "He was the grandson of Charles Darwin, of the voyage of the *Beagle*." Oh, yes—that Darwin. The travel writer.

Displaying the sportswriting Darwin's smooth prose with obvious relish, Laney cites this dispatch to the *Times* of London in which Bernard describes a star cricket player in the following lines:

Cricket is his daily bread, but he spreads it with all matter of delicious jam.

A more typical taste of the American sportswriting style of the time is given us by Abe Kemp, a sportswriter for sixty-two years who, when he retired from the San Francisco *Chronicle*, refused the gift of a pair of tickets for his wife and himself to go on a South American vacation on the grounds that neither of them spoke Spanish. Instead he spent most of the money on daily-double tickets. Starting out as a baseball writer covering the San Francisco Seals when he was fifteen years old, Kemp says:

. . . in those days most writers resorted to slang, and I was trying to outdo 'em as best I could in my own feeble way. I wrote the old clichés—he "rammycackled the old tomato." He "ripped the stitches off the ball." That's the best I could do. Christ, all I graduated from was grammar school.

College education and worldly experience didn't necessarily aid a writer of the purple era in avoiding clichés, though such knowledge and experience sometimes added a literary tone to the product. Such was the case with Richards Vidmer, described as "still dashing handsome at 75," who went to college at George Washington University, coached at St. John's University, wrote sports for the New York *Times* and *Tribune*, and in his world travels, wooed and wed the daughter of an authentic Borneo raja in the second of his three marriages. Vidmer reveals the secrets of his own writing style:

. . . I used to start my stories with some angle—like, well, there was the day the Yankees had the bases filled with two outs in the ninth inning and they sent Mike Gazella to pinch hit. An awfully nice guy. Went to Lafayette. And he stood up there and got a base



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on balls to force in the winning run. So I started off, "He also serves who only stands and waits."

In these recollections, the reader, after a while, is likely to add his own cliché to the effect that there is nothing new under the sun. A feeling of *déjà vu* comes over us as we hear Paul Gallico telling how he got in the ring with Jack Dempsey and was knocked out for a 37 count; how he then created other stories by catching passes from Michigan's Benny Friedman, catching baseballs from major-league pitcher Herb Pennock, playing golf with Bobby Jones and tennis with Helen Wills, and even going up on the high wire with a renowned acrobat of the time. Mr. Gallico, now living in Antibes and working on two new novels, is not resentful that his acts have been replayed and written about in present-day form:

In recent years George Plimpton has done some of these things, but George did give me credit for being the first one, and that's one reason I'm completely at peace with George. He's a very good writer and a square guy.

Jimmy Cannon was not so fully at peace with some of his own imitators. His reminiscence, taped shortly before he died, is the last in the book and perhaps the most eloquent. Cannon had recently been claimed as a kind of Godfather to the New Journalism, but he said:

... if the new journalists are my bastard children, I want to disown them. My main objection to some of them is that they make up quotes. They invent action. When I was a kid we used to call it faking and piping, smoking the pipe, opium smoking.

But Cannon's assessments of his former elders and peers are not entirely bitter. For example, he writes:

I think Lardner has to be classified among the ten greatest serious writers produced by this country. He was ferociously accurate. He just didn't think much of people. ... There was a bias against Lardner because he was a sportswriter. The critics thought he was a guy who just wrote funny little stories about ballplayers.

Cannon has rightly declared that "some of the best and some of the worst writing in newspapers can be

found on the sports page." That still holds true, especially of the worst. It is part of the common wisdom, though, that the good old tear-jerking stuff, the purple sentiments of sports written in the glow of the Golden Age, faded with the era of the men whose lives and work we've been discussing. Try to imagine, for instance, a time other than theirs when a newspaper sports column could begin with these sentences de-

scribing a once great star who had recently retired:

The carnival music of boyhood once seemed to be tinkling wherever [he] went. But now soft violins accompany him.

That was the lead of a column on Willie Mays by Dave Anderson, one of the best of our current crop of working sportswriters. It appeared this May in the *New York Times*.

MOVIES

THE PARALLAX CANDIDATE

by Joseph Kanon

The Parallax View is the best political suspense thriller since *The Manchurian Candidate* and it uses politics in much the same way: as a grounding wire for the fantastic. It works out of that now familiar territory—what used to be called the lunatic fringe—where conspiracy is a way of life and assassinations are plotted like bank robberies, but it's not cheap or exploitative in the way *Executive Action* was and it doesn't pretend to be a "statement." It simply brings the old chase/melodrama up to date with headlines, the way one imagines Hitchcock might present the eleven o'clock news. Director Alan J. Pakula tried a similar kind of updating in *Klute*, bringing a forties murder mystery into the seventies, but the success of *The Parallax View* goes beyond recycling old commercial genres. The edgy suspicion and hysteria that have filled our national political life over the last decade have recharged this suspense form and given it a new, loaded texture. *The Parallax View* has all the entertainment values of a traditional manhunt picture but it blurs the far-out and the rational in such a contemporary nerve-racking way that it alters the form. The movie gives an old genre life and then blows off its head.

In looking too closely at genre pictures one runs the risk of making them seem weightier than they really are, but social criticism in American movies almost always slips in through the side door of melodrama, and politics often don't get in at all. Our movies have never

been vehicles for serious political discussion like the films of such Europeans as Pontecorvo or Costa-Gavras and they have never even approached the kind of political immediacy Godard brought to his movies in the sixties. Hollywood has usually treated Washington as a glamorous location set where the odd bit of corruption is hounded out in an exercise of self-congratulatory patriotism. Characters may have dirty secrets (homosexuality being a modern favorite) but rarely political opinions. What was the purported "inside" story of *Advise and Consent* but a Senate cloak-room version of *Grand Hotel*?

Probably no movies have dated more than the political dramas of the thirties and forties (the fifties, after McCarthy, just gave up) because we can no longer distinguish their self-censorship and timidity from their naïveté and genuine innocence. We watch them on TV or in revival houses as if they were grade school civics books, worn and reassuring, safe as the future. But the big political pictures were always fables, carefully shaped by Hollywood's sentimentality on one side and its awe of the government on the other. Even daydreams could cause a fuss. Frank Capra's *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, which Hedda Hopper thought "as great as Lincoln's Gettysburg speech" and which had Jimmy Stewart as the super Boy Ranger Jefferson Smith, who filibusters the Senate back to the straight and narrow, was denounced by then Majority Leader

Alben Barkley as "grotesque," provoked some talk about legislation to cripple the studios' distribution policy, and even prompted Joe Kennedy to convey his dismay, via cable, from London. Occasionally a high-spirited satire like Preston Sturges' *The Great McGinty* could squeak through the factory line, but most commentary on American politics consisted in bits of life on the fringe of the action. Gangster movies, small-town melodramas, prison revolts, and some sci-fis were too escapist to be taken seriously; their unreality made them safe. But because these movies *had* to draw on the events of the day to support their fantasies, they are often more revealing to us now than the big studio productions that snubbed them.

It's a mistake to think we can use melodramas or movies of intrigue as social barometers—they don't necessarily "reflect" the culture and never have—but these movies can tell us a good deal about what an audience is prepared to accept as a premise for entertainment. They are barometers of assumptions. In this sense, *The Parallax View* is not only a knockout suspense thriller but one of the most interesting movies of the year, because it marks a new, and rather chilling, shift in popular movies. It suggests that the society from which it takes its material has itself become an epic B picture, a crackpot life fueled with cheap violence.

The movie opens with the assassination of a presidential candidate at Seattle's Space Needle. The government's report finds "no evidence of a conspiracy" but after seven out of ten witnesses turn up dead, a hip, young, Bernstein-style reporter (Warren Beatty, in top form) decides to investigate for himself. When he uncovers a corporation (Parallax) set up to recruit political assassins, he offers himself as a candidate and proceeds to track down the killers in a nightmarish hunt that ends at Los Angeles' convention center with another assassination and his own destruction. *The Parallax View*, like all chase movies, is episodic, but it never goes slack—one adventure leads to another with almost relentless excitement. Its form and its use of stagey public scenes so closely resemble Hitch-

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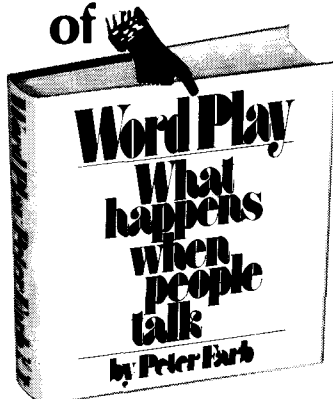
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cock's *North by Northwest* that comparisons are inevitable, but *Parallax* is far from being a carbon copy. What really counts in a movie like this is moving the hero from one cleverly set up action scene to the next, and the script, by David Giler and Lorenzo Semple, Jr., manages to be ingenious without descending to the jokey razzle-dazzle of the James Bond pictures. Sometimes, as in a barroom fight, the movie plays a stock scene to the hilt and winks at the same time, but more often it delivers the goods straight, piling up superb details and visual touches like data.

Pakula brings off some extraordinary effects in these setups—some, like the climax assassination, have a wealth of visual ideas—but what gives the movie its real force is the way its menace keeps absorbing material from contemporary life. Nobody mistook *North by Northwest* for anything but a whale of a good time, but *The Parallax View* is more disturbing—even as we admire the dexterity of the scenes, they're touching nerve ends, close to what we know. The assassinations themselves aren't much more than plot devices, but the bits of social behavior that surround them often move so effortlessly from real life to the sinister context on the screen that they remind us how unsettling everyday life has become. And there are moments when the script can use these easy transitions for some sly irony, as with the Parallax recruiter, plausible as a commuter, who says he gives his men "a sense of their own worth." The picture captures the language and style of these new fantasy villains, corporate men in elevator shoes with technology at their fingertips, and in one extraordinary scene at Parallax's Division of Human Engineering labs it even demonstrates one of their machines—a galvanic skin response device that tests the applicant's reaction to accelerating images of "Love," "Enemy," "Country" (the audience, in effect, is given the test as well). But there is no Mr. Big. In our new thrillers, we can't even find the personality of a controlling intelligence; it just drifts through the organization.

This sense of helplessness reaches its emotional—and visual—climax at the convention hall where high school students are rehearsing for a

senator's political rally. The scene is orchestrated in images of manipulation: the bleacher section holding flash cards of Washington, Teddy Roosevelt, the senator; kids practicing their applause cues from a cassette speech while the senator talks golf with some aides. But it is only after the senator has been shot and his golf cart moves aimlessly through an enormous sea of red, white, and blue tables covering the floor like a pointillist flag, that Beatty knows he himself has been manipulated, trapped in the hall's rafters, set up for the kill. The search for an escape hatch really looks like a nightmare, lights glaring up shadowy corridors, corners turning in a maze. Until he finds the open door and they blast him.

It's a staggering climax, not only because we've invested so much emotion in the hero or because we're surprised at the terrible logic, but because it violates all our movie expectations. We no more expect Warren Beatty to fail than we expect Cary Grant to fall off Mount Rushmore, because we go with him. But *North by Northwest* is now fifteen years old and the stuff of suspense thrillers has entered the mainstream of national life. *The Parallax View* and *The Conversation* are probably the most "seventies" movies of the year because they dig at our preoccupations and turn the panic of the sixties' random violence into a more organized, contemporary menace. We don't have to believe in conspiracies to feel the mental climate that produces them. These movies absorb our paranoia like pieces of script.

The Parallax View is often bright and fresh and it's enormously entertaining in the sense that all adventure is entertaining but it's not light-hearted or brimming with romantic wit. There aren't any of those chatty train seductions with Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint (aside from an early scene with Paula Prentiss, there are no women in *The Parallax View* at all), or the flip asides to Jessie Royce Landis. The comic malevolence of the James Mason type villain has disappeared somewhere in the antiseptic corridors. And the politics that *North by Northwest* used as an excuse to keep the action going (does anyone remember the CIA involvement?) have shifted

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here to the center. But nowhere does the movie differ more than in its conception of the hero, our stand-in. *The Parallax View* doesn't flaunt the easy cynicism of, say, *The Candidate* because its genre presupposes wicked goings-on—the cynicism is built in—and maybe an audience can respond more seriously to the new suspense thrillers because it already assumes the worst. Frank Capra's American boy isn't going to rise up and save the day.

Now the bad guys are smarter and so powerful that good intentions and native intelligence won't see him through. He can't even be the anti-hero of the fifties and sixties, holding his own in an absurd society, for the society has become too threatening. This time he's a victim.

What *The Parallax View* suggests is that in that part of our mind which finds expression in popular melodrama, we no longer expect to win.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

PURSUIT

by Ludovic Kennedy
Viking, \$10.00

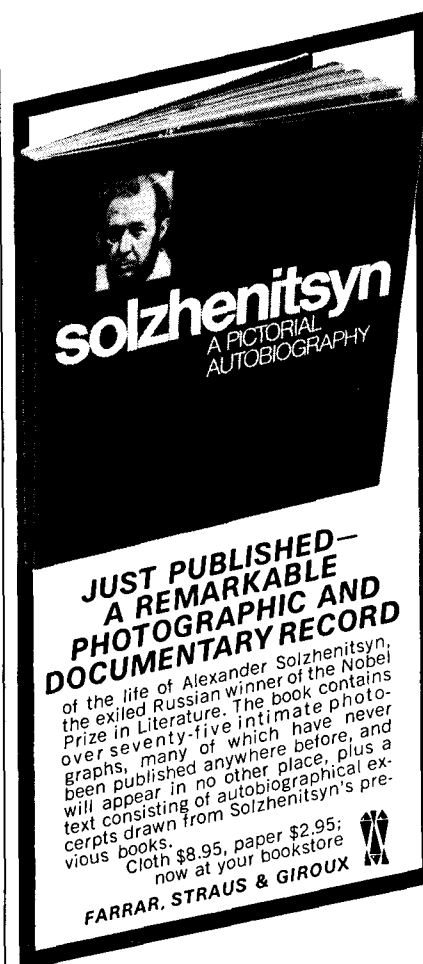
For those who man ships, great and small, and for all who relish a valorous epic, this narrative of the early triumph, the tracking down, the crippling and death of Germany's super-battleship, the *Bismarck*, will have priority over any other book this summer. The *Bismarck* "was a unique combination of grace and power": one sixth of a mile long, 120 feet wide, equipped with eight fifteen-inch guns, with thirteen-inch armor of specially hardened steel, and manned by a crew of 2000. She sank Britain's pride, "the mighty *Hood*," on May 24, 1941, in an action lasting twenty-one minutes, and to bring her to bay required the global strength of the British Navy—eight battleships and battle cruisers, two aircraft carriers, eleven cruisers, twenty-one destroyers, six submarines, and over three hundred air sorties. The pursuit lasted eight days; it covered an immense area of ocean; and in seamanship, in costly misjudgments, in heroism and after-effect it is a story that ranks with Trafalgar, Jutland, and Coral Sea. The author was a participant, serving on one of Vian's famous destroyers, and as with his father, who went down when his ship, the *Ra- walpindi*, was sunk by a German cruiser, the Navy was his pride. But this is not a partisan book; by drawing so evenly from German and British sources, Mr. Kennedy

has produced a record that for its truth and intimacy cannot be bettered.

"On land I am a hero," Hitler once said, "but at sea I am a coward." He left things to his admirals, and the German Navy, according to the author, was little infected by Nazi ideas: but except in the U-boats they lacked experience and initiative. When Admiral Lütjens prepared the *Bismarck* for a raiding force into the Atlantic, he had to rely on a young crew, few of whom had seen any previous action; his advantages were that his cryptographers had broken the British code and that he could refuel from secretly placed tankers at sea. Yet he sailed 200 tons of oil short of capacity, and like Spanish admirals in the Armada, he had private misgivings leading to indecision about his breakthrough.

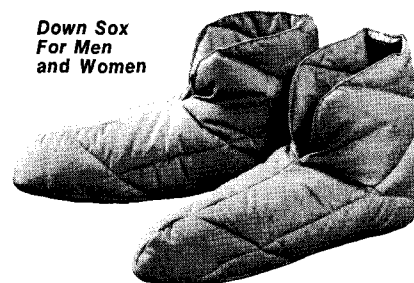
At the Battle of Jutland three British battle cruisers had been destroyed at long range by German shells which plunged through the lightly protected decks and exploded inside. Thereafter British ships had had their armor strengthened, but not the *Hood*, whose decks were still vulnerable. As the big ships closed on each other, Vice Admiral Holland, a gunnery specialist, should have placed the new *Prince of Wales* ahead of the *Hood* so that the better-protected ship would draw the *Bismarck's* fire. But he took no such precaution and paid for the mistake with his life and the lives of fourteen hundred others.

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vored the *Bismarck* after her initial victory, and she might have made the safety of the French coast except for two things: she was short of oil and was constantly under attack by Swordfish, torpedo planes launched from the *Ark Royal*, whose stern in the gale was "rising and falling the height of a large house." One brave, lucky hit jammed the *Bismarck's* rudder, and from then on she lost speed and direction. Mr. Kennedy's narration is interspersed with terse profiles of the men in action, and what they said under stress is memorable. When the *Bismarck* was surrounded, motionless, a sitting duck for shells that weighed a ton, a British officer, George Whalley, said, "What that ship was like inside did not bear thinking of; her guns smashed, the ship full of fire, her people hurt; and surely all men are much the same when hurt." It is the compassion that one remembers at the close of this epic.

The battleship today is obsolete, and there will never again be such a pursuit, yet as the author puts it, "Those of us who lived with, and in, those strange, lovely, vast mysterious creatures, remember them with pride; are proud too to have been at sea in their company in the week that *Hood* and *Bismarck* sailed to glory and disaster."

HARD SCRABBLE

by John Graves

Knopf, \$6.95

John Graves is a native Texan who has seen the world as a Marine in World War II, as a part-time teacher, and as a writer of short stories (one of the best appeared in *The Atlantic*) and of the quite lovely book *Goodbye to a River*, which showed his affinity for land and water. When he came back to Texas, he bought a ranch of four hundred acres of former grasslands and rolling country that was once part of the Comanches' empire, and here he accepted the challenge that life could be restored to the land which cotton and stock raising had worn to the verge of "economic extinction." He named his place "Hard Scrabble." His book is a rumination tintured with his love of history, his inquisitiveness about his neighbors, and his shrewd knowl-

edge of the natural world. This is limestone country, and in his forty-ninth summer, he begins building with his own hands a fieldstone cabin, "walls of rough-squared slabs laid flat . . . gray or cream or white. . . . The gables of stone also, and the whole thing rustic without any artful rusticity." He also builds a sixty-by-forty-six-foot barn, and while so doing contemplates on the tracks of great saurians "imprinted in seashore mud a hundred million or so years ago." White Bluff Creek helps to make his place fertile, and in time he raises most of what the family eats. There is a birding area where he can enjoy the vermilion flycatchers and golden-cheeked warblers. He observes the inhabitants of the creek as it changes from the spring flood to summer drought; he is an intelligent beekeeper, has a respect for rattlesnakes and copperheads, and speculates about the Indians, and the early white settlers who used his land in "that old extractive hostile way," before they moved on.

Texans are loquacious, and Graves tells his stories with good humor. But I wish that he had given us the economics of his venture, where he got the money and how much.

TINKER, TAILOR, SOLDIER, SPY

by John le Carré

Knopf, \$7.95

At the end of World War II the victors were left with highly developed departments of Military Intelligence for whom spying would soon acquire fresh impetus with the search for nuclear secrets. In the United States the OSS was converted into the CIA; in London, according to this racy novel, MI5 was termed, facetiously, "The Circus," and its Russian counterpart "The Centre." But with the deflation of Britain's power, "The Circus" lost prestige in Whitehall. The director died in disgrace, and his aides, including the cryptic, able deputy, George Smiley, were fired. It is at this point that John le Carré's story begins. The younger men now in control have regained authority thanks to some spectacular documents captured from the Soviet Union, but suspicion accumulates that a double agent is involved, "a

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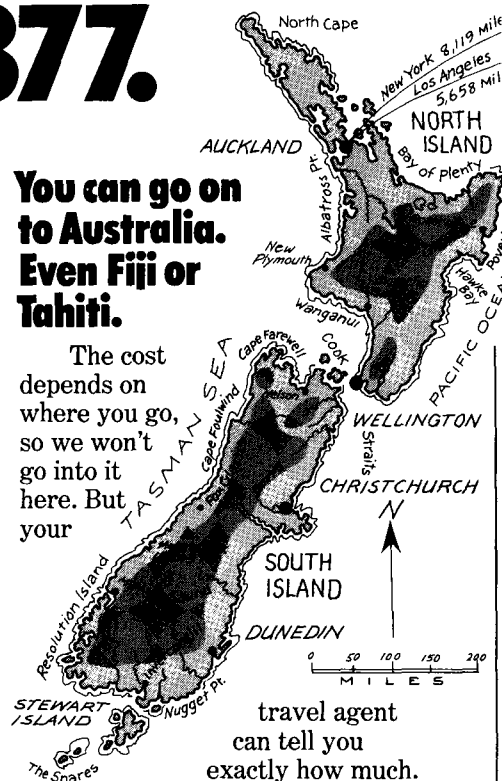
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mole" boring from the top who has been supplying Moscow with more value than he was giving London. He had to be an Englishman, and he had to be detected. Such is the background of this exciting, highly professional novel of espionage.

To spy on the spy, the veteran George Smiley is recalled from retirement. His many years in the underground had made him wary, swift, and shrewd in his judgment of men; they have ruined his marriage, sharpened his memory, and left him with the stamina of a steel trap. With subtle characterizations and flickering humor, John le Carré lights up this world of deceit in which agents are bought or blown, this private army of lamplighters, scalp-hunters, and hoods who come into public view only when they defect. The reader follows the footsteps, the casual briefings, the long night watches, and the dangerous confrontations of George Smiley with increasing sympathy for this clever man who has been estranged from so much that is decent, yet remains a patriot. That spying has a demoralizing effect on those who do it accounts for the occasional tawdry passages.

The "mole" was a graduate of Eton and Oxford, and it was his despair at Britain's future coupled with his jealous dislike of Americans that turned him to treason. One wonders if this was the motivation of Guy Burgess, also of Eton and Oxford, and his fellow defectors, "Kim" Philby and Donald Maclean, when they sold out to Russia.

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS

Benjamin DeMott is professor of English at Amherst College.

John W. Blassingame, professor of history at Yale, is author of *The Slave Community* and *Black New Orleans*.

Dan Wakefield's most recent book is *Starting Over*.

Joseph Kanon, Edward Weeks, and Phoebe Adams appear regularly here.

POETS IN THIS ISSUE

William Stafford (page 36) teaches at Lewis and Clark College in Oregon.

Wallace E. Knight (page 46) lives in Ashland, Kentucky.

William Matthews' (page 73) latest book of poems is *Sleek for the Flight*.

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

THE DOGS OF WAR by Frederick Forsyth. Viking, \$7.95. Mr. Forsyth's latest tangle of plots and counterplots concerns the attempt, by an unscrupulous British tycoon, to arrange a coup d'état in the dreadful and mercifully mythical African state of Zangaro. For this purpose, the tycoon hires a crew of experienced mercenaries who hustle about Europe assembling the necessary contraband weapons, false documents, and camouflaged transport. The author's method of creating belief in the reader is to describe each of these deals in detail. He gives little attention to characterization, preferring the chess master approach—that is, his people are defined by their movements on the board. The result of this style of doing things is a story in which no person arouses real sympathy on the reader's part, nor even the continuing interest based on solid dislike. The novel proceeds strictly on episodes, and while the final brawl is not only exciting but truly surprising, one reaches it only by maintaining, for over 300 pages, a virtually pathological interest in finicky financial dickerings about gun-running and check laundering.

WILHELM REICH VS. THE U.S.A. by Jerome Greenfield. Norton, \$10.00. The author has made a conscientious pretense at a nonpartisan account of the campaign waged against Dr. Reich and his orgone boxes by the Food and Drug Administration, but it is a pretense. Mr. Greenfield's sympathies are all with Reich, the persecuted scientist, and even anti-orgone readers will probably agree that the government was, at the least, guilty of overkill in the case. But Reich himself, it appears, was either outrageously obtuse or out of his mind, and the book does nothing to settle this intriguing question. Photographs.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIERS by Arthur E. Barbeau and Florette Henri. Temple University Press, \$10.00. The authors examine the treatment

of black American troops in World War I and find it to have been disgraceful. Unhappily the discovery, however well documented, is no more surprising than a sunrise in the East. As one black newspaper put it at the time, "For valor displayed in the recent war, it seems that the Negro's particular decoration is to be the 'double-cross.'" Notes, bibliography, index, and photographs.

ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL by James Herriot. St. Martin's Press, \$7.95. This reminiscence by a British veterinarian is full of recalcitrant cows, sinister pigs, neurotic dogs, Yorkshire weather, and pleasantly demented colleagues. It continues to be one of the funniest and most likable books around.

SPREADING FIRES by John Knowles. Random House, \$5.95. Mr. Knowles, who writes very well, had in hand here the makings of a perfectly good thriller about a daft cook. For unimaginable reasons, he has buried the story under a pile of pretentious erotic-psychological banalities.

SEVEN LONG TIMES by Piri Thomas. Praeger, \$7.95. Having survived prison to become a useful citizen and an intelligent writer, Mr. Thomas describes his experiences as a convict, emphasizing the reasons for the ineffectuality of rehabilitation programs. In putting the problem from the prisoners' point of view, he at times reveals, by inadvertent reflection, the viewpoint of the authorities. The mirror image suggests that the problem is twice as large as Mr. Thomas thinks.

THE GOOSEBERRY FOOL by James McClure. Harper & Row, \$5.95. Lieutenant Kramer and the invaluable Sergeant Zondi unravel another messy murder in meanest South Africa. Addicts will rejoice; readers not yet acquainted with this biracial detective team should correct the situation.

GOODBYE LIZZIE BORDEN by Robert Sullivan. Stephen Greene, \$9.95. Judge Sullivan attacks what he sensibly considers the only mystery in the Borden case, which is not who swung the famous ax, but why Liz-

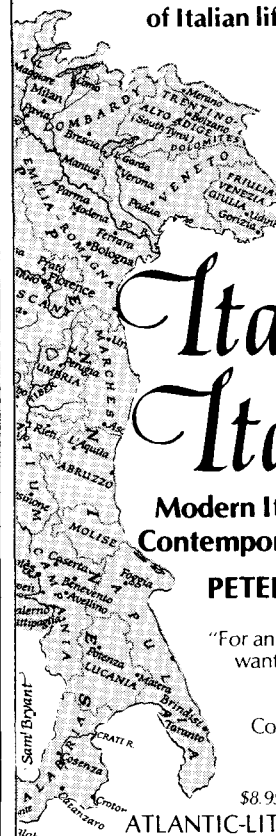
zie got away with it. His analysis of pretrial tactics and courtroom maneuvering fascinates by revealing the practical operations of the law. Illustrations, bibliography, index.

THE INFERNAL GROVE by Malcolm Muggeridge. Morrow, \$7.95. The second volume of Mr. Muggeridge's memoirs is, like the first, opinionated, dryly amusing, and elegantly written, as befits a former editor of *Punch*. Much of the book is devoted to the author's work for British Intelligence during World War II, and while the anecdotes and chuckles roll engagingly from page to page, it seems doubtful that MI5 was altogether staffed by the genteel bumblers he describes.

STRINDBERG IN INFERNO by Gunnar Brandell. Harvard University Press, \$15.00. A scholarly, meticulous pursuit of the ideas, partly his own delusions and partly the sharked up theories of various theologians and philosophers, that Strindberg entertained or suffered from during a succession of psychological crises in the 1890s. Informative and interesting, granted the reader's serious interest in Strindberg. Translated by Barry Jacobs. Notes, index, appendix, and bibliography.

DEATH OF A SCHOOLBOY by Hans Koning. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$6.95. The hero and narrator of this unusual historical novel is Gavriilo Princip, the Serbian youth who shot that Austrian Archduke in 1914 and precipitated a war that would almost certainly have come in any case. Too young to be executed, Princip was sentenced to life imprisonment. He died of tuberculosis before the war ended and without leaving any record of his ideas or experiences. He is, therefore, from Mr. Koning's standpoint, a perfect vehicle for the artistic re-creation and embodiment of the dedicated revolutionary temperament. This is the purpose of the novel, to show how and why a decent young idealist becomes a terrorist and an assassin, and the justifications for such a change. The author succeeds brilliantly in making Princip and his friends convincing and their story provocative and significant in contemporary terms. There is nothing long ago and far away about the tale.

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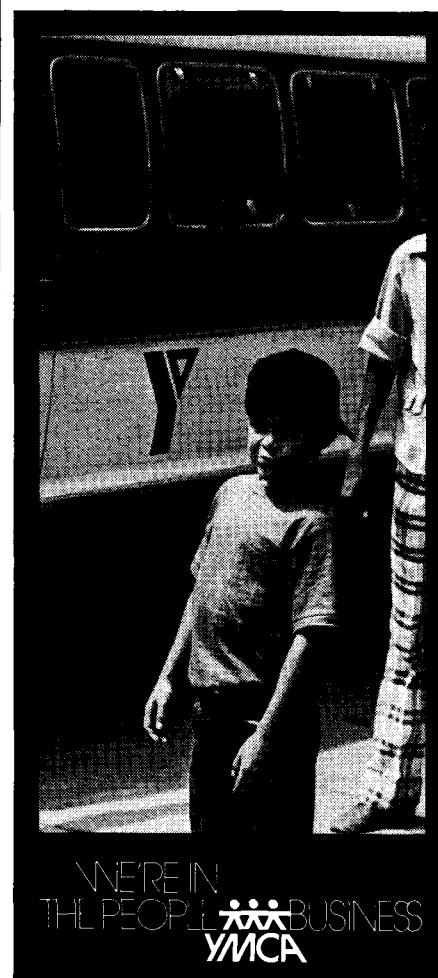
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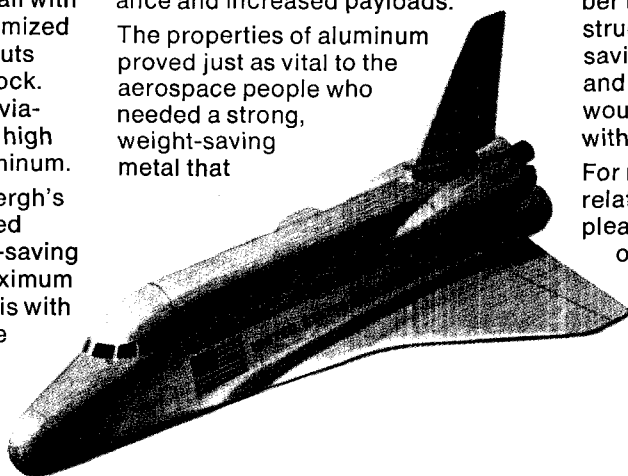
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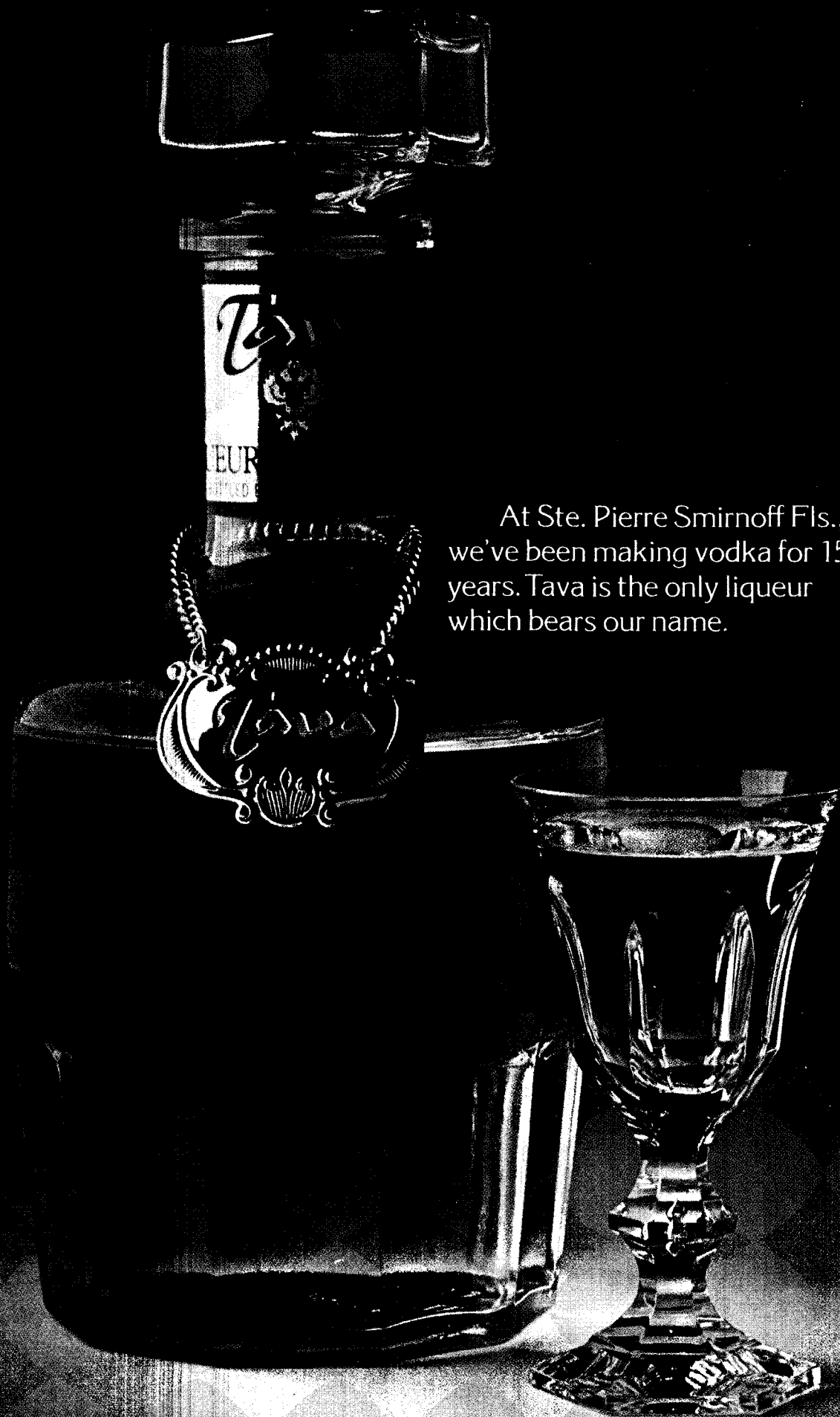
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